

THE RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

TRUTH WEARS NO MASK, BOWS AT NO HUMAN SHRINE, SEEKS NEITHER PLACE NOR APPLAUSE: SHE ONLY ASKS A HEARING.

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TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A professor of music who lives in Brooklyn, while in a condition of somnambulism, bound, gagged and robbed himself, his watch and revolver being afterwards found where he had unconsciously placed them.

It is a quarter of a century since the Rebellion which sought to divide this Republic, fell before the irresistible force of organized patriotism. Last Friday the white and blue of our country's flag mingled with nature's beautiful emblems in commemoration of devotion to the Union in that memorable period—1861-1865. Sweet strains of music, patriotic eloquence, processions and parades, joined in grateful tribute to that aristocracy of patriotism and valor that successfully defended the Union against the armed hosts of treason in "times that tried men's souls." All honor to the gallant dead. Let the people keep their monuments whole and their memories green, and remember gratefully the veterans who still survive, to whom they owe a debt which only base ingratitude could forget.

The Emperor William has forbidden the erection of a monument in Berlin to Emperor Frederick, curtly informing the committee that he would himself erect a monument to his father. It is declared that in the eyes of the young Kaiser, his father's name stands for "the English policy," of which the monument would be, he imagines, a public approval, and at the same time a condemnation of his own policy. It is hardly to be expected that he will ever be as wise a man as was his father, whose broad views and liberal spirit were most conspicuous, and whose death, at a critical time in the history of Germany, was a misfortune to that country and to the entire civilized world.

Prof. R. H. Thurston says that electricity will break up the present factory system and enable the home-worker once more to compete on living terms with great aggregations of capital in unscrupulous hands; that great steam engines will undoubtedly become generally the sources of power in large cities, and send out the electric wire in every corner of the town, helping the sewing woman at her machine, the weaver at his pattern loom, the mechanic at his engine lathe, giving every house the mechanical aids needed in the kitchen, the laundry, the elevator, and at the same time giving light, and possibly heat, in liberal quantity and intensity. Certainly a consummation most devoutly to be wished.

A letter from H. K. Carroll, special agent of the Eleventh Census, calls for information in regard to Spiritualist organizations, to be used in the census of religious denominations. The name of the church or congregation, the number of edifices with the seating capacity, the value of church property, and the number of members are desired, and all who know of such organizations are requested to communicate with Mr. Carroll. If Spiritualism, or liberal religious thought generally, is to be judged, as to its strength and influence, by the number of its organizations and edifices, it can make only a comparatively insignificant showing. Liberal thought has made its conquests

not by uniting its adherents in distinct organizations, but by diffusing itself everywhere, among the church and the unchurched, modifying popular religious beliefs, liberalizing the pulpit, and leading to the revision and more generally to the ignoring of old creeds. If Mr. Carroll's purpose is to ascertain the power of Spiritualism as a factor in religious progress, he must go beyond the statistics he is aiming to collect, and trace its influence on theology, literature, philosophy, and public opinion during the last forty years. A mere statement of the number of Spiritualist organizations in the country with the number of their edifices, etc., is more likely to mislead than to enlighten the public in regard to Spiritualism.

Delegates at the recent Milwaukee German Catholic Convention, after denouncing the Bennett law as a vile concoction of the Free Masons, adopted several resolutions, the first of which denounced the Italian people for overthrowing the oppressive oligarchic government of which the papacy was the controlling influence. Bishop Katzer, of the Green Bay diocese, in one of his speeches said: "The law (the Bennett law) is nothing but a blow aimed at the church, coming from Free Masons. This anti-Christian order has for some time back been at work to undermine Christianity. Their principal weapons which they employed were and are: First, divorce; second, free love; third, a curtailing of the Pope's temporal power; fourth, attack on the schools, and fifth, the founding of separate institutions for the emancipation of woman to free her entirely from the moral and benign influence of religion." This is a specimen of the manner in which Roman Catholic and Lutheran ecclesiastics in Wisconsin persistently misrepresent the Bennett law.—one of the best school laws ever framed, a law which in no way interferes with the religious beliefs of any sect or class, and which requires only that all children shall be instructed in certain branches in the language of the country.

In his criticism of a work that has been published by Adolphe Guilloit, a criminal magistrate, on the prisons of Paris and their inmates, Marc Reville, in *Revue Bleue*, takes exception to a number of the statements made. He assents to the conclusions drawn from the experience of M. Guilloit that the promiscuity of the sexes facilitated by the lodging-houses and beer-gardens of Paris and the temptations to gambling afforded, especially by the horse-races, are the most frequent roads to prison. When, however, M. Guilloit declares that crime has increased within the last few years because of the exclusion of the clergy from the prisons and theology from the schools, his critic, in the first place, denies that the priests are banished from the prisons, because Sunday services are held regularly, and every prisoner is obliged to attend, unless he expressly desires to be excused; in the next place, he declares that secular education has not been in operation long enough to determine its effect on crime; and, finally, he questions whether, by a fair interpretation of statistics, there has not been a diminution instead of an augmentation of crime.

Mr. Edmunds' bill introduced into the Senate to establish a National University, contemplates the creation of a board of regents, including the President and his Cabinet, the Chief Justice and twelve citizens who

shall be appointed by concurrent resolution of Congress. One provision of the bill is that no "special sectarian belief or doctrine shall be taught, but this prohibition shall not be deemed to exclude the study and consideration of Christian theology." The first amendment to the Constitution of the United States says that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. In plain violation of the spirit of this declaration would be a law compelling Hebrews, or other non-Christians, to pay taxes for the study and promotion of Christian theology. The teaching of a special theological system, while all others are excluded, in a university under the patronage of Congress, is contrary to the principles of secular government. And what kind of professors and what kind of teaching would there be in an institution controlled by Presidents and their Cabinets, and regents chosen by partizan politicians. Is it any part of the business of the National government to provide a university education for a few individuals,—those who have the desire and the time and means to take it?"

One of the real Indians in paint and feathers, who listened to the story of Jesus lately, in a new York Sunday-school, remarked: "Like to have him for agent of our reservation." The *Brooklyn Citizen* suggests that the observation be printed and sent to all the Indian agents to paste in their hats.

The Farmer's Voice, published in this city, "the unofficial organ of all societies that are laboring for the well-being of the productive classes," is a bright, breezy paper that champions the cause of the American farmer with ability and zeal worthy of the good work in which it is engaged. It represents the condition and prospects of the agricultural classes in this country as most discouraging. It says that America is threatened with the same conditions that now exist in rural Ireland, that in less than two years home and foreign land sharks will come into possession of a large majority of Kansas farms. "One law firm in Southern Kansas," it says, "has 1,800 foreclosure suits on hand, and at the present time more than a thousand farmers are evicted, and thrown out on the country roads each month in that State alone. The cruel loan sharks serve these tillers of the soil the same way the stock yards butchers do a drove of cattle doomed to the shambles. They are singled out one at a time and slaughtered until at last the entire crowd is killed. . . . The iron hearted generals of Old Rome sometimes punished a disobedient legion by slaying every tenth soldier—after this was done the survivors were safe, but in the case of the Kansas farmers there can be no survivors, for all of that cohort of mortgaged farmers are foredoomed victims of the usurer." There is a growing conviction among farmers that legislation has favored manufactories, railroad companies and monopolies generally, while it has tended to reduce farmers to their present unprosperous condition. But it is a long road that has no turn, and the farming population will be heard from yet, and will have a representation in Congress and in the State legislatures that will not permit other classes to have advantages at the expense of those who till the ground.

OBJECTIVE PHENOMENA.

world has not yet grown to love truth for its ke; what most people want is not *the truth*, but enforcement of their own foregone conclusions. so many people affirming spirit phenomena so persistently seek, and grow impatient if do not receive, confirmation of their declarations. THE JOURNAL, is something we cannot quite are with their seeming confidence in their own asons. THE JOURNAL's mission is not to flatter vers; nor to confirm them in what they declare "do not believe but know," which would seem to a work of supererogation. The feature of THE JURNAL's mission in connection with psychical phenomena is to establish them firmly on a scientific basis, that they may be universally recognized as thus ited by those who do not claim to "know" but who ieve; as they believe other matters of science of ich personally they have little or no technical or perimental knowledge. The good results of THE JURNAL's work in this direction are visible on every and and are more fully appreciated and understood outside the ranks of so-called Spiritualists than within. It is not because of any doubt as to the verity of the various psychical phenomena, or of spirit manifestation, that we are cautious, analytical and critical in reating the testimony. On the contrary, it is because we firmly believe in them that we so strenuously nsist that the evidence shall be beyond all reasonable doubt and open to no scientific objections. Testimony as to spirit phenomena is by unbelievers very naturally considered in connection with the direct appeal. these manifestations make to the consciousness of the individual affirming them. It is very naturally arid: "The Spiritualist believes in these things; he me to the particular séance of which he gives evidence with *a priori* opinions, and with strong expectations of witnessing what he records; he did not carry on the investigation in a truly scientific or judicial spirit, but with that of a partisan." To have much weight and importance, to be entitled to general acceptance, the evidence of phenomena must come from those who are representatives of care and accuracy. Spiritualists often forget in practice what they will all concede theoretically, to-wit: Extraordinary facts require extraordinary evidence to establish them; and a fact which can be accounted for in two ways is valueless as evidence in support of the spirit hypothesis. Thus forgetting, many very good people are swift to condemn THE JOURNAL for a course which in time they will see was the salvation of the cause they so wildly, if not wisely, champion. Indeed, large numbers already begin to see this—though as through a glass, dimly; while thousands, fortunately, see it clearly and comprehend it fully.

"Nothing is so much needed just now," says a leading London medical journal, "as the rise in our midst of a stern and uncompromising apostle of sincerity in science—a man of unpitied animosity to humbug in all its forms, who will not hesitate, at any bidding, to denounce wrong-doing and untruthfulness, let who may be the offenders. It is time that a spirit of manliness went out in our ranks to chase away the lying spirit of mock courtesy—the faint-hearted and time-serving sentimentality—which makes us so ready to look kindly on any pretender, and so reluctant to expose any pretence." When an influential journal will speak thus plainly and courageously concerning a time-honored and important profession of which it is a mouth-piece, can it be out of place to reproduce it here with emphasis as applying at least with equal force to those professing Spiritualism and claiming a desire to promote psychical science? We think not. Now THE JOURNAL intends to do its share of constructive work; to affirm and accentuate the positive side of the great things it stands for; but it will continue as in the past to be guided by the sentiment expressed in the London paper.

After our signal victory last fall before the Supreme Court of New York in the libel case of Wells against Bundy for declaring that, if necessary, we could prove in the courts of New York City that Mrs. Wells was a vile swindler; where the plaintiff declined to prosecute after the jury was in the box, and Judge Beach

ordered the plaintiff to pay costs, and \$200 to defendant, and which action on the part of the plaintiff was considered by all good lawyers as an open confession of guilt, after this affair, we were informed by several correspondents that believers in so-called materialization affirmed we denied its reality, and it would be necessary for us to define our position. Why our denunciation of a vile swindler who had been repeatedly detected, should render it necessary for us to reaffirm in set terms what continuous readers of THE JOURNAL already knew, we failed to see. Hence we have taken our time. We do believe that spirits can project images of persons once in mortal form; and we believe in so-called materialization. We believe this from experimental knowledge and upon the testimony of Prof. Crookes and other careful observers. We will give briefly several personal experiences. For sake of convenience and to avoid confusion the narratives will be told in the first person.

It may be well to say: I am not conscious of that intense personal interest in the objective phenomena, including materialization, which seems to possess most investigators; my interest so far as I am able to analyze it is almost wholly professional or scientific. I am neither filled with the joy, the display of which I have sometimes almost envied in others when a loved one appears, nor am I depressed or disappointed if no manifestation occurs for me, individually.

Some years ago at a séance with Mrs. Maud Lord (now Mrs. Drake) in a private house, and while the medium with her back to me was held by my friend on the opposite side of the circle—conversing with him—there came a peculiar light about three feet in front of me and about eight feet from the floor; it was about the size and shape of a large apple; the glow was soft, and different in color from any phosphorescent light I ever saw. Instantly by the side of this light there came out of the darkness the face of my son looking as natural as in life, full of intelligence and expression—an eager but pleased expression. The lips moved and I distinctly heard these words, "see me papa, see me papa." The sight lasted but a few seconds; the scene might be compared to that of a little fellow peeking around a corner, with the exclamation, "peek-a-boo!" and then springing back out of sight. There was no possibility of illusion or deception, and the experience was not subjective. With the same medium, in a private house on Michigan avenue, this city, where only invited guests were present and the medium came unattended, I have repeatedly conversed with "Frank," a son of Mr. —, in whose house the séances were held. This spirit, "Frank," would join in singing and it was easy to distinguish his voice as well as that of Mrs. Lord, both engaged in rendering the song. It was not uncommon for "Frank" to sing a stanza after the rest had ceased and while Mrs. Lord would be speaking in low tones to me or some other sitter, describing some spirit she saw. No one who knew "Frank" in this life could fail to recognize the voice—Mrs. Lord never knew him—and the effect of his solo ending of a song is beyond description. In the same house, with Mrs. Lord as medium, and with no possibility of mistake or deception, forms have repeatedly been seen and recognized; and this with no cabinet and the medium held by sitters. Some years ago at Lake Pleasant Camp, in Franklin County, Mass., I was invited to attend a private séance which was held for Mrs. Leland Stanford who came there solely for that purpose, accompanied by Mrs. Newman, wife of Bishop John P. Newman. I sat on one side of Mrs. Stanford, Mrs. Newman being on the other. At that séance Leland Stanford, Jr., came to his mother and manifested in a most unmistakable manner. There was a test which she desired him to give, and this she with much emotion then and there declared she received. The privacy of the séance forbids my entering into further details. I can only say that the most confirmed skeptic, possessing a rational mind, would have been convinced that the idol of his mother still lived and loved, and was there present and manifesting in his own proper person. One very hot day in the last week of August, 1883, I had with my wife been constantly in the company of Mrs. Lord for several hours immediately preceding her séance. Early in the séance, the room became so

oppressively warm that to sit in the circle longer was to me impossible, and I withdrew and lay down upon a sofa near a window. The séance went on without anything out of the usual order until Mrs. Lord broke out in a hysterical voice and addressing herself to me said, "There has been an awful earthquake across the water, O, it is awful! thousands upon thousands of people have been destroyed by it." Thus she went on for some minutes, growing more and more excited and declaring we should have it confirmed by the newspapers, and that "Clarence," her manager on the spirit side, had told her about it. I was not much impressed by her statement and told her I feared her digestion was out of order. In fact, had I never heard of the matter again I should not have been surprised; but I confess I was astonished when the next morning, or the second morning after—I cannot now tell which without referring to a note-book not accessible at this writing—the newspapers were filled with the particulars of the awful earthquake and loss of life on the island of Java.

In the summer of 1880 Henry Slade reached Chicago from Australia on his way around the world. He came directly to my office, and his manner on entering my private room indicated he was expecting to meet an ogre or a man-eater, so great had been the effect on him of the stories put in circulation by spiritualistic fakirs and their dupes. After a few minutes conversation he regained his composure and seemed to realize that I would not be a hard person to sit for, and that I had no unreasonable demands to make. He volunteered to give me every opportunity to test his powers and suggested that he would like to sit with me for materializations during his stay. I readily accepted his proposal. I will now briefly describe results: The séances were held in a house unfamiliar to Slade and over which he had no control. There was no cabinet. The preliminary preparations were these: The room was a large back parlor, with the gas turned on from a chandelier. In connection with the two people who accompanied me on the several evenings—different persons each evening—I made the following arrangements: To the edge of one leaf of a large, drop-leaf breakfast table were clamped by us two quarter-inch iron rods about two feet long; across their upper extremities another rod was fastened, from which was hung a piece of black cambric about two feet by three, into which three sides of an opening were cut, viz.: the right, left, and lower side, so that it hung as a curtain within a curtain, to be raised and lowered as desired. In one corner of the room from the jam of the folding door to the plastered wall was hung a black, woolen, travelling blanket. The table as prepared was then pushed up to within about two feet of the blanket—the blanket being used only to make a background for the figures which might appear—the screen formed by the cambric curtain being directly in front of the blanket. The doors and windows of the room were all fastened, and the observers took their seats. Slade sat farthest from the curtain—say about six feet. I sat next to him at each séance; his hands were laid flat on the table, mine over them, and my feet on his, the other two members of the party sitting to my right, which brought one of them to the side and within two feet of the curtain. The light was bright; there was no possibility of any confederate; we had the full use of our natural senses, undisturbed by noise or darkness or any attempt to divert attention. In a few minutes the curtain was raised by a white hand, but all was dark behind; then the framework of iron shook and the curtain trembled, without perceptible motion to the table; finally the curtain was again lifted, and behind it all saw a cloud-like something resembling a block of marble which a sculptor had begun to chisel into the shape of a human head. This was about all we got the first night. On the second evening, my wife and daughter being present and the conditions and arrangements the same, the curtain was raised by the same chalk-white hand, apparently that of a woman. At first a figure appeared quite indistinctly but luminous, seemingly in process of formation; it was evident the figure of a human being; around the neck was narrow black cord, but the features were too vague, defined to suggest a likeness. The curtain dr

for a minute, and when again raised I saw before me the bust of Mr. S. S. Jones, founder of THE JOURNAL, as plainly and as perfect in appearance as I ever saw him in life; synchronously my wife exclaimed, "that is father," and my daughter, "that's grandpa." The narrow black cord seen at first had become the narrow black silk tie he invariably wore; there was the standing collar, and the old fashioned shirt-front. The color of the hair, the beard, the eyes, the expression were all true to nature; and yet the figure was like steam or a cloud, every particle seemingly in vibration. The figure remained for about a minute and then gradually faded out of sight; seemingly it dissolved before our eyes. On another evening the vapory white cloud deepened into folds of chestnut hair, and the features of a lady were shown with open eyes and smiling lips, not fixed as in a portrait, but struggling for stability against the dissolving tendencies of the unstable cloud, as if an effort were required to maintain visibility to mortals not unlike, except in its emotions, the effort of a feeble swimmer to maintain himself above the water. This figure was recognized as a sister of one of the observers. On another evening two children came in the same way, and one of them was recognized. During all the time of these appearances I constantly held Slade's hands under mine and my feet on his; and even had his hands been free he could not have reached within three feet of the apparitions. He was nervous and excited, sometimes very much so. On one evening when there was a long wait between the scenes, he seemed wrought up with the mistaken idea that the sitters were growing impatient; and under this impulse he nervously but with lightning-like rapidity withdrew his left hand from under mine, and making a long reach to a lounge, picked up a light walking stick that lay on it, slipped his feet from under mine, inserted the tip of the cane between them, and raising his feet, rubbed the head of this stick violently against the underside of the table. My wife and daughter had not observed the side-play, and were frightened by the violence of what they supposed was a spirit demonstration. I cannot believe he expected to deceive me by this trick, or that he did it with premeditation; it seemed more like the involuntary act of a hysteric—possibly in this case the act was, while involuntary, yet guided by the unconscious memory of previous performances of a similar nature. During these sittings a white hand, perfect to the wrist, but with no visible arm would come up from under the table, six feet from Slade, and move a pencil or play with a bit of string or paper which happened to be laying near. I have never revised my opinion of these séances and I now have no doubt we saw what I have briefly told.

I have obtained independent slate-writing through Slade's mediumship in my own house with my own slates, and when they were never handled by him, nor out of my hands during the séance. To be sure that I should not be tricked or trick myself, I had a third party to watch me, paying no attention to the medium, with instructions to interfere if I let go the slates for an instant. I could give other experiences of a satisfactory nature both in so-called materialization and independent slate writing, which prove to me that these phenomena occur. It should be here stated, however, that, in my opinion, there is not a cabinet show in the country to-day entitled to the confidence of the public, or in which the exhibition is all it purports to be. I do not know of one public materializing medium in America in whose exhibit fraud and premeditated deception are not common. Yet it is highly probable that some at least of these tricksters have medial power.

An experience had by Prof. Crookes, and by him published in 1874, will be a fit closing. Prof. C. experimented with Florence Cook in his own house to which she came unattended. He used his library for a cabinet, by taking off one of the folding doors leading into the laboratory and suspending a curtain in its place. The observers sat in the laboratory. The experience quoted is from the last séance when the famous Katie King made her final appearance. Katie in materialized form, according to the account, said a few words in private to each member of the circle and

gave some directions. "Having concluded her directions," says Prof. Crookes, "Katie invited me into the cabinet with her, and allowed me to remain there to the end. After closing the curtain she conversed with me for some time, and then walked across the room to where Miss Cook was lying senseless on the floor. Stooping over her, Katie touched her, and said, 'Wake up Florrie, wake up! I must leave you now.' Miss Cook then woke and tearfully entreated Katie to stay a little longer. 'My dear, I can't; my work is done. God bless you,' Katie replied, and then continued speaking to Miss Cook. For several minutes the two were conversing with each other, till at last Miss Cook's tears prevented her speaking. Following Katie's instructions I then came forward to support Miss Cook, who was falling on to the floor, sobbing hysterically. I looked round, but the white robed Katie had gone." Farther along Prof. C. adds: "... To imagine, I say, the Katie King of the last three years to be the result of imposture, does more violence to one's reason and common sense than to believe her to be what she herself affirms." In Vol. XV. *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research* (London, Dec., 1889), speaking of his experiences with D. D. Home, Miss Cook and others, Prof. Crookes says: "I have not changed my mind; on dispassionate review of statements put forth by me nearly twenty years ago, I find nothing to retract or to alter. I have discovered no flaws in the experiments then made, or in the reasoning I based upon them."

DID SPIRIT MOSES KENNEDY MANIFEST IN ENGLAND?

We have received the following letter from Mr. Dawson Rogers, with reference to the alleged manifestation of Moses Kennedy in England, through the mediumship of Mrs. Everitt.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

SIR:—THE JOURNAL of April 26 is to hand, and I note your remarks in reference to the message given at a séance in my house through the mediumship of Mrs. Everitt, which purported to come from Moses Kennedy, formerly of Glenwood, Missouri. You suggest that before a scientific investigator will accept my communication, and the letters from Glenwood, "as incontestible proof that Moses Kennedy actually spoke through the medium," a satisfactory reply must be given to the question whether the medium had any means of learning the facts. Will you kindly excuse me for saying that I do not see how the authenticity of the communication can be affected either one way or the other by the information for which you ask? Suppose Mrs. Everitt had once heard or read, but had since forgotten, the particulars given at the séance—what then? Of course I am familiar with the opinion professed by some that, such being the case, the facts may have reappeared at the séance from the medium's unconscious memory! But that explanation, in this instance, would not apply. It was not Mrs. Everitt who uttered the message, and the voice which gave it was not produced by the use of the vocal organs of the medium, who was in her normal condition during the whole of the séance making her comments on the proceedings, and chatting freely with the members of the circle. It was, moreover, a male voice beyond question speaking, as I have already said, in firm, emphatic, and distinct tones, with a decidedly American accent. The message, therefore,—even supposing that Mrs. Everitt had once known the facts—came from an independent Intelligence, and I see no good reason for doubting that that Intelligence was Moses Kennedy as it professed to be.

But for the sake of our weaker brethren it is well, as you suggest, to answer the question whether, during the five months that had elapsed since Mr. Kennedy's decease, the medium had had any means of learning the facts as to his name, residence, age, and time of death. I have the distinct assurance of Mr. and Mrs. Everitt, whose veracity no one here will for a moment doubt, that neither of them had ever so much as heard of Mr. Moses Kennedy or of Glenwood, Missouri, until the particulars were given in the direct voice at my house on February 16th last. Mrs. Kennedy on her part will no doubt say whether she has any reason to think otherwise. I have already written to her for information on the subject.

Yours respectfully,

E. DAWSON ROGERS.

CHURCH END, FINCHLEY, LONDON, May 12, 1890.

A letter from Mrs. Kennedy appeared in our issue

of May 24, in which she wrote: "I presume Mrs. ritt or Mr. Rogers may one or both be readers of THE JOURNAL in which last December was published an obituary notice of my husband. This obituary notice is as follows, taken from our issue of December 21, 1889.

Passed to spirit life from his home near Glenwood, Missouri, September 30, 1889, Moses Kennedy, aged 71. For several years Mr. Kennedy had been a firm believer in spirit return and spirit communion and viewed death only a transition to a life of greater usefulness and his enjoyment. He was a man of strong individuality, strict honesty in every sense of the word, reserved and gentle demeanor, enjoying with cheerful thankfulness the things of this life and the tokens of that other more perfect life to which he has now ascended. We shall miss his cordial greeting, his genial smile and his unbounded hospitality. Mr. Kennedy left a wife and one son to mourn his departure, but they grieve not without hope.

JESSIE

Comparing this with the first letter on from Mr. Rogers, it would seem that no information was given through the mediumship of Mrs. Everitt on February 16th, which might not have been obtained from this notice of Mr. Kennedy's death. This fact would probably appear to a skeptic all the more not worthy after reading Mrs. Kennedy's letter, in which she says: "I am sure if my dear departed husband had been able to manifest and speak, he would have given some test that would be convincing." It is unfortunate that so good an opportunity of giving a convincing test should have been lost. Mr. Rogers perfectly well aware that those persons who would suggest that the medium consciously or unconsciously reproduced the facts about Mr. Kennedy from information previously received, perhaps through the notice in THE JOURNAL, are not likely to share his conviction about the independence of the "spirit-voice." We think it is to be regretted, if the manifestation was what it purported to be, that Mr. Kennedy did not communicate before the news of his death could have reached England,—or that he did not mention as proofs of identity some specific details of his life-history other than those published in THE JOURNAL eight weeks previously. The test may be satisfactory to Mr. Rogers, but we should hardly like to offer it to a "scientific investigator" as a proof of spirit-return.

It should be distinctly understood that we are not casting reflections nor making any implications, direct or indirect, against the good faith of Mrs. Everitt or any of the parties concerned,—and this ought to be understood without saying; but there are so many individuals prone to think one is opposing their statements or favorite views if one insists on absolutely verifiable testimony, that we feel obliged to disclaim any antagonism or incredulity. We simply want evidence which we can offer the public without the need of further corroboration and which cannot be reasonably questioned.

UNCONSCIOUS MENTAL INFLUENCE.

In the depths of human-consciousness are powers and potentialities of which people generally take no note. They are manifested in a way to attract attention only rarely, because perhaps such manifestation require peculiar conditions that rarely exist. Thus though transference with such clearness and distinctness as is necessary to verify it, according to the methods of objective science, although an established fact, cannot be experimentally proven at any time, with any persons selected for subjects, or under any and all circumstances. The conditions must be such as to admit of the exercise of a power which perhaps all men and women possess potentially, but with nearly all of whom it remains in a latent or undeveloped condition through life, only here and there, now and then, flashing into the common consciousness.

There is a communion of mind with mind, in which probably all who associate with one another, participate however unconsciously. The limits of the senses of sensory impressions, are not the limits of the influence which is received and imparted by those associated for a common purpose. The lives of men mingle more freely, and the influence of unexpressed thought and feeling is more far-reaching and penetrating, than the materialistic philosophies admit. The mind all belong to a common realm, and it is not known what mysterious mental telegraphy souls, ever

imitations as material bodies impose, come in unication through their sub-conscious nature. ating to this subject are some thoughts in an le by Prof. Robert Ellis Thompson, D. D., in the *Clauquan* for June, which are worth reproducing: "The moral phenomena of unconscious influ-," he says, "are not the least important of human eniences, and certainly are among the most real. overflows into life, and the bounds of human per- ility seem to be transcended in a way too subtle s to trace. Have we not in the facts of thought- isference some faint outlining of the way in which takes place? The thoughts within us which are ally vigorous, and closely associated with our voli- nal activity, overflow to others either for good or evil,—either to lift them up or to drag them down. s this which makes the association of the Christian a necessity of true discipleship. We a better sermon to read at home," but we urch to give and take, and that to an ex- we can hardly realize. If we come in a ress and unfinished way, we absorb the heat from hers and drag down the level of the spiritual temper- ure. If we come with warmth and life in our hearts, d our brethren are sharers in the gift of God through s. There lies our responsibility—to come, and to come full of the good thought and aspirations which will flow from hearts until the fire burns in all."

In this extract there is a thought of practical value. Spiritualists and to those liberal people generally, ho see no use in regular meetings for worship or for oral and spiritual culture, since they have outgrown old creeds in which they were educated. Man is ocial being; he has advanced under social condi- ns, and there is in the mental and moral life pro- nder reasons for association as a means of educa- on, and of moral and spiritual growth, than there is s uniting for merely material ends. Here is ong argument in favor of The Church of the spirit.

VIOLETION OF A POSTAL LAW.

Mr. Patterson, of Chicago, Editor of the *United States Mail*, a magazine published in the interests of postal employes, has been scoring the Postmaster General for allowing repeated violations of the postal laws by George E. Lemon, of Washington, a notorious pension shark who has been sending out sample copies of his weekly paper, with a printed notice on the wrapper in disregard of one of the best known regulations of the department, as well as of the United States Statutes. The printed notice is as follows: "If this paper is not delivered to the person addressed the postmaster will please deliver it to any ex-union soldier or to some one interested in claims growing out of the war of the rebellion." Mr. Patterson first saw Judge Tyner, attorney general for the Postoffice Department, who expressed himself greatly shocked at such a gross violation of the law by a man of Lemon's experience, and knowledge of the postal laws. Mr. Patterson then called upon the postmaster—to whom a formal complaint had been made in writing three months previously—when Mr. Wanamaker said: "I have decided to allow Mr. Lemon continue his paper through the mails as he has been doing." "With the same request on the papers?" inquired Mr. Patterson. "Yes, with the same wrappers," was the reply. "Is it possible," demanded Mr. Patterson, "that you will continue to permit the law to be violated, knowing, as you must, that every paper sent out by Lemon bearing the request to postmasters is in violation of the law?" The Postmaster General interrupted Mr. Patterson and said, with a good deal of feeling, that he, Patterson had printed lies about him and the department. "I never printed a charge in my paper against this department," shouted Patterson, "that I cannot prove." And then, turning up to the subject, he continued in about this vein: "I'll tell you, Mr. Wanamaker, why you permit this man to violate the plain letter of the law with impunity. It is because his money helped to get your appointment as Postmaster General a position. It is because he is a big man in your party, that you cannot and dare not oppose, much less

offend, him, even though you know he is constantly violating a law which you took a solemn oath to protect and enforce. It is because he is one, and the biggest one, of half a hundred pension sharks here in Washington who thrive and grow immensely rich on pension legislation and whose money your party cannot well do without." Patterson declares that he will not allow the matter to rest where it is, but will take such steps as will bring the matter before the courts and the people for a verdict. Certainly Deacon Wanamaker, as chief of a department of the government, should not set the bad example of violating laws he was elected to enforce.

THE UNITS AND THE AGGREGATE.

In the *Nationalist* for May Mr. Laurence Gronlund says that "morality itself issues in Social Unity, the brotherhood and fellowship of man. . . . By perfecting the world, and thus only, I perfect myself." He compares this view with that of Spencer which he quotes thus: "When the aggregate is no longer in danger from wars, the final object of pursuit, the welfare of the units, no longer needing to be postponed, becomes the immediate objects of pursuits." On this sentence Mr. Gronlund comments as follows: "That means, of course, that when, in our days, private and public claims clash, the latter must give way; and that as society progresses the bond that unites its members loosens more and more. This is, surely, as immoral teaching as any can be. What a philosophy of history! And that by the foremost modern English philosopher!"

Mr. Gronlund evidently fails to see the real implication of the sentence he quotes. It does not mean that when, in our days, private and public claims clash, the latter must give way; and that as society progresses the bond that unites its members loosens more and more. What it does mean is this: that when the social body is "no longer in danger from wars," the antagonism between industrial interests and social interests will cease, that the welfare of the individuals who make up the social body will not need to be postponed lest danger to the aggregate imperil all its units. Public interests are of greater importance than individual interests because the security of the lives and property of all who compose the community, is dependent upon the general or public security. Men, as many as are needed, may be taken by the government from their business and their homes, and armed and equipped, may be sent to the seat of war to kill or disable men they have never seen, to the great peril of their own lives. This is done on the ground that the defence of the country, and of its rights is of the first importance, and is demanded by the personal interests of all who make up the nation. What though thousands are killed in battle, and thousands of others are wounded, and thousands besides die in military hospitals away from home and kindred; the integrity of the entire community is endangered, and that must be defended, whatever inconvenience or loss occurs to individuals. But "as society progresses" the public and private interests will cease to clash, and instead of spending so much time and money to guard against dangers which now call for military establishments and a thousand expensive provisions for the public defence, men will be free to labor directly for whatever will promote their well-being, without the necessity of subordinating their welfare to what are now requirements of the social body. As Spencer says: "The final object of pursuit, the welfare of the units, no longer needing to be postponed, becomes the immediate objects of pursuit." The social bond will not be loosened, as Mr. Gronlund imagines, but strengthened by the disappearance of maladjustments, and antagonism inevitable in the transition from militarism to industrialism.

Society is a necessity of human nature in which are all the needed reasons and guarantees for its existence. Relieved by an enlightened public sentiment over large portions of the earth, of the necessity of making the general defence the chief concern, men will be not less united socially than they are now, while they will be able to work together directly for their welfare as individuals. Such a condition will be favorable to

co-operation in every activity and of that "brotherhood and fellowship of man," which Mr. Gronlund wishes to see take the place of the selfishness and strife of to-day. The aggregate is composed of the units, and when all the units pursue their own welfare intelligently, the aggregate will in the absence of external dangers, take care of itself.

THE ORIGINAL PACKAGE DECISION.

A great many good people have indulged in severe denunciation of the United States Supreme Court for its decision nullifying the prohibitory law of Iowa, so far as it relates to liquors imported in original packages. Justice Miller, in a sensible letter reminds his friends who have complained, that the justices of the Supreme Court are bound to decide constitutional questions in accordance with law and not by morals. Of course if the states have no right to seize property that is recognized by Congress as a subject of international and inter-state commerce, no state has the power to prevent the introduction within its borders of ardent spirits in original packages, the importation and exchange of which Congress permits. If the law under which the decision was rendered is wrong, let it be changed by the American people, who constitute the highest court of the land—a court from whose decisions there is no appeal, but do not abuse a judicial body for merely stating the law which the people in their sovereign capacity have made. If the object of the Prohibitionists is only the suppression of saloons, the recent decision does not stand in their way; it merely affirms the right of a citizen to import liquor into a prohibition state for his own use. The temperance agitation, if this law is to be opposed, will of course, force the issue into National politics, and raise questions of fundamental importance in regard to personal rights and liberties. The people can set aside any doctrine laid down by the Supreme Court, so far as its application to future cases is concerned, by a new law or by constitutional amendment. The recent original package decision was not, as some have imagined a denial, but rather a declaration of the right of Congress to regulate commerce between the states. Senator Wilson's bill, which passed the Senate by a vote of 34 to 10, provides that "all fermented, distilled, or other intoxicating liquors transported into any state and territory for use, consumption, sale or storage shall, on arrival in such state or territory, or remaining therein, be subject to the operation or effect of the laws of such state or territory enacted in the exercise of the police powers to the same extent and in the same manner as though such liquors had been produced in such state or territory, and shall not be exempt therefrom by reason of being introduced in original packages or otherwise." Congress has the power to make such regulation as this, the absence of which led to the decision of the Supreme Court referred to above. Senator Wilson's bill is designed to regulate inter-state commerce in regard to the manufacture of liquor so as to meet the local sentiment.

THE SUPPRESSION OF A BOOK.

An article clipped from the *Springfield Republican* has been sent to us with the request that it be immediately reproduced in THE JOURNAL "with as adverse criticism as you gave the Algerton case." The main facts as given, can be briefly stated. District Attorney Hibbard learning that Mr. Henry A. Buddington, of Springfield, Mass., was about to bring out a work which had been suppressed in California as indecent, obtained through a detective, copies of the work and determined to bring the matter before the grand jury by submitting the book for such action as they should see fit to take. At this point Mr. Buddington wrote the district attorney, inquiring whether he would consent to stop the prosecution, provided the publisher consented to have the books destroyed. The result was, according to the *Springfield Republican*, that two officers were engaged all one day "in the task of stuffing the volumes in Mr. Buddington's furnace." We have not seen the book, but understand that it relates largely to phallic worship. The subject is one on which scholars, like Inman, Wilkinson and Forlong, have made researches that have disclosed many

curious and interesting facts, which are helpful in the study of the history and evolution of religion. But the subject is one which, in its treatment, demands rare judgment and tact, as well as large knowledge of ancient religious systems. Mr. Buddington states that the book which has been suppressed comes up to these requirements. He says: "The work is intended for ripe scholars. The style is scientific, the language and frequent use of Latin and Greek terms, all indicate that the work is intended for the few who wish to make researches into the origin of the great religious cults of the world." The author, we are informed by one who knows him, is a man over seventy years of age, a physician learned in his profession, and a scholar who has given many years to the study of religious evolution. It is incredible that such a man would write an obscene book, nor is it likely that Mr. Buddington would publish an indecent work.

The connection between phallic worship and existing religious doctrines and forms is something of which the mass of people know nothing, and very likely those who investigated the suppression of the work in question, saw only vulgar meanings in description and illustration which for the author, had only scientific, historic and philosophic significance. This would seem to indicate that the publication of such a work at this time, except in a form to reach scholars only, is inadvisable, if not reprehensible. Still THE JOURNAL, which has never hesitated to denounce the moral Jaspers who write or circulate filthy literature, cannot join in censuring Mr. Buddington on the assumption that the book he intended to issue, was obscene. The wisdom of publishing such a work in popular form is quite another thing.

The spirit which animated our unknown correspondent at Bridgeport, Conn., in calling attention to Mr. Buddington's misfortune is evidently that of malice, inspired by the very efficient service rendered by the editor of *Alegone*, in securing the incarceration of Algerton, than whom no one better deserves to do some compulsory work for the State.

We commend the Bridgeport person to his own conscience which, either in this world or the next, will bring him before its bar and deal out to him strict justice, and hold him in restraint until he shall have developed into a condition where malice is unknown and impossible, except as a memory, — a memory which will shadow his happiness for many a long day.

WHY MEN DO NOT ATTEND CHURCH.

The *Andover Review* says: "The International Committee of the Y. M. C. A. sends abroad the statement that only one young man in twenty, in this land, is a church member, and that 75 out of every 100 never attend church. It is time to ask, 'Where are the men?' The truth is, they are interested in any organization, from a philosophical society to a fire-engine company, rather than in the Church of Christ." The *Andover Review* thinks the church is not wholly blameless for the modern masculine defection. "When," it says, "men can find in secular brotherhood more genuine sympathy, more of the real spirit of fraternity, more brotherliness by illustration than they are able to discover in the Church of Christ, we must expect that these orders will gain recruits at the expense of the church." Another defect it is thought, may be in the tendency to encumber the message of Christ with doctrinal distinctions that are in no way germane to it, and still another is the unwarranted restrictions that the church has sought to saddle upon men. "When men are told that they cannot be Christians if they drink a glass of wine, or attend a theatre, or smoke a cigar, the Christian Gospel is warped and wrecked in a way that strikes at its very heart." There are doubtless other and deeper reasons than those which the *Andover Review* mentions for the decline of church membership and attendance among young men of this generation, the chief of which is decay of belief in the theological doctrines for which the churches stand, and the unpreparedness and inability of the clergy to take up the great moral and spiritual problems of the age and to deal with them in the modern spirit, and in the light of modern thought. Men like Thomas of Chicago, and Savage of Boston, have no diffi-

culty in getting men to hear them; for they talk on subjects of current interest in a manner that brings them *en rapport* with men who live in the present, and with whom mediæval thoughts and methods of thinking are practically obsolete.

Referring to accounts of alleged spiritual phenomena, concerning the reality of which as described, there is room for doubt, the editor of *Light* (London), says: "Narratives such as those quoted in *Light* should be raised to their highest value by definite and precise statement. I am sure, that my readers will recognize this necessity, as they will remember that I have always insisted on the value of records which rest on evidence that is, by the nature of things, not reducible to demonstration. There is much that we cannot bring down to lines of perfect proof, and to put it aside is, as I think, a mistake. But that belief does not prevent me from desiring that, wherever it can be had, the most perfect evidence possible should be got for such facts as, for example, Miss Hagan gives to us. She is a well-known lecturer; what she states commands attention, and she will, I have no doubt, put what she has said on our records of evidence in a way that will give added value to her own statement.

At the May meeting of the Akademie, at Jacksonville, Ill., the paper read was by L. D. Smith of West Winfield, N. Y., and the subject was "The Conditions of Philosophic Knowing." The paper claimed that clear thinking and spiritual insight are impossible without cleanliness, temperance and chastity. The argument turned mainly on the bad effects of animal food, which was pronounced dangerous to purity of body and mind, inflaming the passions and stimulating appetites and desires. Dr. Jones, the president, in the discussion which followed the reading of the paper, said that the chemical elements necessary to life are found about equally proportioned in animal and vegetable food, and that whether these elements are obtained from the one or the other source is less important than the temperate use of all things. Mr. Wolcott said that the killing of innocent creatures by man to gratify his appetite, "is a sign of the cannibal remnant in man," that the canine teeth in man are disappearing, and with them are going other vestiges of brutality. Mrs. Belle Kirby said that the practice of killing domestic animals for food leads to wanton cruelty in boys. Miss Fuller, the secretary, thought that much overcoming is necessary to spiritual understanding and insight, but she did not think it depends on the use of any particular article of diet. Some good papers are promised the Akademie for the coming year.

The Farmington, Conn., lectures on Philosophy and Ethics will begin June 17th and close July 2d. The first morning course will be devoted to the Philosophy of the late Thomas Hill Green; Thomas Davidson, Prof. Henry Norman Gardner, Stephen F. Weston, W. D. Lighthill, Percival Chubb, and Prof. John Dewey, giving the lectures. The second morning course will treat of the functions of a Church and its relation to the state. The lecturers will be Prof. John Dewey, W. J. Potter, Dr. W. T. Harris, Henry D. Lloyd, Brother Azarias, (of the Christian Schools, New York) and Rev. A. N. Alcott. The first evening course will be devoted to the Greek Moralists, and the lectures will be by Thomas Davidson. In the second course, which will deal with some of the Primary Concepts of Economic Science, Percival Chubb, W. M. Salter, and Stephen F. Weston will be the lecturers. The lectures, twenty four in number, offer sufficient variety and can hardly fail to be entertaining as well as instructive.

A friend writes from Baltimore: "There is a young lady of about sixteen years, a Miss Steadman, living here in Baltimore who is attracting a good deal of attention; and if surrounded with proper conditions, and by those who understand the requirements of a young person when being developed, she might become an useful instrument in the hands of the angel world in developing the psychic laws which govern and control the lives of mortals. She develops trance and physical phases with a single hand upon a bar.

She easily resists the strength of two or three strong men and can raise them from the floor without effort. She is also laid upon the floor and becomes rigid and is apparently as heavy as her own size in lead." It is possible that a careful examination of this case would show that the young lady mentioned is subject to hypnotic and cataleptic conditions which account for the phenomena mentioned, without the necessity of supposing that they are produced by spirits out of the flesh. This, in the absence of more definite information than we possess, is not affirmed, but merely suggested with a view to encouraging an investigation of case, in the light of present knowledge of nervous and psychical phenomena, before taking steps to perpetuate and increase the abnormal peculiarities. The time has come when in the interest of Spiritualism in particular and of truth generally, discrimination must be used in dealing with each individual case of claimed or assumed supermundane power.

Hon. A. H. and Mrs. Dailey, of Brooklyn, sailed for Europe on "The City of Rome" last Saturday. They intend to spend the summer on the continent, but will first devote several weeks to the British Isles. Mrs. Dailey is in delicate health and Judge Dailey is titled to a long vacation. We commend it to our European readers as worthy of every attention. No man in America has done better work for liberal thought, Spiritualism and psychical investigation during the past few years. As a lawyer, and advocate of whatever he espouses, he is the peer of all whom he meets. We trust both will return home fully restored to health and ready to resume their philanthropic work, of which none whom we know do more. Judge Dailey has kindly accepted a commission to send letters to THE JOURNAL.

The papers state that Robert Ross, a brakeman on the Panhandle road had an arm and leg crushed the other day and that he died from his injuries. Before he died he said: "I knew it was going to happen, because I dreamed it Thursday night. I was then dozing on the top of a freight car and I dreamed that I was hurt just as I am now, only it was just a dream, and now it ain't. I remember how I fell under the wheels and my arm and leg were cut off and I bled ever so much, and I thought that I was going to die, and then I felt so remorseful and turned over and I awoke."

Such advertisements as this appear in Ceylon newspapers: "Wanted: Fat babies for crocodile bait. Will be brought home alive." The crocodiles of Ceylon are said to be very lazy and lie motionless, basking in the sun for hours. A fat baby is placed on the banks of the stream, and the crocodile seeing it, starts for the precious morsel. When half way up the bank the crocodile is shot by the hunter concealed behind some reeds, and the baby is returned to its parents, who are paid a small sum for its use. The Ceylon parents have full confidence in the English hunters and sportsmen and are always willing to make a little money by allowing them to use their babies for crocodile bait.

Says *The Two Worlds*: Spiritualism when it first appeared forty-two years ago, was pure, simple, and such an unprecedented surprise to mankind that none dared to tamper with it. Spiritualists have now grown familiar with this revelation and its methods, hence many of its believers have become apathetic, and deem that their freedom from old orthodox restraints frees them from all religious responsibilities. In the meantime all manner of idealists, "cranks," transcendentalists, and not a few interested speculators, have rushed into the movement and endeavored to foist their vain theories on the one hand, and their worldly practices on the other, on the main, distinctive, and practical body of the great spiritual revelation.

From *Unity*: Speed the day when Unitarians can speak with equal love and sympathy of all those who hold some honest differences of opinion on the questions of creed and fellowship; for our faces are set in one direction, and sooner or later the paths that now divide will approach and coalesce into one common roadway, broad enough for all the lovers of truth.

THE FUNCTIONS OF GOVERNMENT.

By B. F. U.

Says Daniel Greenleaf Thompson in one of his later works, "Social Progress": "It would be indeed curious set forth as such an ideal [the ideal of a perfect society] a society without organized government, in which all are equally sovereign, which is without police, without tribunals, without a legislature, a judiciary, or an executive, in which each man's will is law. And yet it seems to me I behold very much such a community when I read of a City which is even without temples, and which though without the light of sun or the moon, has yet no night, and into which is brought the glory and honor of the nations, and wherein each of the inhabitants reigns forever and ever. Such a community requires the perfection of the altruistic character and the fact that such perfection necessitates the abolition of what we ordinarily term government ought to bring before us prominently the truth that, for the sake of promoting such a character, we must labor concurrently at diminishing the constraints of outward authority."

The highest social condition implies the maximum of liberty and the minimum of restraint for the individual. This condition is possible, however, only when individuals composing the society are all intelligent, just, honorable, and able and disinterested in all their relations with one another. Paine in his famous pamphlet, "Common Sense," speaks of government as the "badge of lost innocence." Speaking from the modern standpoint of evolution, it would be more correct to regard it as the sign of an unperfected social state and of the undeveloped character of the people whose condition makes it necessary. There is but one reason that can be urged in favor of government, and that is all-sufficient,—"an indispensable and fatal necessity," to quote an expression from Godwin. Government considered as an external restraining authority is the measure of man's distance from the ideal social state, and progress consists in all the members of a community becoming more and more capable of living together in fraternal relations and in mutual helpfulness without the necessity of coercive authority.

Repressive and despotic governments have prevailed and still prevail over the greater part of the world; and while they retard advancement, the low mental and moral condition of the people makes it impossible for them to arise to a state of self-sovereignty. In such countries both Church and State are hostile to freedom of thought and discussion, to the diffusion of liberal ideas, and to the cultivation of independent habits, which alone can prepare the people for self-government. Their emancipation, or the initial influences leading to it, may have to come from the more fortunate nations where the government is in the hands of the people, and where it's merely coercive feature will become less prominent, with the general adoption of wise, voluntary co-operative methods in place of the wasteful antagonism of to-day. In this age of steam and electricity no nation can long be kept isolated from the others, and no people can be permanently fenced in from the progressive influences of the more enlightened nations.

There are in regard to government two extreme views, viz., first, that all government should be abolished, and second, that the government should increase its functions so that all the activities of production and exchange shall be controlled by the State.

Those who advocate the abolition of all government, fail apparently to see that, so long as society, or any of the members of society are imperfect, some kind of government, or authority to restrain, punish and prevent crime, is an unavoidable necessity, and until the average moral character is higher than it is now, the proposed abolition could only result in the immediate establishment of another similar government. were idle therefore to talk about removing all governmental restraint. In regard to enlarging the functions of government, it may be said that while its essential function is to guarantee to all the exercise of liberty and the undisturbed enjoyments of their rights, in the increasing complexity of social life the government may properly and wisely take an impor-

tant part in adjusting the conflicting interests and promoting the common prosperity. Society is now in a transition period; the invention of machinery has destroyed trades, revolutionized methods of production and wrought wondrous changes in industrial life; great railroad corporations and enormous monopolies have been organized, controlling the production and prices of most of the necessities of life. Under the circumstances it would be folly to say that the government, which has heretofore made laws largely in the interests of capitalists, should now confine its efforts wholly to carrying out merely the essential function of government,—the protection of all in the exercise of liberty. Let the government now by proper legislation protect the people against the evils which wealth, enormously aided by franchises and special legislation, has originated and fostered. And when these evils have been removed society may be in a condition to encourage the hope that further advancement will, in government, be in the direction of less coercion, and in social and industrial life, in the extension of practical co-operation.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

By M. C. SEECEY.

This new craze, as it is called by the profane, has found a new advocate in Dr. Wm. H. Holcomb, of New Orleans. In his usual sententious way he has given some condensed thoughts on the subject of Christian Science. Dr. Holcomb is a Swedenborgian, and has been prolific in his efforts to create for the peculiar views of the Swedish Seer an audience and a hearing. None have excelled him in bringing to the masses the teaching of his master. Among his more popular works are "Our Children in Heaven," "Sexes Here and Hereafter," "Both Worlds," "The Other Life," "Last Truths of Christianity," etc. We give a few extracts from this pamphlet to show the breadth, as well as narrowness of the Doctor's mental exhibit:

He who has a false idea or conception of God is an idolater worshipping some graven image of his own imagination or reason. If a man has a false idea of God, his love of God is the love of an untruth, and everything will be in some degree wrong with him from center to circumference—morally, mentally and physically. The wrong idea of God is the secret of all the ignorance and misery of the world, of its sins and diseases, its false religions, false philosophies and false sciences. . . . What is the absolute truth about God, this true beginning of all things which is the foundation of Christian Science or Scientific Christianity. . . . No system of science can ever be true unless it starts from God as a center, and a false idea of God will vitiate the whole. . . . There is one God; even Jesus Christ. He is manifested by life, love, goodness, wisdom and power.

Now all this seems very dogmatic. Probably not ten thousand people in the world think with Dr. Holcomb. That Jesus Christ is God—the one God—but few in this age can comprehend, much less accept. This being true, what are the great unsanctified "going to do about it?" The writer believes with Dr. Holcomb that no true knowledge of God can come to the human soul except through God-Man—Jesus Christ. But to say that a want of this knowledge has produced all the sin and wretchedness in the world is carrying things a little too far. It smacks a little too much of Swedenborgianism self-conceit, and that I, Dr. Holcomb, with my mentor in mental peculiarities is or are the authority or authorities on this subject.

Swedenborg taught that prior to the coming of the Lord Jehovah in the flesh, there was no "Son of God;" no Jesus Christ—no God in Trinity. If this be so, how was it possible for humanity, fallen, sinful, diseased humanity, to get a true knowledge of God; and if his teaching is correct whose fault was it that man is cursed as he is? Darwin may answer such a question and be consistent. Dr. Holcomb, we fear, will have to revise his thought and consult his spiritual guide.

Who has a true idea of God? There is not on the whole broad earth two men who can agree on a definition of God. "No man hath seen God at any time"—either mentally or physically. We use this word, as Swedenborg says, to cover what the finite mind apprehends—not comprehends—as the complex of Deity.

The first Christians were Elionites. They believed like our modern Unitarians, that Jesus Christ was less

than God—a mere man. The Docetics, who were Gnostics, believed that the appearance of Jesus Christ as a man in Judea was an illusion to the senses. The later Christians declared three persons to exist substantially in the Godhead and that Jesus Christ was the second person of this Trinity. In these three forms of belief Christendom has fossilized into stratifications which have almost crushed out the life of humanity. Prior to Christ, outside of Judaism, millions of Gods claimed allegiance. In pre-historic times, according to the theosophists, God was worshipped impersonally. This faded off into Pantheism or into pure naturalism. Dr. Holcomb would say, Yes! all this proves my position. But Doctor, how do you know that you and Swedenborg are right; that you two gentlemen have been placed in a position to dispense the divine oracles? Old Jacob Boehme makes an equal claim with your inspired seerships. He gives more evidence of being truly called than either you or Swedenborg. A poor unlettered shoemaker; simple as a child; no mission to accomplish, he gave to the world a true formulation of the creed of the Christ—a formulation of the true faith of the church beginning with fallen Adam and ending with the restoration and redemption of every last son of God. He says that no man can know God—except as he is manifested in his works or revealed by or through the Christ—the God-man—dwelling within and without humanity. That it is only as the Christ is born within; only as God and man are birthed in our hearts that we can begin to fathom in a small degree the incomprehensible. With Boehme Jesus Christ was the divine natural man in whom was birthed the divine God. We give a few of Boehme's "Condensed Thoughts:"

No life can stand in certainty except it continue in its center, out of which it is sprung. Seeing the soul is sprung from God's word and will, and yet is entered into its own lust and desire to will of itself. In such searching of self-willing it cannot reach its first ground from whence it sprung, and therefore it runneth without its grounds in mere uncertainty, till it returns to its original again.

Here is where the trouble is:—in the will of man; not in his knowledge of God—true or false.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va.

MENTAL TELEGRAPHY.

By R. S. LILLIE.

In the *Anthropologist*, just issued, I notice an article upon the above subject in which it is said that a certain gentleman has the ability to telegraph mentally to a friend, sending the message so perfectly that the friend can meet him at the time and place designated. This, I believe, can be done, and the power might be cultivated by many to reach a degree of usefulness by practice.

This writer says that the process is to call the friend's name mentally only, but forcibly, as a person would project his voice by calling aloud, which is exactly the method that has been used by me with spirits through all the years of my mediumship, and which, I presume, is the experience of many, perhaps of all mediums. If I desire to communicate with a certain spirit, I fix my mind upon it, mentally speaking the name, wait a moment, and if nothing is received, repeating the call; then from what seems sometimes an infinite distance comes an answer. I may be mistaken in this, but I believe I can thus reach almost any spirit upon whom I place my thought. Some may ask: How can you know that the spirits you call answered you? First, because I send my thought to them. If I send a message by telegraph to any friend of earth I do not expect a reply from somebody else, and I do not believe that things are conducted in a more disorderly manner there than here; if there is trouble, if the wires are down or badly twisted, the difficulty is at our end of the line. We are not in the habit of passing along the street and accosting everyone, and asking foolish questions; if we were, we should receive silent contempt or a just rebuke. So if we send our thoughts to spirits with no particular motive, and ask them silly questions, we may find that our thoughts have no power, and consequently fall about where they start. If there is a living thought impelled by an earnest desire directed to some individual, it will reach its destination so quickly and successfully that

time and space seem almost to be annihilated. Through these experiences I have realized more fully that indeed there will be no separation there. I have tried at times to use the power with mortals, but have not been able to make any marked impression, though I believe it can be so used. But so satisfactory has been my experience with spirits in this direction, that in the words of Paul, I can say, "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor principalities, nor powers, nor height, nor depth shall be able to separate us." How can this be cultivated? By trying repeatedly is the only way of which I know. Dr. Buchanan says to those desirous of psychometric power: "Take an article in your hand and watch your mind and give expression to whatever sensation you may have; you may be wrong at first, or only partially correct, but by practice you will improve." So in the use of mental telegraphy with spirits and, to some extent, with mortals. Then in all our efforts to grow in the higher powers we are aided and seconded by spirits who are ever desirous of helping us when they see that we are seeking for the truth. "Ask and ye shall receive," "Seek and ye shall find," Knock and the door shall be opened unto you."

ORGANIZATION.

By TRURO.

No natural law once discovered requires an organization to make its acceptance general. Nor does any self-evident truth require to be championed; therefore it is neither wise nor judicious to waste effort in evolving an elaborate system of any kind to make our fellowmen understand spiritual truth, rather let the truth do its own work. The Christian efforts in the earliest days were most effectively carried out, two and two going abroad to spread the new ideas; and the truth of what they taught survives and will survive in common with all truth. What was not of truth must perish. In the teaching of any truth the measure of its progress is not by numbers representing the idea, but by its internal acceptance. The force and power of numbers is just the old difficulty repeating itself and no one seems strong enough to keep out of the old ruts but in the usual imitative way falling into line with custom. What we want is clear-brained, stalwart thinkers, big with the importance of the subject, collecting evidence, and hurling it at the unstaple isms of the day. Let the laws of survival of the fittest do the rest. In all matters in which we believe the Spirit-world is controlling, there should be some weight given to that fact in our measuring the possibilities of this subject, and it is to be hoped that when organization is mooted the opinion and advice of the wisest of our guides will be heard.

I am advised as above by those who are pleased to instruct me on this subject—one made interesting to me by reading the articles from time to time appearing in your good paper on that subject; and it is also given me that "Not by might nor by power" but by the Spirit-world will a leader or leaders be raised up to give the world such truth as they may wish to teach; it will not be by show of hands nor wire pulling for the chief seats that the grand and good men will be put forward, but by that silent working of forces and circumstances of which many of us, no doubt, have had exhibitions in our daily lives. There is no undue haste in this matter and the parties of the second part of this transaction (spirit workers) will be fully competent to write history for us. The cause is making history every day, and what is needed is that we all let our page of it be without spot or blemish, waiting the appearance of such leaders as may, in the fullness of time, be called to that work.

I am aware that a congressional committee could not entertain such old-fashioned ideas of progress, but there is progress healthy and robust, and there is forcing and exhausting efforts which are not true progress. Living outside all the activities of spiritual circles and not within measurable distance of any of like faith, I am led to give such views as come to me as more likely to be unbiased by selfish aims than if I had knowledge of any local kind, and that is my excuse for trespassing upon your space. Your general

invitation to speak out on this subject I assumed to include all who feel that they have a word to give.

A CITY AND A SOUL: A STORY OF CHICAGO.

By SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

CHAPTER X.

A LABOR REFORM MEETING.

Justin was making rapid progress in his German; he could read without trouble simply written stories, and he, Laura and Constance made a point of conversing in German when they met. They made mistakes, over which all laughed heartily except Pauline whose heart was in her success as a teacher. She was growing very grave of late and watched her handsome, melancholy husband with a nervous tenderness which deeply touched Justin who took pains to call on them oftener than he otherwise would, because he saw that his visits were desired by Pauline for Meyer's sake.

As there was no escaping the discussion of the labor problems with Meyer, Justin took pains to inform himself on the subject, especially on points on which he was determined that his friend should hear "the other side." One evening in January 1886, when he called, Meyer was dressed apparently to go out. Justin thought he would make his call brief, when Pauline said.

"If you are going to the meeting why not ask Mr. Dorman to go, too? You know he is interested in these subjects of labor reform."

"Would you like to go?" questioned Meyer.

"Why certainly? I would like nothing better" replied Justin, at once divining Mrs. Meyer's wish.

The meeting was held in a Lodge room on Centre avenue near Eighteenth street. The agitation to make eight hours a day's work had taken hold of thousands of workingmen, and this meeting was one of those understood to be held in the interests of this movement. There were already many minor strikes among the hands in the manufactories of Chicago, and large numbers of idle men thronged the streets. Men were easily brought together to hear speeches in defence of the rights of labor, and denouncing the "plutocrats."

Among the anarchists and socialists (for they were generally undistinguishable even by themselves) were many forcible, fiery speakers who had come to believe themselves "prophets of the coming revolution," and they gladly availed themselves of the state of affairs to address large audiences and to plant the seeds of their doctrines in impressionable minds. It was a meeting of this kind to which Justin accompanied Mr. Meyer; and not until he arrived at the hall, did he know that his friend was to be one of the speakers.

The crowded audience was made up of German, Bohemian and American workingmen. Justin took a seat somewhat back, while Mr. Meyer, who was recognized as a leader, was escorted to the platform. The first speaker of the evening contrasted the condition of the rich with that of the poor, and denounced capital as heartless. It kept, he said, men to work at starvation wages and refused to lessen the increasing poverty of workingmen by conceding a reduction of working hours. He concluded by declaring that laboring men would never get their just rights until they should rise in their united strength and demand them. They were now slaves.

— "Know ye not

Who would be free, themselves, must strike the blow?" he quoted, adding that the hour was near at hand when laboring men must have their rights "peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must."

Much in this speech was vigorously applauded, but a number of the older men made no demonstration when violence was recommended.

The next speaker Justin recognized as the young fellow who had addressed the crowd in Douglas Park. He was a natural orator who knew how to touch the chords of the human heart, and he aroused the audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm, as he entered upon a general denunciation of the existing industrial system, under which, he said, there was no equitable distribution of labor's products, no proper reward of those who produce the world's wealth,—the men who toil receiving only enough for bare subsistence, while the employers amass wealth rapidly from the profits of labor. To remedy this, he said, the people themselves must take charge of the industry of the country—in fact conduct its business. The workingmen constituted the great majority, and they should form a coöperative commonwealth in which all would find employment, with ample time for rest, study, and recreation, and in which each would receive his just proportion of the profits of productive labor. There was no need of millionaire capitalists and corporations absorbing the wealth of the country. The government should be the only monopoly.

As the applause which this socialistic speech evoked, subsided, a tall, intellectual young man arose and said that he would be pleased to ask the speaker who had just taken his seat, a few questions. Permission

was readily given. "Under our present form of government," the young man said, "workingmen are in the majority. They can vote, abolish old laws and make new ones. Suppose a great state machine is established, what assurance have we that bribery, corruption and fraud will not take possession of it and thereby make popular rule more of a failure than it is to-day? The workingmen cannot unite now on questions involving their interests. Do you think that investing the government with authority to control all business affairs, to fix wages and prices, insure a more just distribution of the products and profits of industry? Another question: What is to become of this individuality and personal liberty, of which we are so proud, if individual enterprise and competition for success and excellence are to give way to governmental supervision and control?"

The previous speaker replied that now the legislatures and the courts were filled with capitalists, that under the new order they would be replaced by workingmen, that there would be no interference with the liberties of the people but the government would see that all had their fair share of the world's bounties. How this was to be brought about the speaker did not attempt to explain. It was a large subject, he said, and in his speech he had not been able to go into detail.

The next speaker advanced altogether different views. "We do not need more government" he said, "but less—indeed, no government. The government creates nothing—produces nothing. It taxes us, it interferes with our natural rights, it gives corporate charters and legal authority to impose upon a people by schemes which systematically fleece the public. The people have to support an army of officials and submit to a legal system of robbery to sustain the government. Why not let the people govern themselves? It is said governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. Have you given your authority?" he cried "to be taxed for the support of a brutal police, for the payment of legislatures and courts who accept bribes from wealthy corporations, and make laws and decisions always in the interests of wealth? Government is a curse workingmen can gain nothing by supporting. Abolish all government and substitute for it association and unhampered liberty of action!"

The last name on the tiny programme of the meeting handed Justin as he entered the hall, was that of Mr. Meyer, and it was with intense interest that Justin saw him rise. He was greeted with rounds of applause, showing that he was known as a leader by most of those present. His commanding presence, his handsome, refined face, and enthusiastic glance, made him an impressive figure. His face pale at first, soon glowed with a brilliant hectic flush, his eyes flashed and his deep voice quivered with suppressed emotion, as he proceeded in a speech of wonderful eloquence, of which an abstract can give no idea.

Justin felt moved to his inmost soul by the manner of the speaker, but was thunderstruck at the views advanced.

There had, Mr. Meyer said, been a good deal of talk by workingmen; it was now time for action. He felt no interest in the difference between mere theorists and doctrinaires; he was a socialistic anarchist, and an anarchistic socialist. What was demanded was a social revolution; the destruction of the existing order. Destroy that and then they could decide as to the system they would adopt. The workingmen had the power to do what they chose. But while they cringingly submitted to the will of those who were living in luxury on their toil, they were mere serfs, and all talk which resulted not in action, was a waste of breath. The demand for eight hours as the limit of a day's work, was a small part of the needed reform. "You should, as freemen," he said, "rise in your strength and sweep away the whole system under which you are oppressed and robbed. You are justified in using force against force. It should be made dangerous for a policeman to appear in our streets, for he represents and is the agent of oppression, force and fraud. The men who live in luxury and splendor should be made to know what power there is in the hands of the people. Blow up their buildings and inaugurate the social revolution at once! The police will interfere, but their action will give you an opportunity to show your determination to put an end to the present system, under which you are slaves. Yours is the right of revolution, and you are unworthy of being free if you do not strike for your freedom!"

The audience was now in a state of wild excitement. The majority applauded, but there were some very distinct murmurs of dissent. A few quietly withdrew from the hall.

Justin had listened with profound interest, but he was surprised to hear a citizen of this Republic, and his friend, advocate dynamite as a means of solving the labor question and social problems in general. It was his first real insight into what was commonly called "anarchy," and he felt that in justice to himself and to his country, he should as an American citizen, say a word in reply. The chairman recognized him and

"I thought there was no objection to his speaking briefly. 'I would like to know,' said Justin, 'how you expect to advance the interests of workmen by destroying property, by killing the officers of the law, and thereby making both life and property insecure? How can you raise wages and obtain employment by overthrowing law which protects honest industry from the depredation of the lawless and criminal classes? If you should succeed in breaking up our present system you would be in a state of chaos and carnage until you establish another system, and that would involve wars, courts, a system of jurisprudence and officers to execute the laws. Would they be better than the present? And how are you to accomplish these results? Oppose a few thousand men should overpower the police and a few companies of the militia, and take possession of the city? In a few hours twenty-five thousand men, if necessary, would be marching toward the city, armed and equipped to co-operate with the mass of the people for the restoration of the municipal government. The power of the entire State of Illinois, and if required, of the United States would be brought against any movement such as has been talked about here, before any steps could be taken to establish the strange system of no law, and no government. I do not believe that the workmen of this city are in favor of any such wild scheme, and I do not see that it has any connection with the object for which this meeting was called."

"Put him out," came from a dozen voices. Mr. Meyer sprang to his feet. "No, he shall not be put out," he cried. "To speak his thoughts is every man's right, and this young man is a friend of whose convictions are as much to be respected as yours or mine; but I will gladly answer his objections."

Then in a brilliant five minute speech which could scarcely be heard for constant applause, he replied by going over the same ground again. It was late when he finished and the meeting closed.

Just before it broke up however, a number in the audience left to catch suburban trains, and for other reasons. Among these he caught a glimpse of Floyd who made a grimace at him as he passed out.

Justin waited for Meyer after the meeting and long with him to where their homeward way lay. Few words were exchanged between them as they walked, but as they bade each other good-night, Meyer as he shook hands with Justin, exclaimed with emotion:

"My friend, I had hoped so much from you!—And I was about to give you the entree to circles of which you do not dream, and where you could have made yourself a power in the regeneration of the world. But your course this evening has undone all that, and I grieve beyond words that the door to true liberty must be closed in your face."

"O, I'll come out all right, Meyer—don't worry about me, and we'll talk these matters over some other time," said Justin, soothingly, as he wondered at his friend's strange excitement. So they parted.

The following evening as Justin came from the office he stopped one of the begrimed newsboys who was shouting, "All about the Anarkist meeting!" at the top of his voice, and bought a copy of the evening paper, for which Floyd was reporter. It contained a short half burlesque sketch of the meeting of the previous evening, but a paragraph near the close made Justin's heart beat quickly with an entirely new sensation, that of shy delight at seeing his name mentioned in a complimentary manner in a daily paper. The paragraph ran thus:

"The illogical position of the last speaker was clearly shown in a little speech in reply made by Mr. Justin Dorman, a young relative of Lawyer Fairfield of this city, but the audience did not seem to relish such cold chunks of common-sense as he hurled at it."

"This was what Floyd's grimace meant last night," thought Justin; and who can blame him if that paragraph, purposely penned by his friend to please him, for the first time aroused in his mind ambitious dreams of future triumphs, as a public speaker. "If I only could study law!" he sighed. But just then the way did not seem open.

CHAPTER XI.

LINKS IN LIFE'S HIDDEN CHAIN.

And yet that paragraph with other things led to the realization of his wish. Floyd whose friendship for Justin was strengthened during the winter by Justin's tender care and kindness during a two week's illness, managed that a marked copy of the paper containing the paragraph, should be sent to Mr. Fairfield. It may be too that Ferdinand had made some sort of concession to his father, who took pains now every morning to have a little chat with his nephew in which he drew out Justin's opinions on many topics. In one of these talks when some point of law was involved, Justin's quick detection of a flaw in the argument of the counsel who had charge of the opposite side in a case in which Mr. Fairfield was engaged, made his uncle look at him with some surprise; then after a moment's

thought he inquired: "How would you like to study law, Justin? Do you think you would like it?"

"Oh, it is the one dream of my life," said Justin, with enthusiasm. Then he colored, fearing he had said too much; "but, of course, I know it is out of the question," he added, turning to his desk. His uncle made no reply.

One day in February, a week or two after this conversation, a young man, a stranger to Justin, called at the office and inquired for Mr. Fairfield. A few moments after, he came out of the inner office accompanied by Mr. Fairfield, who stepped to the desk where Justin was busily writing.

"Justin," he said, "here is a young man who is to take your place as clerk in the office. I want you to take to-day to initiate him in his new duties."

Justin stared aghast at these words, and Mr. Vane who, from his desk had overheard them, looked up with a perplexed frown.

"Do you mean, sir," asked Justin half angrily, "that you no longer wish to employ me? If so, I think you owe it to me to explain the reason. You might at least have given me longer notice."

He was puzzled by the kindly light in his uncle's eyes, and the smile which he seemed struggling to repress.

"Come with me and I'll explain," he said, leading the way to his own sanctum. "That's all right, Vane," as he noticed that Vane was about to speak. Justin's head was in a whirl as he took the seat to which his uncle motioned him.

"Justin," began Mr. Fairfield, "I suppose you have come to think that I am a very selfish and unfeeling uncle, in not having done one thing more for you than I agreed to do when you came to this city. I have a little explanation to make about that. Do you remember what I said to you on the first day you arrived in Chicago, a year and a half ago, wasn't it?"

"I remember it perfectly well," replied Justin "and I think I have profited by it. I have stood on my own feet as you suggested I should," he said a little proudly.

"Indeed you have," replied Mr. Fairfield warmly, "I have been watching you much more closely than you imagine, and have questioned Mr. Vane and others and found your associates the best possible. I was pleased when I learned that the daughter of my old friend, Mr. Delmarthe, is your friend also. I have heard of your German lessons, your debating club, your home studies, your chivalric acts, and have noted your interest in law; from the beginning I intended to be of service to you if you should prove yourself worthy; to help you if you gave evidence of failure. Now to-morrow I wish you to begin the study of law in this office under my tuition. Ferdinand will help you in the beginning. I will pay you the same salary that you are now receiving the first year, and then raise it perhaps, and when you are qualified for admission to the bar, I will, if you continue to meet my approval, take you into partnership with Ferdinand and myself."

"Oh, you are too kind!" interrupted Justin.

"Now I will tell you my reasons for submitting you to this preliminary discipline. It is because my own son who was educated for the bar had everything made easy for him, greatly to my regret afterward. His mother has wealth of her own, and he is her pet, and the consciousness that there was no real need of his succeeding in his profession has made him what he is. He will, I fear, never be a successful lawyer, for his heart is not in the profession. In your case I determined to see what metal was in you and what effect upon your character city life would have, before making any definite proposition. Now you may go to your desk and show that young man what his duties are to be."

Justin thanked his uncle over and over again. He could scarce understand how this unexpected good fortune had fallen to him. His eyes shone with such a look of happiness when he returned from the interview, that Mr. Vane felt at once assured that some good had come to him, and when a few moments later he said to him, in a voice too low for others around to hear, "I am going to study law with my uncle." Mr. Vane looked almost as happy as Justin. When they went home together at night and Mrs. Vane was informed of what had occurred, she kissed the young man from sheer joy, for the good couple had grown to be very fond of their boarder. He could hardly sleep that night. He longed to go over to LaSalle avenue and talk it over with his friends there, but he must wait until the next class night. Then he was impatient to write to his mother, thinking how proud she would be of her brother's kindness and wise planning for him, and how glad of her son's prospects.

But with the thought of home and mother, also came the thought of Lissa and her indefinite claim upon him. His brother Thaddeus, whose own marriage had taken place more than a year before, had more than once in his letters hinted his knowledge of some understanding between Lissa and Justin, apparently inviting his confidence in the matter. His very last letter, Justin remembered, contained this passage:

"If you don't hurry up and come home, Justin, you may find yourself cut out by some of the young fellows here at home, for Lissa Wood is a mighty pretty girl, let me tell you, much prettier than when you left here, and all the young fellows in town are wild over her. Sometimes I think Will Adams is in love with her, but I gave him, on your behalf, a hint which I think will put a stop to that."

"Oh why couldn't Thad. mind his own business," thought poor Justin as he read this: "If Will Adams would marry her it would be the best thing for us all!" Will Adams had been his school mate and was now clerk in his own father's country store at "the Centre"—the village nearest to Brownville where most of the farmers traded, and the general gossiping ground of the township. The post-office was there, too, and Lissa would be sure to meet Will every time she called to get Justin's letters.

Ferdinand came to the office in good time the next morning.

"Do you know Justin," he said confidentially, "the idea of coaching you in law interests me greatly. Trying to make a lawyer of me was a mistake. I'd make a much better teacher."

"I think I'll mention that to Miss Delmarthe the next time I meet her," said Justin; "perhaps she'll consent to give you lessons in teaching."

"I'd be greatly obliged to you if you would," rejoined Ferdinand.

Justin was not quite sure whether he was most glad or disappointed, when, on the next German lesson night, he found Constance had come alone, Laura having been called elsewhere. There was so much that he wished to tell Miss Delmarthe about Ferdinand's improvement of late. He felt guilty as he remembered having said a word in regard to his habits, fearing he had inadvertently lowered Laura's estimate of his cousin. On the other hand he could not conceal from himself that he felt a subtle thrill of pleasure in the prospect of a *tele a tele* with the lovely, gentle, reserved Miss Garrow, though he was always more shy with her than with her friend.

But as Constance started homeward he kept by her side. He was too full of his new prospects and projects to keep them from these dear friends who had shown such interest in him from the first. On the pretence of sending word to Miss Delmarthe of the interested and respectful manner in which his uncle had spoken of her, and her father, he poured out all the story to Constance. His heart warmed at the interest she took in the relation, for she forgot her usual shyness and questioned him with genuine friendly excitement.

"Now that is as it should be," she said, "Laura and I have talked over the possibility of some such opening for you, and we have wondered that your uncle was so thoughtless of your welfare. I suppose now Mr. Dorman," (this she said with a little laugh) "you will be dropping us poor teachers from your visiting list since you are to be a great lawyer?"

"I have never dared to hope to be considered as on your visiting list," Justin replied with a slight tremor in his voice, "while I had no higher prospect than a poorly paid clerkship; if my promised promotion to a higher social level gives me the honor of being allowed to visit you, it will make me very happy."

"Dear me! if Laura and I had guessed that you felt as humble as that, we would have asked you to call long ago. Now, I will not venture to do so. I will let Laura ask you."

They were just then very near her boarding house when suddenly a large bull-dog came panting down the sidewalk toward them. Justin had seen him a little before, but had observed, in spite of the dog's excitement, that he was apparently looking for his master; for he put his nose to the ground occasionally in a bewildered manner. But Constance did not notice him until he bounded past, when she gave a smothered shriek and clung to Justin. Involuntarily he put his arm around her; for one blessed moment he held close that soft, warm, shrinking, palpitating form. In a minute she recovered her self-possession; but Justin had had a revelation and was speechless. Fortunately for her, he could not see her changing color because of the darkness, and she gained voice sooner than he.

"You will think me a pitiful coward, Mr. Dorman," she said, "but do you know I am terribly afraid of large dogs like that. When I was a little girl a young friend of mine was bitten by just such a dog. She died of hydrophobia, and I saw her in one of her convulsions. I cannot help the awful fear that comes over me on meeting such a dog, even though he be perfectly quiet."

Justin kept hold of her little hand by way of protection, and his voice was strangely grave, she thought, as he said, "I am glad too, that I was with you. I can imagine what your fear is like. Such a scene as you describe must have been frightful."

He waited until she let herself in with her night key before he said "Good night," and walked away with a great fear and a wondrous joy in his heart. The fear was, that having found the woman who must

ever remain the dearest and sweetest woman of the world to him, that she would never care for him; the joy was because nothing in the wide world now could rob him of the memory of the moment in which he had held her in his arms.

At their next meeting Laura congratulated Justin warmly on the prospect opened to him, and read him a little sisterly lecture as to the duties which his future career demanded. It was always her way to patronize a little as well as to help all those who were admitted to her friendship; but it was done in such a genuinely friendly manner that no one objected, while it gave her a charm which was peculiarly her own. She chided him gently for thinking that their forgetfulness to ask him to call, was due to any thought of social differences. "How were we to know that you cared to call on us, since you never until now asked permission?" she asked.

Justin was glad to perceive at this and later interviews, that Laura looked interested whenever he mentioned anything in relation to Ferdinand, sometimes even venturing a question in regard to him; and he took pains to let Ferdinand know this; for the more of his bright, boyish cousin he saw, the more he was convinced that his love for Laura might prove his salvation, provided she could be won to look upon his suit with favor.

(To be continued.)

DOUBLE CONSCIOUSNESS.

The wonders of consciousness increase the more it is studied. There is nothing more strange than the condition known as double consciousness, in which one person lives two lives, in which, indeed, there seem to be two personalities manifesting themselves at different times, through the same body. Dr. H. C. Wood, in the *Century* for May, relates some instances of phenomena of this kind. He says:

Stranger than all these vagaries of consciousness are those which cluster around the mental condition known as double consciousness. In double consciousness a person leads two lives. Let me cite an instance, one of the first on record. A young girl, quick, active, full of life and animation, suddenly complained one day of a very severe headache, and lay down on the bed. She became unconscious, but awoke in a few moments conscious, although no longer the being she had been. She was a stranger in a strange land. The father, mother, sisters and brothers were unknown. The results of years of education had been annihilated. She knew no more of her native tongue than does the child just born. Where vivacious before, she was now dull; where apt to learn, she was slow; where before slow to learn, she was now apt. She had to be educated over again. She lived her life, learned her lessons, until she could read and write, and knew her friends once more. Suddenly the headache again came upon her, and a deep sleep fell over her. She again woke up to the old being; the language acquired in infancy had returned to her; the facts learned through long years were with her; the acquaintances of the old time were her friends. The acquaintances, the lessons learned, the facts and events of the second period, however, she knew no more. So she went on until again the headache returned, the sleep was again on her, and she awoke again her second self. At the very page where her education had been interrupted in the second state it was now taken up. She recognized the friends of the second state, but she knew none of the first state. So through years she lived on her double life, now one person, now another; each state being connected with, or rather a continuation of, the previous corresponding state. In such a case the lawyer and the theologian alike might argue a long time concerning personal responsibility, and the metaphysician labor in vain to define the Ego.

The number of cases of double consciousness on record is not great, but sufficient to establish their existence beyond cavil. In one life a woman has been quiet, contented, domestic, virtuous, while during the other period she has been full of wickedness and unchastity. When in this case the consciousness of the good state was forced to recognize the fruits of the evil-doing of the bad state, the woman was dumbfounded with horror. These cases of double consciousness are inexplicable. There is, of course, a sharp break in memory, but there is more than this; there is a total change in character, in modes of thought, in habits of action; a new being seems to have sprung into existence.

If memory alone be abruptly cut off, the results are different. The sense of personal identity which we all have depends upon the recollection of a practically unbroken series of events connected with ourselves. If such recollection be lost, the person does not know his own identity. Simple abrupt loss of memory involves only loss of identity.

During the Centennial Exhibition a big, burly Scotchman was brought to the hospital unconscious from a stroke. I plunged him into a mass of slush and

water and piled great masses of ice about his head. As he gradually struggled back to consciousness, his first sensation was that he was packed away in an ice-box and doomed. When he came more fully to himself, his first inquiry was, "Who am I?" I said, "Who are you?" This he could not answer. For four days that man lay in the hospital, apparently perfectly rational, wondering who he was. During all this time his friends were searching, and had detectives looking for him all through Philadelphia. At last his recollection came back, and he was able to give his name.

Some years ago in one of our Southern cities a man was seized by the police and taken to a hospital, where he told the following story: "I know nothing who I am or where I came from. All I know is that I found myself on the railroad platform a short time ago. I then drifted into a hall and heard a temperance lecture; goaded into fury by the eloquence of the speaker, I rushed out and began to smash the windows of a neighboring drinking-saloon; a consequent attack on me by the roughs led to my arrest by the police and my being brought to the hospital. That is all I know; who I am I cannot tell." At the time of the publication of the report of this case the hospital authorities had not found out who the man was.

Clearly related to the so-called double consciousness is a mental state not rarely seen in insanity. A case reported in a Scotch medical journal shows very clearly this relation. Every other day the man was a typical melancholic maniac, and every other day he was a perfectly sane, active business man. On Monday he would sit with his face in his hands, utterly indifferent to his surroundings, overwhelmed with his weight of woe, and groaning in the agony of his spirit; on Tuesday he would be active and alert, attending to his business with shrewdness and success; on Wednesday the apathetic melancholy state would come on. On a well day he could never be made to understand that he had insane days; on an insane day he could not be made to believe in the existence of his bright days. On a bright Tuesday he would make engagements for Wednesday, and he would insist that he was the same every day of his life. His inability to receive evidence that he had insane days was, during his sane days, the only evidence of mental aberration.

We see glimpses of a similar violent, abrupt change of character and of thought in other cases of insanity. I watched through long years a woman suffering with an apparently hopeless melancholia, whose final recovery I have seen resembled, but never completely paralleled. She had been the most refined and elegant of women. Taken in middle life with insanity, for fifteen long years her character was altered, her demeanor was changed, her personal being was something else than it had been. She was bowed down always with the terrible woe of a lost soul. Suddenly one evening that woman went down on her knees and prayed the live-long night. She had an attendant, wise beyond women, who let her alone. When morning came the lady arose and said she had found Christ. Her old character had returned; the original elegance of manner was registered in every act; the original delicacy of thought came out from the recent almost brutal crudeness, like blossoms from a forest of wood in the early spring. This lasted for a few days; then she said the cloud was coming, and as the dark thunder-cloud drifts across the sunny landscape, so there came over her the shadow of a great woe. After days or hours she would suddenly raise her head and say, "The light is coming"; and out of the darkness the old gentle, persuasive being would come forth, with no traces of insanity about her.

Before phenomena like these science is dumb. Merely in the presence of ordinary every-day consciousness, without voice is that science which can drag from the bowels of the earth the records of creation, and can reach to the sun to weigh and analyze the power of the present. Consciousness is the one supreme fact of the universe, mysterious, inexplicable for all time, beyond human understanding.

MORAL TEACHINGS OF SCIENCE.

The principles of ethics have a rational basis in the constitution of things, and they are perceived and understood as the intellectual and moral nature of man is developed. Virtue is seen to promote all the highest enjoyments and concerns of life. Vice destroys the power of enjoyment, both bodily and mental. Temperance and self-control, truthfulness and honesty are even on the low grounds of expediency, as important in the long run to success in life, as are strength, health, courage, application, etc. In the *Chautauquan* for May, Arabella B. Buckley has some good thoughts in a paper entitled: "Moral Teachings of Science" from which the following is taken:

The workman who slurs over his work, and the man who cheats his neighbor, are challenging the world to protect themselves against fraud, and the law of natural selection will as surely cull out and uphold the workshop-in

which honest goods are sold, as it does the healthy and vigorous in lower life. Nor is this all, for a country in which trustworthiness and honesty are losing ground, will be a disadvantage in the competition with countries in which the moral standard is higher; and as the country suffers, every individual suffers. In like manner the master who pays no heed to justice between man and man in the treatment of his work-people or heaps up wealth unjustly, becomes a parasite sapping the life of others without equitable return. The antagonism here, the self-defence to which the struggle for existence gives rise will be antagonism of those who are ground down, and in the bitter war of labor against capital, of poverty against capital, of poverty against vast wealth, the country and all in it suffer.

Have we not lost sight of this truth in the present day? In the rapid advance of civilization during the last hundred years, have not the whirl of machinery, the spread of commerce all over the globe, the opportunity of making colossal fortunes, the herding together of men in our great cities, and the absence of personal intercourse between those interested in any great enterprise, driven the moral question almost out of the field? Is not the habit growing upon us of treating men as money-making machines to be obtained at the least possible cost, forgetting that antagonism always is created when one living being takes from another without rendering back in due proportion, whether in kind, in gratitude, or in sympathy? Do not strikes and labor combinations, and our fierce social hatreds, warn us that in political economy, as in the science of life, the law of mutual help must work side by side with that of personal gain?

The question is no doubt a very difficult one, the interests involved are so many and the results produced so complicated, that even those who seek honesty and have ample experience are often inclined in despair to give up the problem as hopeless. But at least it is something gained if we can establish from the laws of nature that to grind down to the bare limits of subsistence, those who work for us and try to make the balance even by charity, is only to create antagonism on the one hand, and parasites on the other.

And meanwhile this spirit of "each one for himself," which is being woven into the very fiber of the present generation is doing infinite harm; for the love of self, already made strong enough by the battle for self-preservation, is increased until the narrow circle of one small life is all that each considers. Then it is that a man, step by step, loses sight of all his true relations to his fellow-beings, and either deteriorates into a mere lover of pleasure or gain, or drifts into crime. Many of the worst, because most cold-blooded and heartless, crimes of our day can be traced to this utter disregard of any thing but personal gratification or gain. For when a man's own desires become the whole end and aim of his life, he does not hesitate to sacrifice others to them. Therefore, whether it is money or position, or sensual gratification he seeks, the passion becomes stronger than all other considerations, and he is led on to embezzlement, to fraud, or even, when detection becomes imminent, to carefully planned murder to remove any difficulty from his path.

Happily, however, this low motive of "self" is not the foundation of morality, for were it so, then, indeed, existence would be the cruel, heartless struggle that some even now would have us believe it to be, in which each would coldly calculate how much service to others would secure most benefit in return and in which all the higher emotions of love, gratitude, self-devotion, and sympathy would have no place, since to rise upon the downfall of others would be the highest ambition of all.

But it is not so. We have as yet touched on only one, and that the lower side of the question. We have been considering the arguments which might influence such men as look upon "right and wrong merely as matters of expediency as to what will best serve their own ends," and have shown that even on these grounds, they must be honest, trustworthy, just, and to a certain extent regardful of others; lest, having the laws of life against them, they should be crushed under the more vigorous and healthy natures.

But from the very start of life the care of our "other selves" has been educating living beings in the higher altruistic qualities. It is the absence of this higher side which above all things makes the bad man or woman, for without it they are blind to the whole end and object of our being, which consists in finding our happiness in others and all in God. And this can be found firmly on science as on religion (as indeed must be the case with all that is true), for upon it rests the existence and continuance of all races and species of beings from the beginning of time. Without self-preservation and the protection of the individual, life could not exist; without self-sacrifice and preservation of the young, life could not continue; and thus the actual existence of a world of living beings has its foundation in the service of others. It is when we turn from the depressing atmosphere of self to this higher instinct which seeks the good of all, that we mount from earth to heaven.

Paymaster Rodney, of the United States Navy, has printed his views on postal cards as to the best way to stop the accumulation of wealth in the hands of a few people. The arch-enemy of free institutions, he believes, is compound interest. Paymaster Rodney seems to have overlooked the fact that most of the great accumulations of wealth made in the past have been dissipated, that most of those that have been kept together, have been preserved rather by primogeniture and the like, than by the cumulative force of compound interest. Those who accumulate wealth cannot transmit their ability to make money to their descendants, except in a qualified sense. Their fortunes are, therefore, pretty sure, sooner or later, to be disintegrated.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

GRANDMOTHER'S WAITING.

BY ELEN E. REXFORD.

Grandmother's face is wrinkled,
And her eyes have grown so dim
That she cannot read her Bible
Nor follow through the hymn.
And her hands are often idle,
For knitting tires them so.
But her brain is always busy
With thoughts of Heaven, I know.
Grandmother's waiting, waiting,
To hear God's summons given
And dreaming of her dear ones
Gone o'er the hills to Heaven.

It always thrills me strangely
To think of her waiting there
At the gates of God's white city,
With its sun on her silvery hair,
To meet her husband's kisses,
And to hear him softly say:
"I have waited a long time, darling,
For this happy, happy day!"
Grandmother's waiting, waiting,
To hear God's summons given,
And dreaming of her dear ones
Gone o'er the hills to Heaven.

I think, sometimes, as I watch her,
That she sees them, for a smile
Breaks over her face, as she whispers:
"Yes, dear, in a little while."
Only a little more waiting
This side of Paradise,
And grandmother will be young again
With her dear ones in the skies.
Grandmother's waiting, waiting,
To hear God's summons given,
And dreaming of her dear ones
Gone o'er the hills to Heaven.

Lillian Whiting in the *Inter Ocean*: Mrs. Laura Ormiston Chant is a very favorite speaker; and no small number of people are evidently drawn solely on her own account, for the moment her speaking is over they leave. She is a strong and peculiar personality. Certainly she has great moral force, a sincere devotion to noble ideals and a passion for humanity. And it may be hypercritical, it may be a defect in one's own point of view, or largeness of toleration, to note anything in her one would wish were otherwise. Yet one cannot help regretting that her narrations of work among the poor are invariably those in which she is herself the heroine. Perhaps in the very nature of the case this can not be helped. There can be no question but that she does remarkable and exceptionally noble and sympathetic and benevolent work. And she tells it simply and directly and without any thought of self-glory, one is sure. And yet—and yet—if it could be generalized and thrown into the region of the universal, how impressive and effective her narrations would be. There are two of the most noble and generous men that have ever lived in Professor William T. Harris, LL. D., and the Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks. It has been my privilege to listen to both, many and many times, from platform and pulpit; and from the time, now more than ten years ago, when I first began to hear Professor Harris lecture, to the present, I have never heard a personal reference in the lecture or sermon, of either one. So that it is possible to preach the gospel of humanity, and portray the impassioned love of humanity, without the personal illustration. And in this way it is infinitely more effective. But it would be ungrateful not to appreciate so unusual a woman as Mrs. Chant.

Mrs. Estelle Hatch Merrill, better known as "Jean Kincaid," of the Boston Daily Globe, is a favorite among Boston newspaper women. She graduated from Wheaton seminary, Mass., and spent five years in teaching, meantime fitting herself for a professorship in botany. Her literary work was begun with occasional articles written for the Boston Transcript. She next sent some special articles to the Globe, and soon afterward was offered a regular position on that paper. It was accepted, and she is now considered one of the "bright" writers on the staff. It was "Jean Kincaid" who first brought the question of a national flower before the public. The subject was started in an editorial of hers in the Sunday Globe, which elicited replies from the most prominent literary men and women in the country.

There is a movement on foot to secure a portrait bust of Susan B. Anthony as a testimonial of the gratitude of American women toward that earnest and devoted champion of the equality of women. It is intended to have this ready in time for the World's Fair in Chicago, where it is ex-

pected there will be a gallery of portraits and statues of distinguished women. An American woman sculptor—either Miss Harriet Hofner, now in Chicago, or Miss Anne Whitney of Boston—will be asked to execute the statue of Miss Anthony. Contributions should be sent to Mrs. Mary E. Holmes, Galva, Henry county, Ill. This movement was started with a subscription of twenty-five dollars by Miss Frances E. Willard, who is responsible for the satisfactory use of the funds, as well as for the acknowledgment of the same.

Miss Bertha von Hillern, the artist, who first won fame by her efforts as a pedestrian, and Miss Emma Howard Wright, the author, are building a summer cottage at Middleton, Va., upon the site of the famous battle-ground of Cedar Creek. Miss von Hillern will fit up one portion of the cottage as a studio and Miss Wright another portion as a study.

Henietta Girard, a niece of Stephen Girard, died lately in Philadelphia of a broken heart. She had been defrauded of an inheritance of several millions, and had lived for seventy-five dreary years in poverty, dependant upon the kindness of friends for a mere existence, and finally died in a garret, without a dollar in her possession.

Mrs. Julia J. Irvine, who obtained the degree of B. H. M. at Cornell University, and who for two years has carried on her work with marked distinction at Leipzig, has been appointed Junior Professor of Greek at Wellesley College. During an inter-collegiate contest Mrs. Irvine was the prize-winner in Greek over sixty competitors. Miss A. C. Chapin, who has occupied the position of senior Professor of Greek since the resignation of Miss Horton, will retain that chair.

At a meeting in London under the presidency of Mrs. Labouchere, Charles Bradlaugh made a speech from the report of which the following is taken: "For himself, he had spoken and written in favor of women's suffrage ever since he had taken part in political life. It was said that if women had the vote they would vote Tory. Were he sure of that; were it absolutely certain that women would cast their votes, if they had them, against everything he believed to be right and just, he held that would be no reason for withholding the suffrage from them. He had been told that he would himself be rejected at Northampton if such an innovation were to be introduced. He could only say that, even if he knew that the effect would be to throw him out of political life for good and ever, and his vote would determine the issue, that vote would be given in favor of women's suffrage. This declaration was received as it deserved, with loud cheers from his hearers of both sexes."

Three thousand women in Greece have petitioned the king to allow their sex the same educational advantages as are enjoyed by his male subjects. They say: "If the progress of our country in civilization remains behind the hopes and expectations of the government, the cause is the backward development of Grecian womanhood. Fit us to rear your sons and we will show you how much we can do for you and Greece." The king has now an opportunity to show whether he is an enlightened monarch or somewhat of a barbarian. With enough of the same spirit abroad in the land which animates the signers of that petition, Greece might yet hope to regain something of her ancient glory.

A despatch from Tripp, South Dakota, dated May 27, says: "Mrs. Mary Seymour Howell, of New York, who in company with Susan B. Anthony is working in the interest of equal suffrage, was here to-day with the expectation of delivering a lecture this evening. On her arrival she was met by a delegation, mostly Russians, and told that they did not want to hear any woman preachers and she would not be allowed to speak in the school-house. This aroused the indignation of other citizens, and they determined to open the school-house to her. The situation, however, became so threatening as evening approached, that she was afraid to remain in town, and departed for Parkston. Feeling runs very high." Feeling ought to run high, and Miss Anthony should speak at Tripp if the entire military force of the State, or even of the United States, is required to enforce freedom of speech there, against foreign intolerance.

Miss Ada Heather-Biggs, Lady Dilke and Mrs. Jeune have established a series of "happy evenings" for the London board school children. These children, belonging to very poor families, and never having a penny of their own wherewith to purchase

pleasure, are to be invited fortnightly to a comfortable room and entertained with games, music, magic-lantern pictures and amusing talks.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed, under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

THE PERFECT WAY. By Edward Maitland and Anna (Bonus) Kingsford. New York: Frank F. Lovell & Co. pp. 384. Price, 50 cents.

This work, one of Lovell's "Occult Series," claims to represent the basic and secret doctrine of all the great religions of antiquity, Christianity included. This doctrine is commonly called the *Gnosis*, and variously entitled the Hermetic and Kabbalistic. The knowledge of this secret doctrine these authors obtained, they say, "by means of the faculty which consists in perception and recollection of the kind called intuitional and psychic, and therefore by the method which in all ages has been recognized as the means of access to knowledges transcendental and divine." "The Perfect Way," therefore, represents they say "first, a discovery, and next, a recovery." Its purpose is to supply the need for "a perfect system of thought and life by one founded in the nature of existence." The old *a priori* method is the one employed throughout. The book contains a vast amount of bewildering speculation and mysticism. It is full of fancies and assumptions that it would take a long time to verify, supposing there were any means of proving them. The authors say that "for all who know enough to be able to believe, the book constitutes of itself an absolute confirmation of its own teachings, and therein of the recovered Gnosis." In spite of this reflection on their intelligence, most thinkers will continue to have more confidence in the modern scientific method and in the accumulated knowledge of to-day, than in any so-called recovered system that belonged to pre-scientific ages. The older any complex theory or hypothesis is, the more erroneous, also, it is almost sure to be. Men were not more knowing, more wise and more spiritual thousands of years ago than they are to-day, and it is as absurd to go back to primitive times for a perfect system of philosophy as it would be to look back then with the expectation of finding the model of a perfect steam engine. Many people who have come to reject dogmatic theology as it has been preached, show a readiness to accept the oracular declarations of "occultism," "theosophy," etc., without difficulty, showing little progress in careful thinking and a longing to accept something as authoritative and final. They do not understand that there can be intellectual peace only at the price of intellectual death.

A PRIMER OF DARWINISM AND ORGANIC EVOLUTION. By J. Y. Bergen, Jr. and Fanny D. Bergen. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1890. pp. 242. Price, \$1.25. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

The first edition of this valuable little work appeared in 1884 with the title, "The Development Theory." The one which has been substituted in this second edition more clearly indicates the character of the treatise, which is devoted to an exposition of organic evolution and to a condensed statement of the proofs in its support. The question is often asked, "Where can I get the main facts and arguments in favor of Darwinism in a small volume, given so that they can be understood by an unscientific reader?" This "Primer" comes as near meeting the wants of such persons as ask this question, as any the reviewer has seen. The authors, Mr. and Mrs. Bergen, have both had experience as teachers and they know how to present truths on subjects of science in a lucid manner adapted to average minds. At the same time any person who is not already familiar with the literature of evolution, can obtain information on the subject from this treatise and may find it convenient for reference. It is admirably arranged for use as a textbook in schools.

THE TALKING IMAGE OF URUR. By Franz Hartmann. M. D. New York: F. F. Lovell & Co. Price, 50 cents.

The author's name is a sufficient guaranty for the tenor of this work, which is to some extent a satire upon those lovers of theosophy who misguidedly look for two material demonstrations of occult power. As published serially in *Lucifer*, the work was mutilated and seemed like a satire

upon theosophists generally, which was far from the author's intention.

IN THE VALLEY OF HAVILAH. By Frederick Thicksturn Clark. New York: F. F. Lovell & Co. Price, 50 cents.

This author has departed somewhat from the usual style of fiction in writing *In the Valley of Havilah*. The surroundings are wild and rugged; yet the work reads pleasantly.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN MOVEMENT. By John H. Vincent with an Introduction by President Lewis Miller. Boston: Chautauqua Press. 1886, pp. 308. Price \$1.50.

This volume tells all about the Chautauquan movement up to the date of publication (1886) and contains valuable suggestions in regard to methods of study.

LIVE QUESTIONS INCLUDING OUR PENAL MACHINERY AND ITS VICTIMS. By John P. Altgeld. Chicago: Donohue & Henneberry. 1890. pp. 320.

In this volume are brought together a number of Judge Altgeld's addresses delivered before associations, and articles, which have appeared in magazines and papers, on questions of the day. Strikes and arbitration, pensions for soldiers, the protection of the ballot box, slave girls in Chicago, immigration and the eight-hour movement are among the subjects discussed. One half of the work, the second part, is devoted to a consideration of "Our Penal Machinery and Its Victims," to which the author has given much attention, and on which he writes instructively. Indeed all the essays in this volume, show large acquaintance with the questions discussed, as well as a progressive and humanitarian spirit in their treatment.

EVOLUTION: TRUE OR FALSE. By C. L. Abbott. Waco, Texas: J. D. Shaw. 1890. pp. 54. Price 25 cents.

Mr. Abbott has carefully studied the best works on evolution, and in this pamphlet he has brought together, in a condensed form, some of the strong proofs of the theory, with numerous references to works from which the essay is compiled—those of Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, Hæckel, Gray, Allen, Cope, Dana, Schmidt, Draper and others. It is a conscientious piece of work, well written and arranged, and worthy of a large circulation. Of Mr. Abbott the reviewer knows nothing except from this little essay which prompts the wish that the author would write more on the subject which he has so thoroughly studied.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

The following from Frank F. Lovell & Co., New York:

An Ocular Delusion. By Frank Howard Howe. Price 25 cents; Our Erring Brother, or Church and Chapel. By F. W. Robinson. Price 30 cents; Kilburns. By Annie Thomas; Kestell of Greystone. By Esnie Stuart; The Sin of Joost Aveluigh. By Maarten Maartens. Price each, 50 cents.

NEW BOOK BY G. B. STEBBINS.

G. B. Stebbins, of Detroit, who has had part in the reform movements of the past fifty years, has just finished a book entitled: "Upward Steps of Seventy Years," which is to be published by the J. W. Lovell Co., of New York, in September. It is made up of sketches of his New England childhood and youth in Puritan days, and views of the growth of reforms, and larger thought at a later period, beginning with the anti-slavery movement in Garrison's day, and taking in temperance, woman suffrage, etc., in all of which the writer had a working share. Biographic sketches of many gifted and true men and women among a wide range of personal acquaintances will be an interesting feature of the work. Spiritualism and psychic research—the experiences and suggestions of a pioneer investigator whose range of observation has been wide—will make up the last chapters, closing with the religious outlook and coming reforms. The aim is to show the progress of reforms, one opening the way for another, all tending to better days to come. Many of our readers will want this work as soon as it is out.

JUNE MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

The Chautauquan. (Meadville, Penn.) The Second part of the Making of Italy, by Edward A. Freeman, the eminent English historian, a delightful reading. Other articles upon varied subjects complete the number.

Wide Awake. (Boston.) Short stories

predominate in the June issue of this monthly and are appropriate for the warm days of early summer. The New Senior at Andover, by Herbert D. Ward will no doubt be one of the remarkable stories of the year.

The Atlantic Monthly. (Boston.) Charles Dudley Warner's article The Novel and the Common School is characteristic of the writer, and with Hannis Taylor's The National House of Representatives, makes solid reading. Miss Repplier gives a Short Defense of Villians in an amusing manner. Dr. Holmes discusses Book-hunger. There are also Fiction Poems and several short papers.

The Homiletic Review. (New York.) The leading paper of this number is entitled Calvinism and Fatalism, by Dr. E. F. Ellinwood. Social Science and the Pulpit is a timely discussion.

The Popular Science Monthly. (New York.) Herbert Spencer, President Andrew D. White, and Hon. David A. Wells, are contributors to the June Popular Science Monthly. In Prof. C. H. Henderson's fourth article on glass-making is told how the beautiful designs in engraved, etched, and cut-glass are produced. Other articles upon scientific matters, with the several departments, fill a most instructive issue of this monthly.

The Hermetist. (Chicago.) With the May number this monthly is enlarged and altogether improved. The editor says, the outlook is good and calls all Altruists to his aid.

The Statesman. (Chicago.) Jeremiah W. Jenks, Ph. D. has an article upon the Standard Oil Trust in the May Statesman. Suffrage—Can it be demanded as a Right? and Mental Discipline in Education are good articles.

Current Literature. (New York.) A variety of reading is contained in the pages of this monthly. Under Current Literary Comment and Criticism is found what is wanted; General Gossips of Authors and Writers keep the reader informed. Choice verse cannot fail to please the romantic and poetical, and in fact all the departments are full of suggestive articles and notes.

Mr. Albert Shaw, who wrote the paper on "Glasgow, a Study in Municipal Government," in a recent Century, will have an equally timely paper in the June Century on "London Polytechnics and People's Palaces." This article will be accompanied by a frontispiece portrait of Walter Besant, with other portraits and illustrations by Joseph Pennell and others.

NO SUICIDE AMONG SPIRITUALISTS.

TO THE EDITOR: How true it is, as remarked in THE JOURNAL recently, that there are few suicides among Spiritualists. And how true it is that they are safe from the demon of strong drink so long as they will heed the warnings of the spirit and accept the proffered aid. Worn with overwork and suffering from insomnia, and harassed by business difficulties that seemed almost insurmountable, there was a time when my mind grew to suicide, and I was only restrained by thoughts of the disgrace that would come to my family. The force of that power was so sadly weakened that I am sure my life would have been taken by my own hand but for the aid that came from the Spirit-world.

As I was leaving the west for Washington, one almost a stranger to me handed me a card and wished me to call on his old friend Capt. W. I took the card as a matter of courtesy, but there was no reason why I should make the call requested, and so I thought no more about it. Soon after my arrival in Washington I incidentally, at the National Hotel, met and conversed for an hour or more with a gentleman who, as we separated, handed me card and requested a call. He proved to be the same Capt. W. on whom my western friend requested me to call. I called, and on the table I noticed copies of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, which led to a conversation on spiritual matters and to a call on Mrs. M. C. Levy, one of the best among mediums. I had been in her presence but a few moments when she described one who had been very much attached to me who passed out by her own hands. She told me of the horrors she had passed through, and of the suffering she had endured through this great fault, which to her seemed to be the greatest of all sins. Passing into a trance, others who had passed out by their own hands came and, one after another, gave me their experience. One came, or seemed to com-

with a wild shriek of murder, and the medium almost returning to consciousness said, "Did you kill this woman?" quickly adding, "No she killed herself, and has come to help save you."

The atmosphere seemed to be filled with suicide and at that first meeting, every spirit coming to me, excepting the spirit of that pure and gentle mother who always comes in time of trouble, was that of a suicide. My mind was turned in other directions and I had only occasional visits from them afterward, but I can not help but think that I was cured by the direct aid of the spiritual forces. I noticed to those inclined to drink to excess, the drunkards come, through this medium and in like manner warn them of their danger. I know a professional gambler, as besotted a wreck as I ever knew, who was cured of the disease of drunkenness as I was cured of my trouble. He has not drank intoxicating liquors since his first visit to her.

I know a lawyer, one of the brightest legal lights in the west, who went to a medium in a state bordering on the delirium tremens. She lifted him up and he was saved. Years have passed and he is as safe as those who, being converted, are through faith led into a new life. His spiritual energies were aroused, his surrounding conditions were broken and he was free with bands of spirits to help him. But the Spiritualist has this advantage over those who rely upon their faith to make them whole. He realizes that he has help from the Spirit-world and that it comes from those who know his failings, and who are in sympathy with him and that if he will only be true to himself they can cure him.

You might as well go to the bedside of one with a burning fever and tell him to get up and walk as to go to the drunken sot or one suffering from morbid appetites and at once make him clean. You may arouse the spiritual energies of both and in time cure them, and from the hour you go to them they may mend, but how much faster they will mend if you can make them feel and know that there is an invincible band, the members of which will come at their call, standing ready to aid them.

L. A. CLEMENTS.

A letter from St. Louis says: The "School of Mental Philosophy and Occult Science" was organized here Feb. 1st. Its founders are people who became desirous of studying the philosophy and science of Spiritualism in its higher aspects beyond the mere phenomena. This is a private society, only members and invited friends are admitted to the meeting; those only can become members who are found, upon investigation to be of unimpeachable character—socially and morally as well as intellectually worthy. The society employs Rev. James DeBuchananne Ph. D., as lecturer. The meetings are held in the parlors of the lecturer every Sunday, when lectures upon spiritual and occult subjects are given; three nights in the week the society hold meetings for discussions on kindred subjects and the investigation of various phenomena under the strictest test conditions. The lectures have been of the highest order; the Doctor is a thorough scientific and theological scholar and an eloquent speaker; and is undoubtedly one of the best speakers on the liberal platform. Some magnificent tests have been given in the meetings for investigation, and altogether the society has been a grand success; proving that a spiritual organization can be made successful and at the same time as strict in its conditions of membership as any church organization. The society will probably adjourn next Sunday, until fall, when we shall resume, it is hoped with the same speaker, when we hope to send weekly reports to your paper.

Dyspepsia

Does not get well of itself; it requires careful, persistent attention and a remedy that will assist nature to throw off the causes and tone up the digestive organs till they perform their duties willingly. Among the agonies experienced by the dyspeptic, are distress before or after eating, loss of appetite, irregularities of the bowels, wind or gas and pain in the stomach, heart burn, sour stomach, etc., causing mental depression, nervous irritability and sleeplessness. If you are discouraged be of good cheer and try Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has cured hundreds, it will cure you.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Stomach Troubles,

Such as indigestion and loss of appetite, are extremely common. The functions of the stomach being weakened, the system soon becomes impure, the system loses vigor, and you are easy prey to any prevailing epidemic. What you need to restore tone to the digestive organs is Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the best and most economical of all blood-purifiers.

"For several years I was troubled with indigestion, accompanied with pains in my side. My appetite was poor, and my health was gradually failing. Medicine recommended to me by my friends, did not have the desired effect. Finally I was advised to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and have done so, with the most beneficial results. My appetite is now good, I am free from pain, and feel once more in good health."—T. Loney, 32 Fairmount st., Cambridgeport, Mass.

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"During the summer and fall of 1887 I suffered very seriously from dyspepsia. Knowing the high standard of Ayer's medicines, I decided to try what Ayer's Sarsaparilla could do for me. It has helped me wonderfully. I regard the Sarsaparilla as invaluable in such cases."—James R. Williams, Delana, Ill.
"About a year ago I was greatly afflicted with indigestion, and suffered from headache and terrible pains in my stomach. I consulted a physician, who prescribed various remedies, but all to no purpose. I became worse instead of better, and was compelled to give up work. A friend finally advised me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I purchased a bottle, took it according to directions, and soon had the satisfaction of knowing that my health was improving. After taking two bottles of this medicine, I was able to resume work. My appetite returned, my food digested well, I was free from headache, and to-day I am as well as ever."—P. Dubé, Holyoke, Mass.

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Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

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Try a cake in your next house-cleaning.

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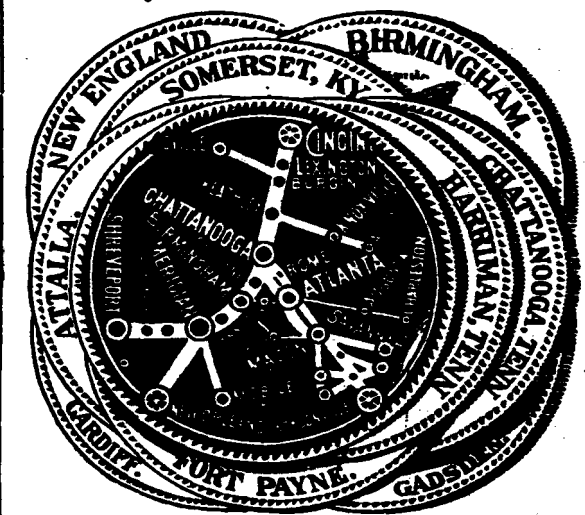
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FRENZIED SPIRITS.

BY EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

Crazed by her sad desertion
The poet Shelly's wife,
Falling to woo him homeward
Ended her love-wrecked life.
With desperate endeavor
A pallid peace she found
For her o'er-tortured body;—
Her soul—that was not drowned.

And I have sometimes wondered
If souls are not insane
Who fly to God's high country
In agonies of pain.
I know death cannot blind one
From sensing deathly wrong,
And sometimes ghost avengers
Are merciless and strong.

May be I wrong the lady
Who took her own young life;
Whose dreamy poet husband
Espoused another wife;
But when he drowned, as she had,
Struggling with waters rife,
I fear she must have been there—
His frenzied spirit wife.

BERLIN HEIGHTS, O.

BAR HARBOR.

From this fair home behold on either side
The restful mountains and the restless sea;
So the warm sheltering walls of life divide
Time and its tides from still eternity.

Look on the waves: their stormy voices teach
That not on earth may toil and struggle cease.
Look on the mountains; better far than speech
Their silent promise of eternal peace.

—HOLMES in June Atlantic.

The "New York Psychical Society" seems to be prospering. A report from the secretary, for which THE JOURNAL has not space in full, says:

"The evening of the 28th ult. was a great occasion in the history of this society, and its meeting, held at 510 Sixth avenue, has been the most largely attended of any since its inception. Mr. J. F. Snipes, who filled his usual position of president, seemed to have caught the spiritual ardor and fire of the occasion. There were many representative Spiritualists, and a host of the rank and file that filled every seat, choked up the aisles, and extended out into the corridors."

Among the speakers was Mrs. Maud Lord-Drake who always interests an audience.

L. A. Clement has the thanks of THE JOURNAL for a fine cabinet photograph of himself, which has been added to the large collection in this office.

Next week THE JOURNAL will publish a letter from Hon. A. B. Richmond concerning the Slate-Writing "tests" which were written up in the issue for May 24th.

Mrs. R. S. Lillie lectures in Worcester, Mass., the first three Sundays of June. She then comes west to fill a date at South Haven, Mich., on the 22nd, and at Sturgis the 29th.

The Harmonial Society of Sturgis will hold their thirty-second anniversary, June 27, 28 and 29. Mrs. R. S. Lillie, of Boston, has been engaged as one of the speakers. Other good speakers will be in attendance, also.

Dr. J. K. Bailey, since his last report, has given public and parlor lectures and séances, as follows: At North McGregor, Ia., April 20th; at Monona, Ia., May 1st to 6th, inclusive; at Kandalia, Ia., the 11th; at Independence, Ia., 13th; at Winthrop, Ia., 18th; at Manchester, Ia., 20th; at Maquoketa, Ia., 25th; at Mendota, Ill., 29th. Address him: Box 123, Scranton, Pa.

A Spiritualist Camp meeting will be held two miles west of Montpelier, Ind., on the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, and 31st. The various phases of mediumship and speaking will be among the interesting and instructive features of the meetings. Lena Bible, who is an able and eloquent speaker, is announced as the lecturer.

It is related that Thomas Carlyle, while on a visit to the provost of Kircaldy, a worthy elder who conducted family worship, was one morning invited by the provost to take the reading, and he would offer up the prayer himself afterward. Carlyle, by accident, opened the Bible at the first chapter of the book of Job. He began to read this slowly and intelligently, pausing after some clause, as if to meditate on the circumstances and take in the whole meaning. On he went, the servants wondering, the provost "dumfounder." Yet no

one dare to interrupt the sage, as his face was getting all aglow. The time passed on, and yet he was only heating to his work. After finishing the whole forty-two chapters, he quietly closed the Bible, and remarked: "That is a marvelous, life-like drama, only to be appreciated when read right through." Carlyle used to wonder that the invitation was not repeated.

Hon. Joel Moody of Mound City, Kansas, was in town last week. Mr. Moody will be remembered by older readers as the author of that unique book *Science of Evil*, which created considerable sensation some fifteen years ago. He also wrote *Junius Unmasked*. Finding that literature and philosophy would not support a family, Mr. Moody returned to his profession, the law, at which he has made a fine success. He is now one of the most influential members of the Kansas Senate, a regent of the State University, and is doing much for the educational interests of Kansas. He graduated from the Michigan University in the class of 1858. His father was one of the pioneer settlers in northern Illinois.

Lookout Mountain camp meeting is the first large camp in the field this season with its annual announcement. The management announces a programme beginning on July 5th and ending on Sunday, August 31st. Among the speakers and mediums under engagement are Geo. P. Fuller, Mrs. A. M. Glading, Mrs. Helen Stuart Richings, Dr. Samuel Watson, Dr. Geo. A. Fuller, Mr. W. A. Mansfield and others. The camp is situated on the most desirable part of Lookout Mountain amid the finest scenery and with mineral springs of rare medicinal value. As a summer resort, especially for Southern people, it has no superior. Full particulars may be had by addressing the efficient secretary, Dr. Geo. A. Fuller, Lookout Mountain, Tenn.



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A pocket full of money amounts to little after health is gone. To enjoy life, a good appetite, sound digestion and elastic limbs, take Tatt's Pills. Then, if you are poor, you will be happy; if rich, you can enjoy your money. They dispel low spirits and give buoyancy to mind and body.

Recommendation.

W. I. Blair, Danville, Va., says: "I have long suffered from Torpor of the Liver and Dyspepsia, and have tried almost everything, but never derived half the benefit that I have had from Tatt's Pills. I recommend them to all that are afflicted with Dyspepsia and Sick Headache."

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POZZONI'S

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COMPLEXION POWDER

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TRY IT.

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For 16 Years have sold complete sets of harnesses, collars, and reins at wholesale prices, saving the dealers profit. Ship anywhere for examination before buying. Pay freight charges. Not satisfactory. Warranted for 2 years. \$4 per set. Catalog free. Address W. E. PRATT, Sec'y., Elkhart, Ind.

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One person in each locality can earn good-sized bag of gold at work for us during the next few months. Some earn \$20 a day, and upwards, and all get grand wages. No one can fail who follows our directions. All is new, plain and easy. Experience not necessary. Capital not required, we start you. Either sex, young or old you can live at home, giving work all your time or spare time only. One person has earned \$500 during past few months; you can do as well. No room to explain here. Full particulars and information mailed FREE to those who write us at once. Better not delay if you want work at which you will be sure of earning a large sum of money every month. STIMPSON & CO., Box 699, Portland, Maine.

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Spirit Workers in the Home Circle.

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Of London, England.

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Buy the POSITIVES for Fevers, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Diarrhoea, Liver Complaint, Heart Disease, Kidney Complaints, Neuralgia, Headache, Female Diseases, Rheumatism, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and all active and acute diseases.

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MEDIUMSHIP.

—A—

CHAPTER OF EXPERIENCES.

BY MRS. MARIA M. KING.

This Pamphlet of 50 pages is a condensed statement of the laws of Mediumship illustrated by the Author's own experiences. It explains the Religious experiences of the Christian in consonance with Spiritual laws and the Spiritual Philosophy. It is valuable to all, and especially to the Christian who would know the true philosophy of a "change of heart." It ought to be largely circulated as a tract by Spiritualists.

Price, 25¢ per hundred; \$3.50 for 50; \$1 for 13, and 10 cents per single copy.

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D. D. HOME.

His Life and Mission.

BY MADAME DUNGLAS HOME.

Within the compass of an advertisement no adequate description of the interesting contents of this book concerning a most remarkable medium can be given; it must be read before its importance can be realized.

The work is a large 8vo of 428 pages, printed from large type on fine, heavy, super-calendered paper, and strongly bound in cloth. The price put on it is less than value, but Mrs. Home is desirous that this work should have an extended reading in America; hence the book will be sold at a low

Price, \$2.00 Gilt top, \$2.25, postage free to Journal subscribers; to all others, 17 cents.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO. C. BUNDY, Chicago.

WILL NOT CUT

THROUGH.

WE THE BUILDERS OF OURSELVES.

To THE EDITOR: In taking an outward view, the law of the survival of the fittest seems to prevail. But when we take a more analyzed view we realize that we have all to do in making our condition or fitness. Nature's or God's laws do not discriminate against any of the human family. All are free and at liberty to compete for the highest prizes or gifts of nature and inspirational growth. But we must fit and prepare ourselves and become receptive to the higher seeds of inspiration to develop in us. No one can receive higher thoughts or inspirations than he has qualifications and fitness for; so it becomes very apparent that we are the architects or builders of ourselves in conquering and eliminating from ourselves all the evils and lower passions of our nature, and cultivating a nobler sentiment and a higher practical life; and thus we put ourselves among the survivors of the fittest or more progressive of the brotherhood of mankind. These sentiments will hold good in all conditions of life, intellectually, socially, morally and financially. DUTTON MADDEN.

SCHUYLKILL, Pa.

The disposition of mankind, whether as rulers or as fellow-citizens, to impose their own opinions and inclinations as a rule of conduct on others is so energetically supported by some of the best and by some of the worst feelings incident to human nature, that it is rarely ever kept under restraint by anything but want of power; and, as the power is not declining, but growing, unless a stronger barrier of moral conviction can be raised against the mischief, we must expect, in the present circumstances of the world, to see it increase.—J. Stuart Mill, in "On Liberty."

An impressive incident occurred years ago in Hartford. The man who related it was so profoundly impressed with the reality of a supra-mortal meeting and recognition that he never forgot it. He is still living in a western state. On this occasion he was a watcher at the bedside of a dying man—a printer. He was a very "practical," hard-headed man and one of the last to be given to fancies. For half an hour, he said, the dying man had been sinking. The breathing, growing more labored, became slower and fainter. The watcher thought the man was dead, when suddenly his eyes opened with a glad look of wonder and joyful recognition; he threw up his arms in an embrace and his whole face was illuminated as he rapturously exclaimed: "Why, mother!" The same instant he fell back dead. "Nothing will ever convince me," said the watcher, relating the occurrence years afterward, "that that man didn't actually see his mother then and there."—*Detroit Journal.*

Salt rheum, with its intense itching and burning is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Many who were formerly severe sufferers have reason to thank "the peculiar medicine" for cures effected.

Beecham's Pills cure bilious and nervous ills.

Bolls, carbuncles, and eruptions of all kinds are nature's efforts to throw off poison from the blood. The result may be accomplished much more effectually, as well as agreeably, through the proper excretory channels, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

For restoring the color, thickening the growth, and beautifying the hair, and for preventing baldness, Hall's Hair Renewer is unsurpassed.

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BY DR. E. W. STEVENS.

This well attested account of spirit presence created a wide-spread sensation when first published in the Religio-Philosophical Journal over fifty thousand copies were circulated, including the Journal's publication and the pamphlet editions, but the demand still continues.

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by the direct assistance of Spirits, through the intelligent interference of Spiritualists, and after months of almost continuous spirit control and medical treatment by Dr. Stevens, was restored to perfect health, to the profound astonishment of all. So far transcending, in some respect, all other recorded cases of a similar character, this by common acclaim came to be known as

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The publisher has taken advantage of the necessity for new plates, and with the courteous permission of Harper Brothers, incorporated with the case of Lurancy Vennum one from Harper's Magazine for May, 1880, entitled

Psychical and Physio-Psychological Studies.

MARY REYNOLDS,

A CASE OF

Double Consciousness.

This case is frequently referred to by medical authorities, and Mr. E. W. Sargent makes reference to it in that invaluable, standard work, *The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism*, his latest and best effort. The case of Mary Reynolds does not equal that of Lurancy Vennum, but is nevertheless a valuable addition. The two narrations make a

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The demand for this book will in part be realized when we state that three of the largest printing houses in Chicago are running night and day on it; one house being under bonds to turn out *Twelve hundred copies every day for one year*; and that the publisher of this edition expects to sell more than one million copies before next Christmas. It should however be distinctly understood that this and all other low-priced editions of Webster's Dictionary are not so complete as is the edition which sells for \$10.00. The latter contains a supplement, engravings, etc., still protected by copyright; but for all ordinary uses—even for the average printing office, the Loomis edition is sufficient, and is of course a marvel of cheapness and utility.

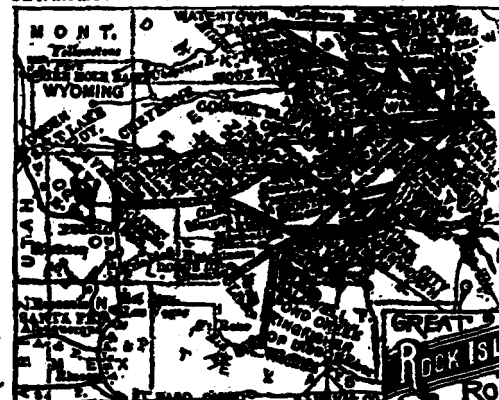
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me subject to improvise,
tenderly solemn and mystic rhyme,
at in the depths of my soul may chime
distant bell under moonlit skies;
Soft and low
Sweet and slow
love-song sung in the summer-time.

me a musical instrument
And I'll try if the harmonies divine,
"hat used to play on this heart of mine
come back to me by the way they went.
Toil and woe
Bade them go
leave me alone in love's banishment.

ve me a canvass on which to paint
A picture to hang in my inner shrine,
That when I ask of the Source Divine
ue grave sweet face of my Patron Saint,
Full of love,
May approve
ith pitying smile, of my soul's complaint.

ive me a spirit to understand
The hidden meaning and purpose of love;
The inspiration that comes to solve
I laws that are writ by the Master hand:
Give to me
Gifts but three
and I'll tell how the Universe is planned.

CHURCH OF THE SPIRIT.

TO THE EDITOR:—I saw an article in THE JOURNAL of May 17th, by Samuel Ishe, Secretary of the Physical Society New York City. It was part of an address delivered by Mrs. Maud Lord Drake before the society in regard to the higher development or the true Spiritualism. Her address has the ring of the true Spiritualist, and I wish all Spiritualists would read it candidly and be benefitted by the truths contained therein. We need the Church of the Spirit for those who feel and know that there is a satisfying portion in the true Spiritualism. At present there is no church or organization where those who are spiritually unfolded can find a home or have fellowship with kindred minds. I believe that the Church of the Spirit is a necessity and is being evolved just such minds. The church may not appear soon, but I believe it will be established in the course of a few years. I do not believe the Spiritualists will ever organize, as they are too indifferent and do not appreciate the advantage they have over the orthodox creeds, which if rightly applied would organize the true church. A great many of us Spiritualists abhor the word church. There is nothing horrible about the word, neither is there in the word Bible or God. A great many of us are too fastidious, I think, about the use of those words. I have read articles where it stated that such a society was opened by an invocation by the chaplain. Why not have the plain or common word prayer? He who has put his hands to the plow and then turned back is not worthy to be called one of God's children. If we could use the common words instead of the "First Great Cause," "The infinite Good," etc., when we refer to the Deity, the people who are orthodox would have more respect for us. The fact is there are a number of us who are ashamed to have our philosophy looked on as a religion, when to a great many it is a religion as it satisfies and is food for the soul. Let us live up to all the light we receive from the other side so that our "lives can be read by all men."

CHAS. F. WATERS.

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J. G. Patton writes: I am more than pleased with THE JOURNAL. The bold and courageous stand it has taken in the interest of truth and a higher standard of Spiritualism meets with my cordial approval. I have faith and confidence in what I read in your paper, for I know that every article must pass in front of your critical eye before it is deemed worthy of an insertion in your valuable paper. I would as soon think of cutting off my three meals a day as depriving myself of the great pleasure of reading THE JOURNAL once a week.

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and scientific basis upon which you stand, that made it possible for you to help me. And now in conclusion let me freight this letter with deepest gratitude to you, for showing me where to find the secret balm for a wounded soul.

Stanley mentions an incident that occurred when he and his comrades were in an African forest starving with no prospect of succor: We were sitting conversing about our prospects, discussing the probabilities of our couriers reaching some settlement on this day, or the next, and the time it would take them to return; and they desired to know whether in my previous African experience I had encountered anything so grievous as this. "No; not quite so bad as this," I replied. "We have suffered, but not such an extremity as this. Those nine days on the way to Ituru were wretched. On our flight from Bumbire we certainly suffered much hunger, and also while floating down the Congo to trace its course our condition was to be pitied; we have had a little of something, and at least large hopes, and if they die where are we? The age of miracles is past, it is said, but why should they be. Moses drew water from the rock of Horeb for the thirsty Israelites; of water we have enough and to spare. Elijah was fed by ravens at the brook of Cherith, but there is not a raven in all this forest. Christ was ministered unto by angels. I wonder if any one will minister unto us. Just then there was a sound as of a large bird whirling through the air. Little Randy, my fox-terrier, lifted up a foot and gazed inquiringly. We turned our heads to see, and that second the bird dropped beneath the jaws of Randy who snapped at the prize and held it fast in a vise as of iron. "There, boys," I said, "truly the gods are gracious. The age of miracles is not past," and my comrades were seen gazing in delighted surprise at the bird which was a fine, fat guinea-fowl.

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THE PUBLISHER.

"BLESSED BE DRUDGERY."

Did you ever grow sore at heart and tired of body over the dreary drudgery of everyday life? Of course you have if you mount to anything. When you have been enraptured before some magnificent work of art, or sat spell-bound listening to Patti, a Booth, or a Barrett; or lain hidden away in some nook with a good book, oblivious to all else but the wonderful art and depth of insight and expression of your author,—when thus filled with the enjoyment of the hour did it ever cross your mind that behind all that splendid creation of the head and heart were years of drudgery? Indeed, that drudgery is always behind the scenes of good work in every department of life? Sometimes when one grows weak of spirit through over-work and anxiety, one repines at drudgery; but one never does when healthy in mind and strong of body and filled with moral enthusiasm. Even when physically on the verge of bankruptcy, to him who knows how to make a proper draft on the great ethical bank there are always resources in command. There is no such thing as exhausting God's bank; its doors are never closed, neither night nor day, to him who has learned the way; and the way will not be marked by any theological

sure most of you were pleased with *THE JOURNAL* of last week. I have heard

privately from many critical friends who were delighted with it. You know it looked well; you know it contained a large amount of exceptionally fine matter; but you don't know the drudgery it represented. I do, but I don't repine at it—leastwise I don't now; but I tell you what, I did have "a time of it" for a few days. I've known people who thought it must be jolly fun, this building of a newspaper. Well, then I must have had fun last week; for beside superintending the innumerable details of putting on the new dress and changing the form, working printers all night and at the last keeping my worthy and willing associate editor up until four o'clock in the morning, arranging the matter in the forms, I had personally to dictate answers to numerous anxious correspondents, to look out for "hot boxes," and to keep the "wheels greased,"—that is very expensive you know on a paper car. But the most trying task I had was to keep my editor-in-chief up to his work. The fact is, I have always had more trouble to manage him than anybody else; he has been a source of constant care to me for about forty-nine years. Last week when I had loaded him up with rather more than I thought even he ought to carry, his wife came down with a robust attack of diphtheria. Now some of you know that although he has been married almost twenty-eight years, he is very, very fond of that wife. So when the terrible fever sent her pulse up to 103°, and the dangerous false membrane pre-empted her throat, he insisted on nursing her "all by himself." The medicine was given to the minute; and the alcohol baths and rubbing which he dealt out were a plague to the disease—as well as to the patient, maybe. But with the skill of the doctor—who, by the way, was a woman—and his obstinate persistence, the dear wife aided by a good constitution, went through the ordeal and is now nearly recovered. Well, you can imagine how I had to put the spurs into that editor to make him write editorials under those circumstances; and when it came to writing the publisher's column,—which I now confess he did—with his wife lying in another room and the climax of her disease not reached—I tell you I just had to "lift him," as the boys say. So, between all these little experiences I had about as much drudgery as one man can consume in a week and not induce "the blues" or the dyspepsia. I think I should have got under control of one or the other of these demons one night, had not by some strange co-incidence W. C. Gannett's golden sermon, "*Blessed be Drudgery*," come down off the book-shelf and ensconced itself on my library table. How it got there I don't know—though I guess it was carelessness on somebody's part—but I picked it up and, blessed be Gannett! in five minutes I felt refreshed and ready to buckle down to drudgery again.

Now I haven't given you this glimpse behind the scenes just to amuse you. If only you can get a little bit of good out of it all, if only it makes one of you carry your drudgery with more courage and a lighter heart I shall be glad.

"But all this talk is not 'business.' How many names did you send in for sample copies of the paper last week? How many subscribers did you secure—yearly subscribers, especially? 'One.' 'Three.' 'Five.' 'None.' 'I didn't try, though I fully intended to.' These are the answers that come over the telegraphic line. Did you remit your arrearsages for *THE JOURNAL* and renew for another year? 'Yes.' 'No.' 'It was not convenient.' 'I didn't think there was need of any special hurry.' 'The fact is, this paying for a newspaper is less easy for me than some other things.' 'Yes! I sent in my dues for three years, and five new subscribers; and I am never going to get behind again.' These answers come in, some by my secret psychophonic relays, some by the U. S. mail, and some through the interposition of that famous office cat who did such effective ser-

vice last year in India and the Himalayas when I was gunning for Mahatmas.

There isn't one of you who really loves the work of *THE JOURNAL* and truly desires to help hold up my hands and to keep me saying "blessed be drudgery," not one of you but can do something to increase the circulation of the paper and add to the interest and value of its columns. Try it!

THE JOURNAL will continue to improve in appearance and contents if you will all help me ever so little to do the drudgery. Think what glorious and everlasting fruit will result from such work! Don't you want to meet people here and in the great hereafter and have them thank you for first calling their attention to *THE JOURNAL*, and to say to you with tears of joy that it brought them to know themselves and to know of the life ahead, and made them better fitted to face the struggles of this world and to enter the next? Of course you do! Then make the effort. Make it right away!

THE JOURNAL is \$2.50 a year, less than five cents a week; by the single copy, five cents.

I will send five copies one year for \$10, to five addresses whether they be old or new subscribers, or part of each. I want to hear from every one of you in some way before the 4th day of July; and whatever good things you feel to say, or unpleasant ones either, don't fail to get out of my debt, if you owe me, and put me in yours. Don't fail to let me see the color of your money as well as of your feelings—and I will then be a happy, happy publisher.

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HOW THE DICTIONARY TAKES ON INSPECTION.

It is universally conceded when a New Englander is satisfied with a financial transaction that it is a safe investment for anybody. From among the reports received after a sight of the Dictionary advertised on another page, the following are given as examples:

Dictionary received to-night. I am much pleased and intend to drive around with it and try to obtain subscribers for *THE JOURNAL*.
Yours truly,
A. G. NYE.

WEYMOUTH, Mass., May 19.

I made a call with the Dictionary on Mrs. E. J. Harding, of South Weymouth. She was pleased with it and paid me \$5, which I forward. Send her *THE JOURNAL* one year and a copy of the Dictionary.
A. G. NYE.

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Every reader who desires to preserve his paper and to know where to find it when wanted should procure a binder. The "Emerson" is the best one I know of; and a size suitable for *THE JOURNAL* in full cloth with the side stamped with the name of the paper in full gilt, will be furnished subscribers for *seventy-five cents*, which is fifty cents less than retail price. They will be supplied to none but subscribers at the reduced price. At the end of the year the numbers can be removed, if desired, and the binder is ready for the next year, and as good as new; or the volumes can be left in the covers and put upon the library shelf, and another binder procured. Every number has articles of permanent value—as good years hence as during the week of issue.

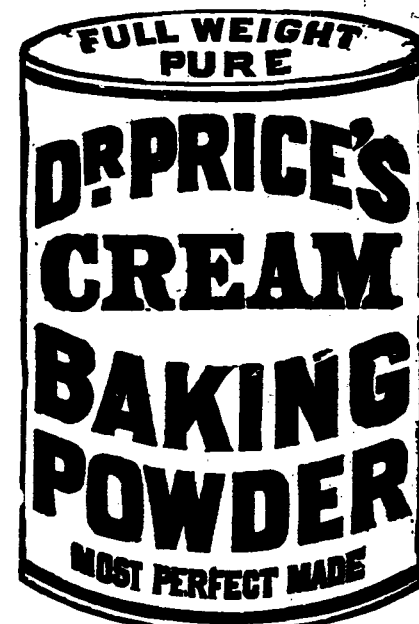
"The world is growing better," writes a Georgia editor. "A man who has owed us \$7 for seven years came in yesterday and

settled at the rate of 15 cents on the dollar. A man out West has ordered fifty back numbers of the paper at 5 cents each, and the Town Council has remitted our last year's tax. It is not a bad world, after all."
—*Atlanta Constitution*.

Here is a breezy letter which comes to the publisher with all the refreshing influence of a June zephyr wafted over flower-covered fields. Publishers of liberal-thought journals and workers in partially developed fields need more such richly laden, strength-giving breezes. Let others be filled with zeal and an uncontrollable impulse to imitate these two generous men:

DEAR MR. PUBLISHER: The new *JOURNAL* has come; and with it comes the new hope of the world. It is beautiful; fragrant as a bed of violets, and sweet as a first found sweetheart. I love it. I like, especially, the publisher's department. It is crisp and chatty. It is Bundy; when off editorial duty. It is not sentimental; but after the *cents*. That's what I like. It deals with the "bread and butter" side, without which neither the publisher, nor his workers, nor his paper-maker can live. I want to found a Fund—a Subscription Fund—to send *THE JOURNAL* to the poor, the infirm and the forgotten. I do this under one condition, that you make this a heading for others to join in the good work. I want to see, how many Spiritualists are of the "earth earthy;" and not mere sentimentalists. *Inclosed find my check for \$50.*
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THE RELIGIOUS & PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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ESTABLISHED 1865.

CHICAGO, JUNE 14, 1890.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 1, NO. .

For Publisher's Announcements, Terms, Etc, See Page 16

TOPICS OF THE TIMES,

Since hypnotism has been successfully used to cure the opium and tobacco habit, it is suggested that it be tried upon the original packages in Iowa.

A great labor demonstration was made on June 7th, in Hyde Park, London, at which, dispatches state, 40,000 men were in the procession, that marched to the Park, where 200,000 more had assembled to take part in the meeting. Sir Wilfred Lawson, John Burns, the labor agitator, and Michael Davitt were among the speakers.

The Philanthropist: The passage by the Legislature of this State [New York] and the approval by the Governor, of a law providing for eight women inspectors, of factories and shops wherein women and girls are employed, is timely, and will be a valuable and much needed additional safeguard for dependent and often greatly exposed and abused women and girls.

It is certainly the right and duty of the parent to educate the child, but when the parent neglects this duty, it is the right and the duty of the state to intervene. Every American citizen should be able to speak and write English—the language of the country; this is indispensable to the performance of the duties of citizenship. The Bennett law is right. Will the people of Wisconsin, irrespective of political parties, stand by the American principle of the right of the state to see that their children are instructed in the language of the country?

Knowledge for May has an article by the editor on the great bright streaks that radiate from some of the craters of the moon. Reasons are given for the view that the surface of the moon is covered with snow or ice, and hence the unchanging color so commonly reported by observers. The polar caps like those seen in Mars may have extended toward the equator, and there met; and the great whiteness of the higher portions may thus be accounted for, while the darker color of lower levels may be due to the mixture of rock, debris and moving snow and ice. These views are given rather as suggestions, however, than as definitely formed convictions.

The English farmers seems ready to join the movement for church disestablishment. Mr. Gladstone has already declared that he is willing to see the Scotch Kirk go and probably as soon as he sees a public sentiment in England strong enough to warrant it, he will give his influence in favor of disestablishment of the English Church. Mr. Gladstone, who fifty years ago "was the rising hope of the stern and unbending Tories," and who, although now a free-trader, opposed the movement which, headed by Cobden, resulted in the overthrow of the English protective system, has shown great flexibility and wonderful adaptability to changed and changing conditions. One cannot help wishing that he would complete his remarkable political record by leading successfully a movement for church disestablishment and at the same time for the abolition of the House of Lords which has never done anything but oppose popular reform.

Bismarck has talked very freely since his retirement, referring often to his grievances, relating reminiscences, and discussing socialism, and German affairs generally. To a Frenchman he talked recently of the folly of an alliance with Russia against Germany; if Russia and France destroyed Germany, he said, Russia would next destroy France; the only bulwark between the Czar and western Europe is Germany. To the Russian he declared that he had always been opposed to war with Russia; Germany does not want to extend her frontiers to include the Baltic provinces, nor does Russia want east Prussia, and so on. The papers stated recently that Bismarck had compared the Emperor with an untrained hound, who must nose everything in order to learn what it is, and that the ex-chancellor was ordered by an imperial message to stop talking so much to the newspapers. Bismarck is getting to be so garrulous in his old age and his disposition to air his grievances, and to discuss European affairs, the policy of the German Empire especially, is so strong, that he may yet become a victim of his own repressive laws.

If it be true, as the *Hartford Courant* announces, that a method of converting heat directly into electricity has been discovered or invented, the inventor—H. B. Cox a young man from Maine who is said to be only twenty-eight years old—has accomplished what inventors in the field of electricity have been trying to do in vain for many years. The discovery, if it is as represented, is one of the most important of the age. According to the *Courant*, by an apparatus too simple to be called a machine, heat is changed to electricity as simply as water is converted into steam. No boiler, engine or dynamo is needed. A company with a large capital has been formed to manufacture and introduce the apparatus, by which it is claimed that electricity will be cheaper than steam-power which it must soon supersede. It is now suggested that "if Mr. Cox can reconvert the electricity into heat after conveying it forty miles or more by underground wires from the coal-mines, where fuel is cheap, he will give us an ideal heat for domestic purposes, solve the smoke, soot, and ash nuisances, and earn honors and gratitude from the civilized world." It is impossible to estimate the far-reaching results of such a discovery as the one announced and of others in the field of electricity, to which it must lead.

Christian Scientists in convention in New York a few days ago received a letter from the head teacher of Christian Science, Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, of Boston who wrote in substance as follows: "When I gave a reception to you in Boston at our last meeting, it was to give to the students the privilege of speaking a few words to their teacher. Afterward in the convention there was an opportunity given for asking me questions, and I regretted that no questions were asked. I rejoiced at the prosperity of all the students. It was very kind to try your own wings and escape from the mother nest. But if you take my advice you will disorganize the National Christian Science Association, and each one of you return to his place of residence to work out for yourself and others the sublime ends of life. Give time for self-examination and correct the appetites, envious speaking and all other

abominable things that make a lie. Then you give the world a benefit and become teachers." Mrs. Eddy's letter caused considerable consternation in the convention. By recommendation of the officers the convention was disbanded, or it resolved into a voluntary assembly of Christians, and, in conformity with Mrs. Eddy's letter, resolutions were adopted which "knocked the printed afternoon programme endwise," and provided for a convention to be held three years hence.

When Chauncy M. Depew was in Chicago recently, seventy-five pretty girls, all dressed in white frocks and each carrying in her hand a bouquet of roses called upon him and asked him to be their godfather in a charity entertainment to be given the next evening. One of the little maidens stepped forward, and handing the orator a bouquet, said: "Mr. Depew, I suppose you are wondering what we are all here for, and I'll be frank and tell you. We've always heard you were the very nicest man in the world, and we wanted to see just what you looked like. We brought you a bouquet, and want you to tell the York folks that the flowers on the Western prairie are prettier than their hot-house plants, and that cago girls haven't such big feet. The flowers are for Cinderella, who is going to take the stage at the Auditorium the night after you get through with it. And we want you to be our godfather and railroad us through to success. We have a godmother, you know, and oh! Mr. Depew, if you will act as godfather we will all tell our fathers, when you are nominated for President of the United States, to vote for you." Mr. Depew was delighted and made a very happy speech, expressing regret that an engagement would prevent his accepting the invitation. He was almost covered with the bouquets that were thrown in showers about him.

Lilian Whiting in a letter to the *Inter-Ocean*, thus refers to Mrs. Piper, a Boston medium: Last autumn the London Psychical Society sent for her to come there for six weeks, offering to pay all the expenses of herself and an attendant, both in ocean passages and during her stay, and to pay her also \$6 a day for two daily sittings. She accepted the offer, and the results have far exceeded even the expectations of the most credulous. Her stay was much prolonged, but she has now returned, and the authentic narration of many of these "tests" would simply be in the line of the marvelous, unless the hearer accepted the explanation of the spiritualistic philosopher. There are many of these which no theory of mind-reading or telepathy will cover. I have myself experimentally studied Mrs. Piper's wonderful powers in several sittings with her. Predictions for the future, which seemed at the time most improbable, have been fulfilled; events depending wholly on circumstances and the action of persons wholly outside the sphere of my own will or intention I was told yesterday by a member of Mrs. Piper's family that as a child she exhibited this strange power and would announce that a certain person was soon to die, or something of that kind, which no one had reason to suppose, and the prediction would be fulfilled. There is a vast amount of both truth and trickery in this debatable land, but in the case of Piper there appears probably the most remarkable medium of the age.

HEREDITY AND EDUCATION.

Individual inherits the traits of his race, his family. A nation inherits the traits of its national character. Anything worthy to be psychology of nations does not yet exist. Heredity has not failed to notice the essential quality of the character of a nation through all the periods of its history. Caesar, in describing the Gauls, used language which describes nearly as well the French of this century. One sentence from his *Commentaries* will suffice: "The Gauls," he says, "have love of revolution. They allow themselves to be misled by false reports into acts they afterward regret, into decisions on the most important events. They are depressed by reverses. They are as ready to go to war without cause as they are weak and powerless in the hour of defeat."

Thus, heredity is seen to be a law of conservation. And yet it is only under this law that development and progress are possible. Changes in environment—climate, soil, and food, etc.—must produce changes, however slight, in the organism. Offspring cannot be wholly like both parents. The law of heredity, by which paternal and maternal characteristics are united, necessitates variations from both the father and mother. Variations occur which, because their antecedents are not known, are called "spontaneous." The newer modifications are necessarily fluctuating, because not fully correlated with the reproductive system. Only when they are sustained from without as well as within, can they acquire stability and take their place among the conservative inheritances. "Nature" is more subject to heredity than is "character," because more firmly established. But in time education becomes habit, predisposition, "nature."

There are in operation so many laws, known or unknown, and there are so many subtle relations, so many intervening causes, that an approximate resemblance only of offspring to parents is possible, while there are occasionally in some respects, striking dissimilarities. If heredity is studied without considering fully the conditions and circumstances which modify and neutralize inheritance, the results of the investigation will be one-sided, the conclusions fallacious, and the results without practical value.

Notwithstanding heredity, the lower forms of life are subject to continual modifications due to causes but little understood. Many of these modifications, by transmission are slowly incorporated into the constitution of the species. But man is susceptible of immensely greater mental and moral modification. He is born in a social medium in which are registered the accumulated results of centuries of labor—language, knowledge, beliefs, institutions, literature, customs, conventionalities, etc.,—which determine his action not less, perhaps more, than heredity. The more he advances, the more complex becomes this social medium, pressing upon him continually and in a thousand ways. "Education, after centuries of effort," as Ribot observes, "has made us what we are."

The Greeks, pre-eminently the intellectual aristocracy of the ancient world, retrograded; and the most enlightened nation of to-day, whose progenitors a few hundred years ago were savages, owe but little, if anything, to that nation by direct inheritance. But we can estimate the educational value of Greek literature, to the study of which was due largely the revival of learning, and which profoundly influences the thought of to-day?

The knowledge now possessed in regard to the law of heredity were it diffused, would probably contribute something to prevent the transmission of physical, mental and moral deformities and weaknesses, but deep-rooted prejudices, time-honored customs and many superstitions are obstacles to the practical application, as well as to the diffusion of this knowledge, not to be overcome at once.

Darwin in the *Descent of Man*, says, with much truth: "an might by selection do something not only for the body constitution and frame of his offspring, but for intellectual and moral qualities. Both sexes to refrain from marriage, if in any marked degree inferior in body or mind; but such hopes are vain and will never be even partially realized

until the laws of inheritance are thoroughly known. All do good service who aid toward this end. When the principles of breeding and of inheritance are better understood, we shall not hear ignorant members of our legislature rejecting with scorn a plan for ascertaining by an easy method whether or not consanguineous marriages are injurious to man."

Yet the improvement of men certainly cannot be effected by methods, in all respects, like those employed to change animals in adaptation to man's necessities or tastes. The variety which man has carefully bred for his own purposes, if returned to a state of nature, would perish, or by reversional heredity go back to the original type. And only a race of slaves would submit to the control of another class of men for improvement by selection; and the more they were "improved," the more slavish they would become, and the greater their need of constant care. The views of those who claim that "the improvement of the race by heredity is as feasible as the improvement of our domestic animals" need considerable revision. The improvement of the animals, it should be remembered, consists in modifications adapting them to our uses. So men can be, have been, changed, but only by degrading them—making them slaves. When men and women shall have the knowledge and judgment to make voluntarily such selections as are the most conducive to health and to intellectual and moral improvement, great results will come therefrom.

RELIGIOUS REVIVALS.

The *Methodist Record* remarks that "the season in which revivals are usually held is about over,"—a statement made evident by the heat of last week. How is it, if revivals are what orthodox Christians, the Methodists especially have claimed, namely: outpourings of the Holy Spirit, supernatural and direct, that they do not occur in the summer? Is there periodicity in the operations of divine power on the hearts of men? And are cold weather, closed doors, and the presence of a "revivalist" necessary conditions for the special manifestation of such divine "power" as is exhibited during the excitement of revivals? Is it not about time to stop referring to religious revivals in the old way, and to recognize the fact that they are just as natural as the excitement of a political campaign? The religious nature of men and women is aroused by methods as well understood by revivalists as the methods of a political campaign are understood by political leaders. The clergy used to claim that they were "called" by God to preach, or to change from one church to another. This claim, in the old sense, is about obsolete. It is time the old superstition about religious revivals gave way to rational views in regard to these emotional excitements. Emerson says that the Americans cant beyond all other nations. Certainly this cant in regard to God's special, periodical intervention to convert "sinners" ought to cease. Some of the ministers and church leaders have been led by the unsatisfactory results to discourage the employment of "evangelists" and the method of making accessions to the churches, by "getting up" revivals. They complain that conversions by such means do not improve, but lower the quality of the membership, intellectually, socially and morally. It could hardly be otherwise considering the class of people most liable, in these days to "get religion" during revivals. Many orthodox people see now what Theodore Parker was furiously denounced for declaring in Music Hall, Boston, during the great religious epidemic of 1857, that religious revivals are mere revivals of absurd theological beliefs of bigotry, fanaticism and intolerance than of honesty, justice and righteousness. For saying this he incurred the resentment of the orthodox clergy, and in Parke Street Church, men prayed that God would put a hook in his mouth, convert him and save his soul, or "remove him out of the way and let his influence die with him." When the great liberal preacher died in Florence in 1860, there were not a few orthodox ministers who believed and said that his death was in answer to these prayers. Now after using revivals as a means of adding new members to the churches, some ministers confirm by their utterances just what Parker said. Religion as an emotion is a

part of man's nature, but it often exists in an active condition unaccompanied by a moral disposition or by high moral conceptions, and the excessive stimulation of the religious feelings often results in injury, and sometimes in intellectual and moral ruin.

RICHMOND'S REJOINDER.

In reply to the crushing exposure in *THE JOURNAL* of May 24th, of the deception successfully practiced by May Bangs upon the Hon. A. B. Richmond, we have received from that gentleman the subjoined letter which he entitles: "A brief answer to the Graham Combination of Chicago." The extreme discourtesy—to use a mild term—of the heading and the still more unseemly phrase "your confederate," which he uses several times, meaning Mr. Graham, make Mr. Richmond's letter almost unfit for publication. But perhaps they are specimens of Mr. Richmond's wit, as well as indications of the mental perturbation from which he suffered upon seeing Graham's exposé—an exposé made in good faith and in response to the demand in the *Arena*:

DEAR COL. BUNDY: In the last number of your most excellent paper I observed with some surprise that you had devoted a whole page to describing an alleged incident in my investigation of so-called spirit phenomena. At first I was astonished that a cool, level-headed investigator like yourself could be imposed upon by such a person as you describe your confederate to be. For a moment I was provoked that you should lend your aid in publishing such a manifest misrepresentation. Then my natural amiability of temper gained the ascendancy and I thought I would write you a brief narration of what did occur. I believe it will be interesting to the candid, fair-minded readers of *THE JOURNAL*, who have no malice to gratify, no enemies to persecute, and only desire to know the truth in relation to so-called spirit phenomena.

On the afternoon of the day that I received the communication you caricature in *THE JOURNAL*, as I was passing the door of a room in the hotel at Lily Dale, a lady of my acquaintance called to me and remarked: "Mr. R. I have written two interrogatories to my husband—who died two years ago—I wish you to see them as I wish to have a test in slate-writing." She handed me the interrogatories to read. One was an inquiry as to the manner in which the spirit left the body; the other asked for a description of the spirit world. These interrogatories she placed in an envelope and laid them on the table in the room. She then took two slates from a stand and washed them thoroughly. As we passed out of the room I observed that she had forgotten the sealed envelope that contained the interrogatories. She locked the door and I walked with her to the cottage of the medium, Mrs. May Graham. I returned to the hotel and seated myself on the porch in such a position that no one could enter her room and take the sealed envelope from the table without my knowing it. I waited about an hour when I saw the lady emerge from the cottage of the medium. I met her about two hundred feet from the hotel. She had the slates clasped to her bosom and was weeping.

Well, said I, what was the result? "Oh, said she, it is wonderful. I put a piece of pencil between the slates, tied a napkin around them, suspended them to a hook in the center of the ceiling. I heard the pencil write, and see here they are written full, two perfect answers to my interrogatories, which I forgot and left on my table." We returned to her room, the envelope was where she had laid it. I opened it; the interrogatories were there. I read the communication on the slates, and there were two answers, one on each slate. The answers were beautiful in phraseology and description, and in composition far above the capacity of the medium to write. She then gave me two of her slates, of which she had a number. I selected them with peculiar grain marks on the frame that could not be counterfeited and absolutely prevented substitution without detection. With these we went to the medium and I suspended the slates as described in my article in the March number of the *Arena*, and the phenomena absolutely secured as I described it. I know the medium did not touch the slates; I know they were the ones I had taken from the room of the lady, and I do most positively know that your confederate never saw them, for he had left the camp-grounds more than a week before.

I took the slates to the hotel where many people saw them. I sat them on a bracket in the parlor where they remained several days, and I saw one newspaper reporter copy them. There might have been a number of copies made of them while they were thus publicly exhibited. On my return home they were borrowed by a number of my acquaintances and were out of my possession for a number of days, until at last they became soiled, and the drawings and writing obliterated. The slate you have copied in your paper is a very poor imitation of mine. In mine the angel had the hands raised toward heaven, with the word excelsior written just beneath. The figure at the bottom corner is entirely unlike mine. The last two lines of the writing are a correct copy, the remainder wholly unlike and meaningless. The spelling of some of the words is vulgarly incorrect—while there was not a misspelled word in mine. In fact the whole thing in your paper is a very poor copy of my slate, but such as could easily be made from a written description of them by some one who saw them at Lily Dale. Your confederate says that he prepared the slates weeks before, as a joke on me. This could not be true, unless he had the gift of prophecy, for I did not think of going there for a séance until after the lady had hers; and then what was written on my

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see to a remark I made to the medium, a few moments before I suspended them to the ceiling.

Your confederate further states that "he can show me how the independent slate-writing is done," and you have repeatedly stated your desire to purge so-called spirit phenomena of all fraud. Why then do you not show the world how it is done?

You know that the belief in this peculiar phenomena is universal among Spiritualists, and that it has never been explained. That even scientists admit its existence and are unable to account for it, and yet the Graham combination of Chicago, could if they would, solve the mystery expose a fraud and enlighten the world; yet they will not do so.

I have no time to spend in newspaper controversy, but I do most positively know that the experiment occurred just as I have narrated it. I now regret that I did not have the slates photographed, and preserved, but the subject matter of the communication was of no consequence; it was only the manner in which it was obtained that was at all worthy of notice, and this I have stated truthfully in every particular.

Since writing the above an explanation has occurred to me which will account for Graham's knowledge of slate-writing referred to in your paper. At the time, Graham and his wife, the medium, were living together apparently on the most affectionate terms. Of course she would relate to him the séance and to the best of her ability describe the slates and what occurred. Afterwards when they appeared in court in a controversy about a divorce and an allowance which the court decreed to the wife, he made use of the information he obtained from her during the sunshine of matrimonial felicity; and when the storms of connubial discord arose to injure his wife, he fabricated the silly falsehood and caricature and palmed it off on Col. Bundy, which resulted in a most striking instance of the credulity of incredulity. Had you written me before you published your article, I would have cheerfully given you the benefit of my recollections of the occurrence.

Respectfully yours,

A. B. RICHMOND,

Individually, we should prefer to publish Mr. Richmond's letter without comment, trusting to its nature to supply evidence of the truthfulness of Mr. Graham's testimony and our own good faith. Any lawyer will say that Mr. Richmond's letter, unsupported, amounts to nothing; and if, perchance, he should rival Mr. Richmond's versatility in illustration, he might smilingly add:

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty got a great fall.
All the King's horses and all the King's men,
Cannot make Humpty as he was again.

But in view of the fact that many people do not stop to analyze, compare and weigh statements, it may be better to give some space now and have an end of the matter so far as THE JOURNAL is concerned.

In the *Arena* Mr. R. told his story, if not in scientific form, yet in an attractive way, and wound up by earnestly requesting those capable of solving the mystery to do so. THE JOURNAL simply did what he requested. He demanded an explanation, and got it. Let him disprove Mr. Graham's statement if he can; we shall be only too glad to have him do it. He knows he is bound to disprove all human explanation before he resorts to superhuman explanations. Since he declares he does not care for the matter of his alleged occult, psychical, or spiritual (we give him his choice of adjectives) communication, he is restricted simply to the manner of its production. A person very fresh and green in this old world might not know that a good deal more care is demanded to exclude all reasonable suspicion of fraud than Mr. Richmond describes himself to have taken on this particular occasion; but we know Mr. Richmond is neither fresh nor green, for has he not been telling the public, and especially the Spiritualist public, these two years past, how cute he is and that nobody can possibly deceive him? Therefore, he is barred from pleading ignorance of what constitutes indisputable evidence.

Mr. Richmond boasts, so we understand, of having defended three dozen or more murderers and to have saved all but one from the gallows. The introduction to the subject-matter of his letter published above will remind readers of the tactics used by expert criminal lawyers when defending a desperate cause. When Mr. R. stands up before a jury in a case where an accessory has turned State's evidence and the proof is apparently conclusive, he does not at once proceed with his analysis of the evidence of the prosecution, nor enter upon his argument. The jury is cool and critical; he must first excite their emotions, secure their sympathy and put them in a receptive mood for the effort which is to follow. It matters not how slight the connection may be between prelude and argument, only so he befuddles the reasoning faculties of his jury

and secures that close rapport with those who are to decide the fate of his client, so necessary to success. With the skill of a trained artist in posing he introduces the mysterious, nameless widow and brings tears from her eyes wherewith to blind THE JOURNAL's readers before he opens out with his version of the slate and his denials of Mr. Graham's statements. He paints a very graphic and moving picture; but the audience, while admiring the art displayed, waits impatiently for the painted curtain to rise that they may witness the play. So we may pass his picture, only remarking incidentally that in a legal trial of the cause at issue, it would be pertinent to enquire: Who is this nameless widow? How do you know, Mr. R., that she was not in league with the "Bangs sisters" and acting as a decoy?

Is it reasonable to suppose that a woman who had been a widow for two years, and who was at the time thinking of nothing but as to how she might get an indubitable test in slate-writing and who had forethought enough to write her questions and seal them in an envelope before starting, is it reasonable to suppose, is it probable that such a woman would have gone off and forgotten the very thing, that was, to her mind, most important in the experiment? Again, only that Mr. R. says so, it would be unbelievable that a gentleman of Mr. Richmond's gallantry would have allowed his devotion to science to have mastered his devotion to the opposite sex, especially to a lone and sorrowing widow; and prevented him from spontaneously picking up the envelope and handing it to her. What preterhuman prescience Mr. R. must have had to thus seemingly commit a breach of that knightly gallantry which so adorns the man! All these questions and doubts would come into the case before a legal tribunal. If the opposing counsel were so indiscreet as to introduce such a scene, how Mr. Richmond would delight in applying his caustic to the point, and how quickly this study in black and white, with all its loveliness and tears, would dematerialize, leaving only the threadbare canvass, and how the poor bailiff would work his gavel in trying to suppress the laughter and cat-calls so inappropriate to a court room; and how the victorious Richmond would smilingly approve his own masterly performance!

Mr. Richmond says his slates were loaned around and at last became soiled, and the drawings and writing obliterated, and he now regrets he did not have them photographed. This is most unfortunate for Mr. Richmond, and the present emergency shows that the wonderful foresight exhibited by him in refraining from telling the widow she had forgotten her questions, and in watching her bedroom door during her attempt to find out what she already knew in the one case and what she could not in the nature of things verify in the other, this God-like prescience cannot be his normal condition; otherwise he would have forecast a contingency which even a common man might easily have been prepared for. Yet it would almost seem these slates were in good condition when the *Arena* article was written. It is still more unfortunate that the writing and drawings were carelessly allowed to be "obliterated" in view of the fact that Mr. R.'s memory and that of others who saw the original, differ radically. A correspondent who had seen the original and had not seen the reproduction wrote us that there were misspelled words in the original. Mr. Richmond says there were none. "The figure at the bottom corner," says Mr. Richmond, "is entirely unlike mine"; a most reputable gentleman who saw the original and who was at Lilly Dale last summer and is well known there, wrote us before he had seen Graham's copy as follows: "In the lower corner sitting on a log, with a three-tined fork standing upright, (the fork) tines up, is a, presumably bad angel, I think he had a tail—possibly with a spike in the end." This was a good description, as far as it went, of Graham's drawing which Mr. R. says is "entirely unlike" his. We sent a copy of Graham's drawing, before publication, to a gentleman in a distant city with whom, if we are correctly informed, Mr. Richmond is well acquainted, and who saw the original slate last year. In acknowledging its reception he writes: "I am satisfied that Mr. Richmond has been

victimized.... It seems to me however that he is wiser, if possible, to expose the fraud the perpetrators at as little damage and to the deluded victim as possible.... If I were in Mr. R.'s place I should, I think, withdraw at item of evidence and denounce the perpetrator whatever cost and humiliation. I do not, however, believe he will do it.... I am indeed sorry for what seems an irreparable blunder." We repeat again, is most unfortunate for Mr. Richmond that his slate test has been "obliterated"; for Mr. Graham did not claim his to be an exact copy, but only show that both were done by the same hand; and then, memory is treacherous, especially concerning matters, with most people when they get near sea. "Your confederate," says Mr. Richmond, "says he prepared the slates weeks before." Mr. Graham to whom we suppose Mr. R. refers, does not say if Mr. R. can be so inaccurate or careless of expression with the proof before his eyes of what was alleged, what is his recollection worth as to matter transpiring many months before, and of the drawing and writing which have been so unfortunately "obliterated"?

In the *Arena*, Mr. Richmond begins his account of the experiment immediately preceeding that of the one now under consideration, as follows: "I purchased four new slates at a store on the grounds. I took them from a box just received and opened, that probably contained a hundred or more," etc. Beginning the of the séance with "May Bangs," Mr. Richmond says: "The next day I procured two slates as before." and this perplexes us. How could he have procured them "as before," unless he got them at the store "as before." The reading of the *Arena* admits of no other probable interpretation, and yet Mr. R. in his letter above printed says the widow supplied them, but this is of small consequence, only that it takes some more of the poetry out of the pretty prelude.

It illy becomes an old man for more than sixty years a scoffer of religion, a materialist, a railer of Spiritualism, to insinuate that THE JOURNAL is conspiring to discredit spirit phenomena and that its editor is a conspirator against a cause to which he has given his life fortune, and unremitting energies for more than a score of years; especially is it unbecoming in Mr. Richmond to do this after the kindly and considerate way in which we treated him in making the exposure of the deception. It comes with bad grace from a novice, of less than two years' experience on the affirmative side of spirit phenomena, as is Mr. Richmond, flippantly to talk about confederates and combinations. But probably he only means to be witty, as we have before intimated; possibly he desires his language to be taken in a Pickwickian sense,—we hope so for his own peace of mind. We desire however to give Mr. Richmond a kindly word of warning that his own position is not in this field so well established as he would like to have it; and that persistence in the unjudicial and unscientific course which has characterized his efforts since his advent at Cassadaga in 1888, will prove very prejudicial to his influence for good, not to say reputation. To illustrate: A gentleman in a leading city of New York, the peer of Mr. Richmond in learning, and noted in his wide circle of acquaintances as a just and fair-minded man, writes as follows:

Was Mr. Richmond deceived? Can it be that he is making books to sell? Did he go to Cassadaga to expose, and conclude it would be more profitable to fall into line? A book against spiritism would fall flat. Spiritists for the most part would avoid it. The general public would take no manner of interest in it. Mr. R.'s books sell to spiritists because of the proof they give of spiritism, and Mr. R. is keen enough to see this. I own that at times this dark suspicion shadows my mind.

For our own part we disclaim all suspicion that Mr. Richmond is actuated by mercenary motives. Whatever his motives may be, his wealth and large income from a profitable practice in the criminal courts would apparently discredit the theory of venality. But the public will certainly not conclude that he is inspired by a love of truth for its own sake, if he persists in following the brilliant hippodroming of the past three years.

"It is wonderful," writes a Spiritualist of consider-

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ominence, "how many Spiritualists all over have pinned their faith on Mr. Richmond's Will not a great many such persons think he goes down, Spiritualism falls with him?" "I fall through the mistake of a man! Pre-Had Spiritualism stood on such unstable foot- had long since been relegated to the shades of ivion, instead of being as it is, a very much alive, y aggressive and most potent factor in the pro- cess of evolution which are carrying the race onward upward toward happiness. After spending years re Mr. Richmond has spent days in the study of phenomena of Spiritualism, did not that ripe y Robert Dale Owen find himself deceived by ble tricksters? Yes! and he met the exigency ie grand and noble man he was. He hastened to is serial in the *Atlantic Monthly* and to proclaim nistake. But it neither shook his faith nor did irtualism fall." On the contrary his misfortune s good fortune for Spiritualism. If after such a luge as then rained down upon the devoted heads of irtualists they cannot now stand this little Rich- ond shower, surely they are unworthy the name, and h of them as grow frightened or disheartened ll do well to withdraw and leave the field to the orthy.

A contention like the present one can never be en- ely settled in the newspapers; and, like Mr. Rich- we "have no time to spend in newspaper con- ." We have constructive work to do and is murderous clients to save from the gallows. s we make the following

PROPOSITION TO MR. RICHMOND.

Mr. Richmond may select any one of the several siding judges of the Cook County, Illinois, Circuit urt as referee. Mr. Richmond and ourself to go efore this referee and each present his case, with the sual privileges and customs of a court. The wit- ss to be sworn and examined and the evidence bmitted without argument on either side. If the feree decides in favor of Mr. Richmond, we to pay pense incurred; if on the contrary the decision is ur favor, Mr. Richmond is to pay all expenses. ad in any event the decision to be published without comment in THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

In conclusion we desire to say a word as to Mr. Graham and to append his reply to Mr Richmond. ome readers of the account in THE JOURNAL of May 4th, seem to have formed the erroneous idea that Mr. Graham is a drunken loafer, a common liar and gen- erally worthless fellow. In this they are mistaken; and they must have overlooked what we said of him. We repeat from that paper what we said: "Graham's wife and child, to whom it is said he was devotedly at- tached, died; this calamity drove him partially insane, and he took to drink.... Graham is a man of some property; and so far as we are able to learn was an in- dustrious, honorable, business man and a devoted hus- band and father; temperate in his habits and respected by the circle in which he moved prior to his intimacy with May Bangs." We can further say that he is not now a drinking, nor a dissolute man. He is in- dustriously and successfully pursuing his vocation and rapidly winning back the confidence and esteem of his old business and social acquaintances. He is to-day a respectable and useful member of community.

SWORN STATEMENT OF H. H. GRAHAM.

TO THE EDITOR: In answer to your request to give the data, evidence, etc., concerning the Richmond Slate Writing matter, will say: I am sorry to see that Mr Richmond violates the prerogative nature gave him of being a gentle- man by making it a personal matter, and accusing me of falsehood and an improper motive in making the matter public.

I will, however, not reply in kind, but on the contrary, et him an example even though I might hint that his irdgment in the matter was warped.

My object in making this public was not to hurt May ang. It was done at the request of Col. Bundy; mpatizing with him in his efforts to weed out the auds among mediums, I complied.

The causes which led up to my preparing this slate were follows: A Mrs. Voorhees was rooming at the Bangs' stage, at Lily Dale, and in her anxiety to get a com- munication on a slate by her own efforts, that is, through her own mediumship, was frequently sitting with a slate held under the table. Believing her efforts would prove futile, I, out of pity, conceived the idea of disabusing her

mind. With this end in view I prepared a slate contain- ing a drawing of an angel floating through space, gazing upward at the star of Hope, and below it the following verse:

Life at best is an irksome task,
That we call Death a pleasure,
Gladly for you I remove the mask,
And give you a priceless treasure.

It was about supper time, and knowing I should soon be discovered by Mrs. V., I seated myself at a table and waited results. As I had hoped Mrs. V. came along, and seeing mesitting, at once became interested, and seating herself took hold of the slates. I used my finger nail to produce the sound of the pencil and shortly opened them and, lo! there was the sketch and verse.

Mrs. V. became very much excited; I then awaited an opportunity to tell her how it was done. May Bangs saw it and warned me to be careful. I did not get a chance to tell Mrs. V. about it. The next day, to my surprise, May Bangs used that identical slate on a Mrs. Dr. Randall (I believe that was her name) a lady who was selling electric belts, etc. Mrs. Randall showed the slate to Mrs. V. and instead of seeing the fraud in it, Mrs. V. turned to me and said: "Why, Harry, the same spirit who wrote for you last night has now come and duplicated it for May."

The sketch being much admired, May Bangs then im- portuned me to get up something startling for Mr. Rich- mond. I declined, but finally, under the circumstances described in your issue of May 24th, produced the Rich- mond slate as a joke.

This was on or about August 25th. I left for home on or about August 28th, stopping at Cleveland on my way, and arrived home about August 31st, finding a letter from May Bangs in which she told me how Mr. Richmond got the slate.

The joke was too good to keep and I then and there told several friends of it, made a sketch of it, and repeated the lines from memory, explaining their significance, as I did to Col. Bundy in January last. This was before May Bangs' treachery to me, and when I certainly could have had no wish to do her any injury. I can prove by a round dozen persons that I repeated the poem off-hand, a week prior to May Bangs' return to Chicago and within forty-eight hours of the time Mr. Richmond received it, making it impossible that I should know its exact contents unless I had, as I can prove, produced it.

I append the statements of some of my friends and can produce the affidavit of at least twelve persons, among them two who sat at a game of cards with May Bangs and me and heard me joke her on it, witnessed her knowing laugh and heard her acknowledge the trick.

HENRY H. GRAHAM.

STATE OF ILLINOIS } ss
COUNTY OF COOK. }

Henry H. Graham, being first duly sworn, upon oath deposes and says that the above statement by him made is true, and that he signed the same as his free and volun- tary act, and further deponent sayeth not.

HENRY H. GRAHAM.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this seventh day of June, A. D., 1890.

PATRICK McGRATH,

Clerk Superior Court of Cook Co.

[Seal of the Court.]

We, the undersigned, do hereby state and are willing to make oath that we heard Mr. H. H. Graham repeat the contents of the Richmond slate as published in THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of May 24, 1890. That he did this immediately after his return from Lily Dale last summer and in an off hand manner without hesitation, considering it a good joke.

CHICAGO, June 4, 1890.

P. W. BARCLAY, 4057 Lake avenue
NAT TALBOT, 144 South Water Street.
JOHN C. REDDY, 46 S. Clark street.

SUPPLEMENTARY STATEMENT BY MR. GRAHAM.

Mr. Richmond knows, as a lawyer, if I did not prepare the slates of which he writes as I have stated, that May Bangs has good and just grounds for a libel suit against me; and I can tell him a judgment against me is good.

I can prove I wrote them in several ways and she knows it and I challenge a libel suit. A simple way to test her mediumship is this: I will put up \$1,000; let Mr. Rich- mond do the same. If May Bangs can obtain a line between two slates, held in my hands, 1-6th of an inch long, to say nothing of a word or sentence. Mr. Rich- mond is to have both his and my money. If she cannot, Mr. Richmond's \$1,000 is to go as a fund to the Cas- sadaga Free Association for the support of honest and worthy mediums. If Miss Bangs objects to me as her sit- ter, I will substitute a friend she never knew and will give her \$100 if she can tell his name or give him a single test.

Now as to Mr. Richmond's challenge to show how the trick is done: I have referred him to the Cleveland *Leader* of March 31 1890, about which he is dumb; and I will say that in his case the slates were changed on him. He does not know it but May Bangs has said so, and I be- lieve her in this instance. Let him get an ordinary sit- ting with Miss Bangs, with his four questions, put them in a bottle or under an inverted glass. Then the condi- tions are changed; the spirits won't write. Why? Because the medium cannot make the exchange of the blank in her hand for his questions in order to read them behind the music box and get the names. Again, when all is ready for the sitting, ask the medium to exchange places with you and the conditions are again changed. Why? Because she can not write with her left hand nor read your questions behind the music box. Or again, let him refuse to have the music box or other article on or near the table and he will always tally a failure. Let Mr. R. bore two holes through each slate, running a small copper wire through them thus tying the two slates

together in the center, then continue the to the ring of his watch, keep awake only, and gets a line between the slates I will give \$1,000 to any charita- ble institution he may name.

If he will get slate-writing in a one story house with no attic or room above, he will find no vibration of the slate, if he keeps his eye on it, as this trick is done by a confed- erate stealthily jarring the floor above, or sometimes, pos- sibly, while his back is turned, touching them with the hand.

I can prove as evidence of my honesty that after my ac- cidental discovery on Christmas eve, 1888, that May Bangs' materialization was false and who her confederate was (also known by four others) that I forbade her following up the trick longer and that she did stop it; telling many of her acquaintances that it was my wish; and this was almost a year prior to the time she married me while I was intoxicated.

HENRY H. GRAHAM.

On May 5th, the School Committee of Providence, R. I., revised its by-laws so as to prohibit prayers and the reading of the Bible as a part of the school exer- cises.

The papers state that a saloon man in Washington, D. C., whose application for a renewal of license had been rejected, appeared before the commissioners in his own behalf, and in reply to the question, "Do you shut up promptly at midnight?" answered, "When ten minutes to twelve comes, I kneel down, say my pray- ers and shut up." This pious rumseller seems to have a religion very much like that of the Italian bandits who keep a priest with them to give them absolution and prepare them for heaven before they die, while their business is to make this world as much of a hell as possible during their stay here.

All Souls' Monthly: A well-known English authoress observes—"There are signs that women are beginning to transfer to socialism the devotion and enthusiasm they have hitherto lavished on religion, and that they will be ready to make for the cause of human emancipation the sacrifices erstwhile only made for the creed." If "socialism" be here used in the large sense of the term, as a synonym for "the cause of human emancipation," then the transference of womanly enthusiasm from metaphysical creeds to social reform will prove good, both for women and society. There is a danger, however, by no means unindicated to the careful observer, that this newly awakened social en- thusiasm in woman may turn only into the narrower conception of socialism, and engender a blind zeal for an economic 'ism,' in other words, fanaticism.

This incident from the records of the Indian law courts illustrates the old world beliefs of the Hindoos: A man was once being tried for murder when he put forward a plea such as could only have occurred to an Oriental and to a believer in the transmigration of souls. He did not deny having killed the man—on the contrary he described in detail the particulars of the murder—but he stated in justification that his vic- tim and he had been acquainted in a previous state of existence, when the now murdered man had mur- dered him, in proof of which he showed a great seam across his side which had been the sword-cut that had ended his previous existence. He further said that when he heard he was again to be sent into this world, he entreated his master to excuse him from coming, as he had a presentiment that he should meet his mur- derer and that harm would come of it.

Says the Golden Gate: "How often do we hear it said of mediumistic persons, on a low plane of spiritual unfoldment. 'They are good mediums, but they will resort to deception occasionally, when their medium- istic powers are weak or exhausted.' Such persons are not good mediums; they are the worst enemies of Spiritualism, and the practice of their gifts should be discouraged.... When we find mediums given to the practice of deception, we are not supposed to blame the spirits therefor. If the mediums were not on a level in spiritual development, with deceiving spirits, the latter could never approach them, or come into their atmosphere. We must ever bear in mind that we create our own spiritual aura, within which the spirit is absolute sovereign. This is the spirit's invul- nerable castle where none can enter without permis- sion from the occupant within." This is a much more

rational and wholesome view of the subject than that which excuses and condones the deceptions, frauds and immoralities practiced by some mediums, on the ground that evil spirits take possession of the mediums who, therefore, should not be held accountable for their misdeeds.

Once pretty maidens were sacrificed to the crocodiles in India. An English trooper, says Charles Kingsley, raised his rifle and shot one of these crocodiles, remarking that it was a "deuced shame to see those ugly beasts eating up all the lovely girls." This was the "beginning of the end" of reverence for the crocodile. The next protest of the Britishers was against the suttee—burning women when they became widows. Now comes the report from Bombay that the native barbers refuse to shave the heads of women on the death of their husbands, as has been common hitherto, in order to make the widows as unattractive, and their condition as hard as possible.

In the thirteenth century when England was persecuting the Jews in a variety of ways, even expelling them after bleeding their money lenders for the thirteenth of the entire royal revenue, in Germany town authorities often requested the King to allow Hebrews among them. The historian explains this contrast between the two countries by the fact that the central power was so much weaker in Germany "that the townspeople were able to reap the advantages from the presence of the Hebrews, which, in England, the monarch kept for himself." Now after six hundred years of ill-treatment and persecution, the German Hebrews are beginning to come into favorable prominence and to receive the political recognition which balance of power always secures. Such is the organization of parties in the Reichstag that not only does the Emperor treat the Hebrews with respect, but bills have been introduced to refund to them the money value of past confiscations. It is to be hoped that the old German slogan of "Hep! Hep!"—formed from the first letters of the full cry, "*Jerusalem est perdena*" (Jerusalem must be destroyed) which has resounded a thousand times in the streets of Frankfurt and other cities, will be heard no more.

THE NAME HALLUCINATION.

By PROF. WILLIAM JAMES.

I find that the use of the word "hallucination," in my appeal for help in the "Census of Hallucinations," is giving rise to misunderstanding, and is even interpreted by some Spiritualists to imply that the question whether any apparitions have an objective origin or significance is prejudged in advance by those in charge of the investigation. As such a misunderstanding may deprive me of much valuable testimony, I beg to offer a few words which may clear away the mistake.

One cannot put everything into the title that is to be in the book. It was necessary to have some short name for the census, and out of many names, all in some degree objectionable, the name hallucination was chosen as covering *more* of the elements intended to be covered by the investigation than any other single word. "Apparitions" or "Spectral Appearances" would have excluded perceptions of any other sense than sight, whereas voices, touches, etc., are quite as important and almost as valuable testimonies. "Ghosts" would surely have limited the number of our "yes" answers a good deal more than "hallucinations" can limit them. The use of the name "Census of Hallucinations" began, your readers ought to know, with Mr. Edmund Gurney, who in his book, "Phantasms of the Living," has given copious grounds for his belief that many hallucinations are veridical, *i. e.*, connected with real events such as deaths or accidents happening at a distance to the people who are heard or who appear. He proposed the census in order to test whether or no waking hallucinations of various sorts are frequent enough in the community to warrant our regarding these veridical cases as chance coincidences. The commoner they are the more

chance there would be of explaining the "truth-telling" hallucinations as accidental coincidences with the fact. In other words the more "noes" and the fewer "yeses" there are in the census-sheets the greater will be the probability of genuine spirit appearance. The purpose of the statistical inquiry would, therefore, be frustrated altogether if collectors were to pick and choose amongst their friends either for positive or negative cases. They must take people just as they accidentally present themselves and write down every answer as it comes.

The census-sheets themselves are perfectly explicit; and it seems to me that the question which heads them ought to dispel all doubt as to the meaning of the title. It runs thus:

"Have you ever, when believing yourself to be completely awake, had a vivid impression of seeing, or being touched by a living being or inanimate object, or of hearing a voice; which impression, so far as you could discover, was not due to any external, physical cause?"

False perceptions due to external, physical causes are technically named "illusions." The word "hallucination" means a false perception due to a non-physical cause. The cause may possibly be intra-cerebral altogether, as when a man sees vermin in delirium tremens, or as when like Martin Luther and a living friend of mine, he suddenly sees the devil with perfect distinctness before him; or it may possibly be due to telepathic impact, as Mr. Gurney supposes, from a distant mind; or finally it may possibly be due to a spirit presence which reveals itself in no other way.

All such possibilities are covered by the word hallucination. The element of errors connoted by the word is that of perceiving a physical object to be there. I wish THE JOURNAL might find space for Professor Henry Sidgwick's remarks on the use of the word hallucination. They are to be found in the S. P. R. Proceedings, Part xv., Dec. 1889, pp. 8-9.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Professor Sidgwick's remarks to which Professor James refers, are as follows:

We require some one general term, and the best that we can find to include all the species is "Hallucination." I admit the word to be open to some objection; because some people naturally understand from it that the impression so described is entirely false and morbid. But I need not say to readers of "Phantasms" that this is not our view: many of these experiences—though doubtless they all involve some disturbance of the normal action of the nervous system—have no traceable connection with disease of any kind; and a certain number of them are, as we hold, reasonably regarded as "veridical" or truth-telling; they imply in the percipient a capacity above the normal of receiving knowledge, under certain rare conditions. Why, then, it may be asked, do we use a term that implies erroneous and illusory belief? I answer, first, because in every experience that we call a Hallucination there is an element of erroneous belief, though it may be only momentary, and though it may be the means of communicating a truth that could not otherwise have been known. If I seem to see the form of a friend pass through my room, I must have momentarily the false belief that his physical organism is occupying a portion of the space of my room, though a moment's reflection may convince me that this is not so, and though I may immediately draw the inference that he is passing through a crisis of life some miles off, and this inference may turn out to be true. In the case of a recurrent Hallucination known to be such, we cannot say that the false belief ever completely dominates the percipient's mind; but still, I conceive, it is partially there; here is an appearance that has to be resisted by memory and judgment.

It is, then, this element of error—perhaps only momentary and partial—which is implied in our term "Hallucination," and so much will be admitted by most intelligent believers in ghosts: for there are few of such believers who really hold that a ghost is actually seen as an ordinary material object is seen: *i. e.*, that it affects the percipient's eyes from the outside by reflecting rays of light on them. But we wish even those ghost-seers who hold this belief to have no difficulty in answering "Yes" to our general question: and therefore in framing it we avoided the word "Hallucination," though we have thought ourselves justified in using it in the "Instructions to Collectors" at the back of the paper.

And all would certainly admit that in many cases "Hallucination" is the only proper term. For instance, one of our informants saw a hand and arm apparently suspended from the ceiling—the owner of the real counterpart of this hand and arm being alive and heard at the time moving about in the next room.

The word "apparition" is, no doubt, a neutral word that might be used of all visual experiences of this kind; but it could only be used of visual cases. Usage would not allow us to apply it to apparent sounds or apparent touches.

I think, then, that we must use "hallucinations of the sense" as a general term for the experiences we are collect-

ing: meaning simply to denote by it a sensory effect which we cannot attribute to any external physical cause of the kind that would ordinarily produce this effect. In some cases we can refer it clearly to a physical cause within the organism—some temporary or permanent physical condition. In other cases—quite apart from telepathy—it is equally clear that the cause is primarily psychical. For instance, in the case of persons who have been hypnotized, it may result from a post-hypnotic order. Thus in an article by Mr. Gurney, in *Proceedings*, Part XII., pp. 12, 13, there is an interesting account of the result of a suggestion made by him to a subject named Zillah in the hypnotic trance, that she would have a hallucination of him at a certain fixed time on the following day; and there is a letter from Zillah's mistress describing the surprise caused to Zillah by seeing Mr. Gurney come into the kitchen and say "Good-afternoon," at the appointed time. Here we can trace the origin of the idea which thus externalized itself. In other cases, as with the arm above mentioned, the idea arises spontaneously by association or otherwise in the mind. In other cases, again, the idea which thus externalizes itself may, as we believe, come into the mind from the mind of a person at a distance—the idea of a dying friend reaching us from his mind and rising above the threshold of consciousness in the form of a hallucination, just as the idea of Mr. Gurney rose above the threshold of consciousness in Zillah's case in the form of a hallucination. A link between the two is afforded by those rare and interesting cases, of which several have been recorded in the publications of our Society, where one person is able from a distance and by a mental process alone to cause an apparition of himself to another. We have reason to think that the resulting sensory effect is in all these cases essentially the same, though the cause of it is very different in different cases; and, therefore, in the present state of our knowledge, it seems best to apply the term "hallucination" to all.

PSYCHOMETRY IN SCIENCE.

By ELIZABETH STANSELL.

In this utilitarian age, whatever comes before the world with special claims, must first prove its usefulness as well as its conformity with established laws. In this respect the present age has swung ^{away} to the opposite extreme from the blind faith of the age preceding it. These practical methods have done much to aid in the material progress of the world, but in bringing all things to the test of the physical senses, and demanding that they conform to laws relating only to matter, is the prolific cause of the wide-spread materialism of the present day. There are a few, however, of the highest scientific attainments, who have found in their investigations many things that are not explained by these laws, and they have honestly and patiently investigated, and quietly accepted the results. The majority reject psychometry as not in harmony with known laws, and, therefore, as unreasonable. But there are many accepted facts which we might give the same reason for rejecting; for instance, there has never been given a satisfactory reason why the magnetic needle points to the north, but mankind have not hesitated to avail themselves of the fact, much to their advantage. By carefully studying the conditions required to make it reliable, it was the means whereby a new continent was discovered. The fact of psychometry is known, to those who have given it careful attention, to be beyond doubt, and a study of its laws and conditions would open up a new world in which there is as much that is grand and beautiful as has ever been revealed by the one of the mariner's compass.

The use and benefit of psychometry is only limited by the ability of the sensitive to demonstrate it. It is but an attribute common to humanity, but like all others, it is only fully demonstrated in the few, as are music, poetry, and art. While psychometry in its broadest sense is a well established fact, the conditions required for its development are of such a delicate and complicated nature, and the comparative ignorance on the subject is such, that there are but few really good psychometrists. The process of evolution has made many things possible in this age that would have been a literal impossibility five hundred years ago; and it has greatly extended the needs and aspirations of mankind. Material evolution, however, is only the result of involution. If the nerves are more sensitive, the ear more delicately attuned, the eye a finer discrimination, it is because the spirit within has grown more in harmony with the Infinite Source of all spirit. We must realize that the spiritual senses are the real ones, of which the physical are more or less imperfect manifestations. By closing the latter and relying wholly upon the former, we may come into relation with the soul or spirit-world. The

closing of the physical senses may be accomplished at the will of the subject, and though they use the physical organs as mediums of communication, they realize more than people ordinarily do, that they are the medium of the spirit. Being only the medium or servant, it can only exercise such limitation as we willingly accede to it, and the more harmonious and perfect the mind, the better instruments will it evolve and develop for its use. If in its experiences the mind were confined to the physical senses, man would be simply an animal, but even in the animal we see the dawning of a higher sense, which we call instinct.

As we see all about life manifesting itself in an infinite variety of ways, so we see in the manifestations of the power of the mind the same variety. In its higher gradation it is not dependant on the physical senses alone as a means of acquiring knowledge, but may go beyond the mere externals of things, and come to a knowledge of many things not perceived by the physical senses. As we know that by the action of light the photograph is produced, so by a far more delicate process, and by the means of psychic ether, there is a photograph of every object that has ever been, and of every act performed. These to the spiritual vision are as real and objective, as in the material world to the physical eye. In the present status of knowledge it is difficult to decide what are the best conditions for the development of psychometry, so that it may become both practical and useful. It would require one of scientific habits of thought and methods of experiments to arrive at just conclusions. We would say to those of high scientific attainments desirous of making a name that shall not die with them, they will find in psychic investigation a field worthy of their best endeavor. If they will glance back over the pages of history, they will find it was not those who followed the beaten path, where names never come down with honor to us, but those who followed their own conviction of truth, regardless of church and dogmas. Who would not to-day rather be a Bruno and suffer martyrdom, than a servile follower of the Roman Church? You may not now sacrifice your life for any cause you may choose to espouse, but in the field of psychic science there is an opportunity to make for yourself a name that will be remembered when every other of the nineteenth century shall have been forgotten.

In the past and largely at the present day, those only were teachers in spiritual things whose only authority were the so-called miraculous revelations given in a certain book, and who looked upon the advancement made by science as an enemy of faith. The consequence has been that scientific men have thought of all matter relating to spirit as quite foreign to the domain of science. So we have had as leaders and teachers on this subject men who, at the best, were idealistic and full of a vague superstition—the result of an ancient belief in an angry God, who must be propitiated; out of which belief has grown the doctrine of the atonement, with all the attendant dogmas. With the growth of scientific thought and the higher education of the masses, and a better knowledge on the subject of universal laws, there is a gradual falling away among the more intelligent from the more obnoxious dogmas of orthodoxy, until we have grown to expect that the men of original thought, or brainy men, can scarcely now be found in the orthodox pulpit, unless it be for some selfish purpose, as money or influence. We do not mean merely educated men, for education without independent thought is like a well constructed machine which will produce only that for which it was built.

Thinking people have refused to accept by faith that which their reason denied, and in trying to swing clear of certain dogmas, have gone over to materialism, denying the existence of spirit altogether. But there is something in the cold, hard conclusions at which they arrive, from which even its advocates shrink. So this seems a fitting time for the presentation of facts that are more in harmony with natural law, asking only such faith as results from knowledge and the exercise of the reasoning faculties. Psychometry in a well-developed subject requires only a patient and kindly investigation. It does not deal

necessarily in the domains of the unknowable, but may give tests that are easily verified, as in holding an object from a certain home, it may be described with the occupants of the home, after going into minute details. This of itself, is, I grant, of no great importance, but as an indication of a law not yet fully understood, it is of vast importance, and may well occupy the mind of the most profound student of science; for if scientifically demonstrated, it is a stronger blow to materialism than all the anathemas that may be hurled from papal throne or Protestant pulpit. In such investigation much depends upon the thorough honesty of the sensitive, not that which merely means well, but that careful watching of oneself that will not permit the vagaries of the imagination to take the place of that which may actually be perceived by the inner senses. There also should be nothing desired but the simple truth, no matter where it leads or what conclusion it forces upon one. There should be the same disinterested study of facts that would be given any other branch of science, but unfortunately few are free from either the claims of supernatural religion or the dogmatic teachings of materialism. The sensitive should also have a fine sense of discrimination, with good power of analysis and description, with careful attention to details. This combination of qualities may not be common, but the practice of psychometry is itself a means of education, by which every faculty is trained to its best expressions. The world of spirit, or coming world, which at first seems but dim and unreal, grows into the real, and this but the world of shadows cast by the manifestations of spirit upon the material plane.

Much depends also upon the natural aspiration of the sensitive, as human nature always manifests itself accordingly. If they are on the plane of the sensual and material, we may readily discover it; or if they aspire to the true and beautiful in art and nature, it is equally apparent; so in spiritual matters, if the aspirations are lofty and noble, we shall have corresponding manifestations of soul power, and they are not confined to the material, but rather tend to rise into the realm of the purely spiritual, but they must have a physical organism, where vibrations are attuned in harmony with the spirit, thus making it a good medium between the spiritual and material planes. The spirit may hold sweet communion with those once of earth, but who have risen above the limitations of material life, but not beyond the love that had its origin in the earth life, who often come to guide, comfort and restrain; for the tree of life may grow and develop in the physical, but only blossoms and bears the fruit of wisdom in spirit realm. All who have made a study of this subject know that a high moral character and spiritual unfoldment are not necessary to the manifestation of phenomena, but are often conspicuous for their absence in many who have physical manifestations, with a cabinet as an accessory, and money as the only object. The conditions most favorable for the development of the sensitive, morally and spiritually, are not found in close, dark rooms with a mixed company, each intent on receiving something as an equivalent for his money, and the medium knowing he must give it or lose patronage. Oh, what a use to make of that which should be held most sacred, instead of being trailed in the mire for a few paltry dollars. Such mediums grow by what they feed upon. We do not "gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles."

Psychometry we claim to be more elevating, for it is only the natural development of the spiritual faculties, while the other is usually the result of forced conditions, resulting in an abnormal development. In this natural growth, the spirit comes to a better understanding of its own powers, with its relation to and independence of the physical body, so that death, which we have considered our greatest enemy, is known to be the Angel of Deliverance.

This unfoldment also enables us to see the true object of this life, as preparatory only for the higher life. That we may have development of character and individuality, it is necessary that we have more or less of struggle with temptations, disappointments and afflictions, that the soul may be purified and fitted for spirit life. The unfoldment of the spiritual faculties will more than compensate for all this world can give

in wealth or worldly honor. If we seek spiritual illumination for its own sake, we know that many loving, helping hands will be extended to us from the unseen, and angel voices whisper to us words of love and cheer to encourage and strengthen. And when our mission has been fulfilled, we, too, may pass to the better life with the consciousness of having done what we could. We trust the day is not far distant when this knowledge shall become universal, and the world made the better and happier for it.

IDAHO SPRINGS, Colo.

EQUITABLE VALUES.

By T. V. BENEFICEO.

In his book on political economy, entitled "The Science of Wealth," Amasa Walker defines value as "power in exchange." Would he carry the theory to its logical ultimate? I so understand him; that is, he recognizes no scientific limit to the law of demand and supply, although he does a moral one.

I suppose that in extreme cases, as when a man sells flour, during a famine, at the rate of a dollar per pound to such as can pay it, and leaves the poor to perish, he would say that "morality or religion should come in as auxiliary" to political science.

According to M. Bastiat whom he quotes, the scientific statement of the value of the flour would not be a statement of its intrinsic value, i. e., its unmonopolized use, as a sustaining substance. On the contrary in economic science, value depends wholly on the judgment formed by each party, although one of them is starving. Of course, such a theory of values is as good for cannibalism as for civilization; and this must be the reason why, in the language of M. Bastiat, "morals will always be the best auxiliary of political economy." "Economic science would be impossible," he says, "if we admitted as values only values correctly and judiciously appreciated." In other terms, it may be morally wrong, or a misjudgment which allows people to starve, yet the starvation occurs in obedience to the great law of demand and supply, and is in harmony with the science of value, or with Mr. Walker's "power in exchange." But if political science is only possible on the basis of these author's "incorrect or injudicious values," why not let it remain impossible? If a so-called economic science can be logically carried to such incorrect results as to need the aid of morals, is it an economic science in fact?

The author's theory of values is the theory of prices as well. "Prices current" are "values current." But if value or price, were intrinsically stated, in the true sense, as equity instead of "power in exchange," would not political economy limit itself, and prove to be the true economy, without borrowing crutches from the domain of ethics? Indeed, the formula: "Commodity for commodity," and "service for service," which he quotes from the ancients as accepted axioms in the science of wealth, would seem to justify such a definition. For does not the term: "Commodity for commodity," obviously imply if it does not express, the principle of "equity for equity"? that is, a normal and unforced exchange of equal quantities or qualities of goods? Then is it an exchange of commodity for commodity, value for value, when a thousand acres of cleared land are bargained for a lawyer's fee, or a peck of corn in the ear? Or is it an exchange of "service for service," when for the consideration of overseeing a gang of slaves, I ship the cotton they produce for a quarter of a million dollars annually? It may be said that in so extreme a case there is no exchange at all, and so no illustration of the law of values. Yet a slave may be considered as exchanging his onerous toil on the plantation, for an exemption from a whipping, or the preservation of his life! On the same general principle a free laborer may purchase his exemption from a discharge, or the poorhouse at a rate of wages that will save him from these dreaded evils. Power in exchange in either case, is evidently a very different commodity from equity in exchange; and the exchanges are only effected by the introduction of unscientific or false values—not through the judgment of either party as to "intrinsic values." We might as well define value to be monopoly as power in exchange, unless we include

idea of a balance of power in even scales of justice. But in the latter sense, the value or price of service, as well as commodity, would be equivalent to the cost of it—in labor. The four original propositions, above referred to, would then logically read: Commodity at cost for commodity at cost, in labor; service at cost for service at cost, in labor; commodity at cost for service at cost, in labor; service at cost for commodity at cost, in labor.

Or, as concisely stated by Josiah Warren, "labor for labor:" under which law the shoemaker will set a value upon a pair of shoes, or the tailor his price for a coat, or the merchant for effecting a transfer, according to the cost or toil or privation, irrespective of any temporary advantage or disadvantage which may pertain to an abnormal system of exchanges. To this it may be answered that science deals with facts; or prices of shoemakers or tailors as determined by the present operating laws of nature and society having nothing to do with what ought to limit prices, or define values. But while general science covers all facts, and excludes none, economic science has something to do with the discovery and application of just those facts and principles on which alone the science, as such, can be based.

If equity is a condition of economy—which it is insanity to doubt—then equity is both a fact and a factor in the "Science of Wealth." Under our present system (or lack of system) there is not and cannot be, in the opinion of the writer, a scientific standard of values, and of course no just or reliable "scales of prices," or anything but a fluctuating monetary currency. If cost is not the normal "limit of price," in every department of production, commercial or civil service, it obviously has no limit but the power or caprice of the ruling classes, in any age or country. The fortunes of humanity, under the operation of our present monetary rule, are sometimes likened to a lottery, or a game of chance. But such a rule is more intolerable, in the light of true economic science, than a game of chance, since the chances are unequal, and culminate, practically, in a waste and want, from which science, morality and justice are alike excluded.

T. L. HARRIS.

The last JOURNAL contained a notice of my old friend, T. L. Harris. While I have no authority for saying so, I am inclined to think the "papers" have exaggerated the facts and that it will be found that Mr. Harris has not grown pessimistic in his old age; but is still a brave bearer of the world's burden and in his own way works for its redemption. I have had no practical relations with the movement for nearly thirty years and I cannot therefore speak of the points you and others make. I do profess to know something of his writings and I say, without fear of successful contradiction, that nowhere in literature can such gems of thought be found. His poems especially abound in richness and rareness of expression and will yet stand as classics in the poetry of the English tongue. I fear that much that he has written is wholly misunderstood by the average Spiritualist. This is to be regretted as his vast experience in the field of psychics would make him an invaluable co-laborer with those who are laboring to found the "Church of the Spirit" and who are discriminating the true from the false in Spiritualism. Much that he has written, when properly understood, would go far to make sacred and stable the noble structure which THE JOURNAL and its friends are now rearing.

Your remarks are doubtless based upon what purported to be an interview between Mr. Harris and a correspondent of the *Washington Post*. If one who is at all conversant with Mr. Harris' manner could read this interview, he would see at once that this is not his way of reaching the public; and that the "interviewer" left him without attaining his object. I trust, however, that the whole matter is an exaggeration; and that the world will yet have an opportunity of hearing, after a silence of nearly thirty years, his matchless eloquence and matured thought on the want of to-day.

M. C. C. CHURCH.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va.

A CITY AND A SOUL: A STORY OF CHICAGO.

By SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

CHAPTER XII.

THE HAYMARKET TRAGEDY.

The days passed swiftly by. Already the trees in the city streets began to show promise of the spring, and tiny blades of grass sprang up here and there at the edges of wooden sidewalks. The flower-vendors offered bunches of arbutus and wood violets at fabulous prices. The last days of April had come.

Despite his absorption in his studies, Justin was touched with the prevailing uneasiness as to the outcome of the labor troubles. Hints of anarchistic plots were whispered here and there. Strikes were increasing. Of these, the most notable was that at McCormick's Reaper Works on Blue Island avenue, on the West Side, where over twelve hundred men had been employed. Seven hundred of them struck and the remaining five hundred who were disinclined to quit work, were continually threatened by their striking fellow workmen. A general strike of all workmen was to take place on May 1st. The streets were already thronged with idle men and the city rife with rumors.

The case of Julius Meyer was exciting the deepest sympathy of Constance, Laura and Justin. Pauline in her distraction confided to these three her troubles. Her husband had so neglected all his own business that at the end of March the evening lessons in German were given up. Poor Mrs. Meyer was struggling desperately to keep her day school until the close of the term. In the meantime Meyer, moody and sullen at home (where, however, he was not now often found), was making himself conspicuous by haranguing the crowds of idlers whenever he could find a group to listen to him. He wrote over fictitious names inflammatory articles for August Spies' *Arbeiter Zeitung* and Parson's *Alarm*. He was sometimes alarmingly affectionate to his wife, and again violently unreasonable. Several times within a month she had spent the evening with her girl friends at their boarding place, frightened from home by a number of mysterious, undesirable looking visitors who were taken by her husband into the library where they remained with him until a late hour. Once Laura and Constance accompanied her home and remained with her until the visitors were let out the back way. The next morning she called before they had breakfasted, her eyes red with weeping, to tell them that Meyer had stormed at her all night for allowing them to come.

The man was undoubtedly insane. His eyes had a strange, brooding gloom, or stared wildly when he was addressed. He had grown careless in dress, was becoming thinner and paler day by day, and he scarce recognized most of his old friends when he met them. But to Justin he was still much attached, and once or twice when his young friend had found him at home he had talked pleasantly, but always on the one subject. Pauline saw that he was not of sound mind but she hoped that his condition was only one of temporary aberration. Little notes in regard to him were often dispatched from the girls to Justin; and he was angry with himself for the thrill of delight with which each note from Constance was received.

Nearer and nearer came the fatal 4th of May. On the 1st (Saturday) the great preconcerted strike for eight hours took place, and the streets were filled with idle and sullen men. What an orderly and determined strike would have accomplished, cannot now be known. The bloody events of the next few days disorganized and nullified whatever force there was in this attempt. All day Sunday, meetings were held at which incendiary speeches were made, and on Monday the 3rd, occurred the riot at the Reaper Works, near the western city limits, where six of the rioters were shot by the police while trying to disperse the mob. The city was in tumult. Demagogues or fanatics were at street corners, inflaming by unreasonable speech, the excited strikers. Anarchism, socialism and the labor problems were inextricably mixed. Sides were taken by laborers themselves, and among them were bitter contentions and numerous squabbles and rows. Friendships of years were broken in an hour.

On Tuesday morning, May 4th, the city was flooded with circulars scattered during the night, which read follows:

"REVENGE! REVENGE!

"WORKMEN, TO ARMS!

"Men of labor, this afternoon the bloodhounds of your oppressors murdered six of your brothers at McCormick's. Why did they murder them? Because they dared to be dissatisfied with the lot which your oppressors have assigned to them. They demanded bread and they gave them lead for an answer, mindful of the fact that thus people are most effectively silenced. You have for many, many years endured every humiliation without protest; have drugged from early in the morning till late at night; have suffered

all sorts of privations, have even sacrificed your children. You have done everything to fill the coffers of your masters—everything for them; and now, when you approach them and implore them to make you a burden a little lighter, as a reward to your sacrifice they send their bloodhounds, the police—at you order to cure you, with bullets, of your dissatisfaction. Slaves, we ask and conjure you, by all that is sacred and dear to you, avenge the atrocious murder which has been committed on your brothers to-day, and which will likely be continued upon you to-morrow. Laboring men, Hercules, you have arrived at the crossway. Which way will you decide? For slavery and hunger or for freedom and bread? If you decide for the latter, then do not delay a moment; then people, to arms! This must be your motto. Think of the heroes whose blood has fertilized the road to progress, liberty and humanity, and strife and become worthy of them. YOUR BROTHERS."

Later in the day a smaller circular was distributed broadcast. It was the call for the memorable Hay market meeting.

ATTENTION, WORKINGMEN!

Great mass-meeting to-night at 7:30 at the Hay market, Randolph street, between Desplaines and Halsted. Good speakers will be present to denounce the latest atrocious acts of the police—the shooting of our fellowworkmen yesterday afternoon. Workingmen, arm yourselves and appear in full force!

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The 3d and 4th of May will never be erased from Justin Dorman's memory. When he came from the office Monday evening, Mrs. Vane handed him two letters, both in feminine hand-writing, one in an oblong, the other in a square envelope. Justin's blood ran hot and cold all in a moment at the sight of the two letters, lying so near each other. Mrs. Vane gave him the letters with a slightly inquisitive glance, but he took them both to his own room to read. He looked long at the square envelope which he knew contained a note from Constance, but he opened the oblong one first. It ran thus:

"Dear Justin: You know I have not written to you for over a month, I dread to now, but Ma says I must, and Will thinks I ought to tell you something that's been on my mind this ever so long. Will Adams I mean. I suppose you will wonder what he has got to do with it, but really he has got everything to do with it. You know you have been gone so long—and to tell the truth I don't think you will care so very much. Well, Will thinks everything of me, he truly does, and I find that I shall be very unhappy if you do not let me free from our engagement. I wish you to reply at once, as Will and I calculate to be married the first of June. I enclose you a piece of my wedding dress. Do you want me to return your photograph and the ring you sent me Christmas? I hope you will not feel bad over this, for I shall always remain, your true friend, MELLISA A. WOOD."

Justin's face was radiant as he murmured: "God bless you little girl! You shall be answered at once, and I'll send you a nice wedding present if it takes the last cent I have."

Then he opened the other letter with a joyous air. It contained only a few words hurriedly written:

"Do come over to-night. We are to hold a council of war. Meyer has not been home for twenty-four hours, and Pauline is nearly wild, yet dares not make public inquiry; you can guess why. She has made a discovery that frets her. We want your advice, for we dare not take any more people into our confidence. Be sure and come. CONSTANCE GARROW."

The streets were full of wildly talking, gesticulating groups, but Justin met with no trouble on his way to La Salle avenue. He was ushered into the parlor, the use of which the girls had secured for the evening. They were both very much disturbed and looked pale, but Laura met Justin with a smile. "I feel like a conspirator," she declared. "Do I look like one, Mr. Dorman? In fact I feel historical."

"And I feel hysterical," interrupted Constance. "Do show Mr. Dorman those dreadful things at once, Laura. Pauline said that if Meyer came along she would have to put them back before he missed them."

Laura brought forward a covered basket, lined with soft cotton in which were two or three nondescript pieces of iron, with cords attached. Justin took one up very gingerly, looked it over and then deposited it carefully in the basket.

"I never saw any before," he said gravely, "but I should certainly say these are dynamite bombs. How in the world came them in your possession. They should be removed from here; I will take charge of them."

Before they could reply there was a hurried ring of the door-bell, and as soon as the servant could open the door, Mrs. Meyer came panting, pale, wild-eyed into the room.

"Oh girls," she cried, "he has just come home—he won't speak to me. He has gone into the library! I found those dreadful things, and I am so af-

"What shall I do? Oh you are here, Mr. Dorman; I am glad. Help me, and help poor Julius some way, don't you?"

And the poor wife sobbed as if her heart would break.

Constance went to her, threw her arms around her and let her sob in silence on her breast. Laura walked up and down the room with clenched hands and lowering brow. Justin stopped to think a moment, then he went to Mrs. Meyer and said:

"Don't grieve so Mrs. Meyer. Go home at once; in a few minutes I will come, and you call to your husband in as quiet and cheerful a tone as you can, that I wish to see him, and perhaps we can get him calmed down. I am afraid there is going to be trouble, but we will all do our best to keep him out of it. You know that were he in his right mind he would not cause you so much worry. He is more to be pitied than any one else. You have been wonderfully brave so far; continue to be so, and some day your friends will be able to tell him what an heroic struggle you made to save him from himself."

Pauline dried her eyes and went home. Justin followed in a few moments. He rang the bell and was admitted at once by the stolid Swedish maid, Mrs. Meyer called her husband, stating that Justin had called; and he unlocked the door and came down at once. How haggard and worn he looked. He commenced immediately to talk of the events of the day, but Justin stopped him, gently saying that he had come over to consult him on some knotty points he had encountered in his law reading. He said this, knowing Meyer had a certain innocent self-conceit which made him feel that there was no subject with which he could not grapple. After an hour or two of talk Justin was glad to see that he was growing sleepy, and he bade his friend good night, with a grateful glance from Pauline.

Justin saw the next day several notices of the meeting to be held in Haymarket Square, but did not give them much thought. In the evening, on his way home from the office, he met Floyd who told him that trouble was feared, but that the authorities were prepared to suppress it. He did not think it would amount to much, if any more, than dozens of former meetings.

He had settled himself for a quiet evening among his books, when his cousin Ferdinand was announced. He had heard of the meeting and had half-a-mind to "go over and see the fuss," and called to see if Justin would accompany him.

Justin was about to dissuade him when the door bell rang violently, and a moment later Constance Garrow was ushered into the parlor. She seemed to be strangely excited, yet hesitated when her glance fell on young Fairfield.

"What is it?" asked Justin, coming to her aid.

"Meyer? What is he up to now?"

The girl sank pale and breathless on the chair. "He has gone," she gasped, "to the Haymarket meeting, and Pauline and Laura—can I not speak to you alone?" she pleaded.

Mr. Vane and Ferdinand left the room. The former would have gone at once, but for the reference to Laura; if she was in trouble he might be able to help. In a few moments Justin came to him and trusting to his honor, explained the situation—that the madman, Meyer had bombs in his possession, and that he had slipped out, leaving a few mysterious farewell words to his wife, who discovered immediately that the bombs had disappeared with him.

The friends had called upon her to see what new developments had occurred, when she made the discovery. Nothing could deter her from following her Julius and saving him in spite of himself. Laura would not let her go alone and accompanied her. Mrs. Meyer gave the address of a friend of Meyer on Desplaines street near Lake, where she hoped to find her husband. Laura bade Constance go at once to Justin and ask him to join them there.

"I am going with you," announced Ferdinand when he heard this story; "if Laura is there I must be too."

Mrs. Vane and Justin vainly tried to persuade Constance to remain there till after the return of the men; this she declined to do. It was now 9:30 P. M., and the men felt that they must hasten.

At Justin's suggestion they crossed Halsted street to Lake, joining there the large crowd of excited people who, just as they entered, were cheering somebody lustily. By the strong light cast upon the scene they soon discerned Pauline and Laura standing on the outskirts of the great mass of people. The women had not yet been able to find Meyer for whom they were in search.

"I saw Mayor Harrison over there a moment ago," said Ferdinand. "Every thing seems all right. I guess there'll be no trouble."

The women began to think so too. Pauline's nervous fears were by this time somewhat allayed. Suddenly Justin caught sight of Meyer on the side-walk far from them; he whispered to Mrs. Meyer and after kept a watch upon him with a view to reaching him as soon as possible. Spies and Parsons had

concluded their speeches before Justin and Ferdinand reached the crowd. Samuel Fielden now had the platform, which was merely an empty express wagon.

Some were already leaving, and Justin was about to advise the ladies to return, leaving him to accompany Meyer home, when he noticed a quick movement in the crowd, and as he looked beyond it toward Randolph street, he saw a massed body of men moving with rhythmic tread down Desplaines street toward the Square. It was the armed police coming to disperse the meeting.

"For heaven's sake ladies," Justin whispered, "go over on Lake street and wait for us. Mr. Fairfield and I will bring Meyer to you all safe. The police are coming and there may be trouble."

Ferdinand urged this also, and the women realized that it would be best; so they left. And not a moment too soon, for as Capt. Bonfield's men drew near, Fielden exclaimed in excited tones: "Here come the bloodhounds! Do your duty and I will do mine!"

The battalion of police halted and Capt. Ward called out:

"In the name of the people of Illinois I command you to peaceably disperse."

Fielden stepped down from the wagon, with the remark in a significant tone: "We are peaceable."

A moment of terrible silence followed. Then a sound like the hiss of a serpent was heard; a fiery light went whizzing over the heads of the crowd into the midst of a platoon of policemen. Then a terrific explosion was heard, followed by the sounds of groans, prayers, cries and yells. The police charged on the crowd with pistols and the sharp reports seemed continuous. The wildest excitement prevailed.

"Come," said Justin to Ferdinand, as the bomb flew on its deadly mission through the air, "follow me." He plunged madly through the crowd until he came to the alley from near which the bomb had been thrown. Meyer was curled up behind a refuse box in the alley.

"What are you about?" Justin asked sharply. Meyer stared at his questioner like one in a dream.

"I have fulfilled my mission," he murmured in a dull voice.

"Come with me at once!" urged Justin, taking his arm. But he did not move.

Seeing that he was dazed, Justin and Ferdinand both took hold of him, each by an arm, and ran as fast as his inertness and the flying people would allow, through the alley to Jefferson street and on to Lake, where they found the three frightened women huddled in a doorway.

Julius cried his wife, with a glad sob as she ran to him, "thank God you are safe!" and she flung her arms around him. He stared stupidly at her and pushed her away. Justin did not let go his hold of him.

"We must get out of the street somehow till the rush is over," he said, for the people alarmed by the explosion and firing, were pouring out of the houses in every direction.

"See here," said Ferdinand, in a faint tone, "I can not go much further. This is no time to stand on ceremony—follow me ladies," and he opened the door of the "Ladies entrance" of a large liquor saloon. The room was, fortunately, deserted, since its late occupants had rushed into the street to find out what the uproar was about. Justin pushed Meyer into a seat, where he sat pale and speechless without moving. Laura had been watching Ferdinand sharply since he last spoke, and she turned to him quickly once they were inside.

"Ferdinand, you are hurt,—You are deathly pale—why, my dear boy—" for he staggered and but for her strong young arms, would have fallen to the floor in a faint. She held him up until Constance and Justin came to her aid, and Pauline swiftly drew forward a sofa on which he reclined.

"It is his leg, see, he has been shot!" exclaimed Justin, and he stepped into the bar-room to request some one to go for a physician. Ferdinand revived before Justin returned. Laura was at his side, bathing his face with a wet handkerchief, while Constance stood by holding a glass of water. Justin returned in a few moments saying that a physician would soon be there, adding, "I think we can't do much until he comes."

"I have bound some napkins I found on the table round his leg, for it was bleeding profusely. I did not venture to take off the boot," said Laura.

"And Justin is wounded, too," said Constance. "Why this sleeve is torn and covered with blood." She snatched several napkins from a pile on a table and came toward him with such a look in her eyes that Justin felt himself in heaven for a moment.

"It is nothing," he said, smiling down upon her terror-stricken face, "a mere flesh wound. I knew when I received it."

"But take off your coat and let me see," she insisted.

"Wait until the doctor comes. If it will not make you faint you may tie a napkin tight here," indicating where the blood should be stopped.

He sat down and she with trembling fingers tied the

napkin. Then her fair face turned white, her brown eyes filmy and she, also, went off in a swoon. In spite of his hurt arm, Justin caught her as she swayed and he held her close; and if he whispered some extravagant words, while Laura and Mrs. Meyer ran for water and a fan, Ferdinand reclining on the sofa with closed eyes and Meyer still and stupid in his chair, who was the wiser for it, since Constance herself lay in limp unconsciousness on his breast?

She revived in a minute or two and laughed at her own weakness. A physician and some hangers-on of the saloon by this time came in. The wounds of both Justin and Ferdinand were examined. Neither of them was serious, though the latter's might keep him confined to the house a few weeks.

It was growing late and the question of getting home suggested itself to the party. The streets would doubtless be more or less in an uproar, at least in the heart of the city, all night. Laura at length suggested that two hacks be sent for at the nearest stable, in one of which Ferdinand had better be taken home, the other to convey their party to the North Side, but probing for the bullet had made Ferdinand's wound very painful and he ought not to be sent alone. Justin said he would not trust Meyer to be sent home in his strange state with only his wife and Constance. The physician was asked to accompany Ferdinand to Michigan avenue, but he said that he had patients near by whose condition was so dangerous that he might be called at any moment, and he dared not leave the vicinity. Ferdinand declared that he was quite able to ride home unattended, but Laura would not consent to this.

"Great emergencies need prompt action. I am going with you, Ferdinand," Laura said after a few moment's thought, "and your father can come back in his own carriage with me."

"Oh! if you only will, Laura," cried Ferdinand.

"I don't know what else can be done," she said with a peplexed air. "Justin must go with Meyer and Constance, you had better stay all night with Pauline, for we are not through with this night's work," looking over where Meyer sat with that strange, distraught gaze. Over and over again Mrs. Meyer had spoken to him, as had the other members of the party, but he sat listless, apparently not hearing what was said. Now his pallid face grew hectic and he raised his long thin hands to his head as if dimly conscious of some pain there. The hacks were sent for and Laura's plan was carried out.

Justin directed the driver to stop at Mr. Vane's where he left word that he was safe, but might not return that night, and procured an overcoat. It was nearly one o'clock when they reached La Salle avenue. Julius, accompanied by Justin, went quietly to his room, undressed and retired without uttering a word, save whispering once or twice, "I have fulfilled my mission." Justin left him staring wildly at the ceiling and withdrew to the next room to await developments. The poor man's wife ventured to enter his room and spoke to him in endearing terms, but he made no answer. Then she joined Constance and Justin in the sitting room where she had kindled a fire in the grate. In half an hour Julius was heard talking loudly to himself. He was delirious.

(To be continued.)

I have not ventured very often nor very deeply into the field of metaphysics; but if I were disposed to make any claim in that direction, it would be the recognition of the squinting brain, the introduction of the term "cerebricity" corresponding to electricity, the idiotic area in the brain or thinking-marrow, and my studies of the second member in the partnership of I-My-Self & Co. I add the Co. with especial reference to a very interesting article in a late *Scribner*, by my friend Mr. William James. In this article the reader will find a full exposition of the doctrine of plural personality illustrated by striking cases. I have long ago noticed and referred to the fact of the stratification of the currents of thought in three layers, one over the other. I have recognized that where there are two individuals talking together there are really six personalities engaged in the conversation. But the distinct, separable, independent individualities, taking up conscious life one after the other, are brought out by Mr. James and the authorities to which he refers as I have not elsewhere seen them developed.

Whether we shall ever find the exact position of the idiotic centre or arena in the brain (if such a spot exists) is uncertain. We know exactly where the blind spot of the eye is situated, and can demonstrate it anatomically and physiologically. But we have only analogy to lead us to infer the possible or even probable existence of an insensible spot in the thinking-centre. If there is a focal point where consciousness is at its highest development, it would not be strange if near by there should prove to be an anæsthetic district or limited space where no report from the senses was intelligently interpreted. But all this is mere hypothesis.—OVER THE TEACUPS, June *Atlantic*.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

GROWING OLD TOGETHER.

Do you know I am thinking to-morrow
We shall pass on our journey through life,
One more of the milestones that bring us
Still nearer the goal, my good wife?
The glad anniversary morning
Of our wedding day cometh once more;
And its evening will find us still waiting,
Who had thought to have gone long before.

We are old, wife, I know by the furrows
Time has plowed on your brow, once so fair;
I know by the crown of bright silver
He has left for your once raven hair;
I know by the frost on the flowers
That brightened our life at its dawn;
I know by the graves in the churchyard,
Where we counted our dead yesternorn.

Your way has been humble and toil-worn,
Your guest has been trouble, good wife—
Part sunshine, more trials and sorrows,
Have made up your record through life;
But may the thought cheer, my dear one:
Your patience and sweet clinging love
Have made for me here such a heaven
I have asked, "Is there brighter above?"

In life's winter, sweet wife, we are living,
But its storms all unheeded will fall;
What care we, who have love and each other,
Who have proved, each to each, all in all?
Hand-in-hand, we await the night's coming,
Giving thanks down the valley we go;
For to love and grow old together
Is the highest bliss mortals can know.

Some children are still left to bless us,
And lighten our hearts day by day;
If hope is not always fruition,
We will strive to keep in the right way.
We have sowed and reaped, but the harvest
That garners the world we await,
And happily, at last we may enter
Together the beautiful gate.

The movement in favor of opening the doors of the new School of Medicine to be established at Johns Hopkins University to women, is headed by such women as Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Louis Agassiz, Sara Orne Jewett, Mrs. Cleveland, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Blaine, Mrs. Windom, Mrs. Henry Villard, Mrs. Wayne MacVeagh, Mrs. Charles J. Bonaparte, and others of prominence in all large cities of the country. The University will organize a medical school as soon as it can raise the necessary funds. Many women of the country have decided to help raise a large amount to be tendered to the trustees, so that there shall be the least possible delay in the beginning of the work. They propose to raise \$100,000 at once. It is hardly possible that the trustees will hesitate to accept the money. The following extract from official statements show the nature of the proposed school: Students wishing to enter the school must have taken the "preliminary medical course" of the university (already established) or must be able to pass an equivalent examination. This preliminary course is Latin, mathematics, and English (sufficient for a B. A. degree), a reading knowledge of French and German, and three-years' course of lectures and laboratory work, five hours a week each, in chemistry, biology, and physics. This course in science is about equivalent to the work of the first two years in the German medical schools, and is considerably more than the work which is required in these subjects in Paris. The school is to be connected with the Johns Hopkins Hospital, which is already open. It is built especially for the scientific study of disease; its system of ventilation; heating, etc., has been carefully planned for the individual treatment of patients according to their needs. Beds in the same ward can be surrounded by different degrees of heated atmosphere; remarkable results have been obtained, especially in surgical cases, on account of the excellence of the hygienic conditions. The hospital is supported by its own endowment of \$3,300,000, and has no financial connection with the school. There are in the hospital a pathological and a hygienic laboratory, where researches are now actively carried on, and the leading physicians and surgeons have been made professors of the university. During the last winter they have given a course of lectures to physicians, among whom were three women, one of whom says that she found much better opportunity for study here than she had at the foreign schools which she had attended.

The prejudice against the practice of medicine by women is fast disappearing. It is useless, says the *Chicago Tribune*, for even the most prejudiced to contend any

longer against the idea of female doctors. They have not only come but they have come to stay. Twenty years ago there were but 500 of them in the United States. The census will show that there are over 3,000 of them now, and notwithstanding the disadvantages under which they labor, many of them have risen to prominence. They have two or three first-class schools, but the environments of the proposed school at Johns Hopkins are such as will greatly increase their advantages and give them a still higher medical education than they can now obtain. They have already a recognized footing in female asylums and in the female wards of reformatory institutions, as well as in general practice, but the latter field will be greatly enlarged for them as their educational facilities are increased and prejudice wears away. As practitioners among their own sex they have great opportunities for usefulness, and, all other things being equal, they deserve and should have the preference. It is too late, indeed, to refuse to recognize them, and the old fogies of the profession might as well succumb to the inevitable. So far as the Johns Hopkins school is concerned there can be no doubt that the trustees will open its doors to the women, as five of them have wives or sisters on the Baltimore committee, and the remaining trustees are not opposed. It is understood that the committee for Chicago will be shortly announced. It will then be in order for Chicago to do her part.

Alma Tadema, the famous painter, and Edmund Gosse, married two sisters, daughters of Epps, the cocoa manufacturer. The old gentleman devised the now-famous epithets, "Grateful and Comforting," as a trade-mark for his palatable wares, and before their marriage the two daughters were jocularly called Grateful Epps and Comforting Epps in the social circles in which they moved. Grateful is now Mrs. Tadema, and Comforting is Mrs. Gosse. These young ladies brought enormous dowries to their husbands.

Mr. A. J. Drexel is about to erect in Philadelphia an Industrial Institute at an expense of \$500,000, and will endow it with \$1,000,000. The building will be a splendid affair, and will furnish accommodations for 2,000 to 2,500 pupils. It will contain twenty-four class rooms, a large gymnasium, which is to be thoroughly equipped, a museum, library and reading-room, a small lecture hall and a great lecture hall, which will undoubtedly be the finest in the city.

Miss Harriet Hosmer will present to the Art Institute of Chicago her cast of the clasped hands of Mr. and Mrs. Browning, with their photographs. This rare work of art was cast in Miss Hosmer's studio at Rome years ago, and is a valuable memento because of its beauty and suggestiveness. It is also valued because of the allusion made to it in Hawthorne's "Marble Faun," and because there is not a duplicate in existence.

Mrs. Janet Ruutz-Rees, has opened a gallery for the exhibition of water colors, mezzotints and etchings at 13 East 16th street, New York City. She collected the exhibits of woman's artistic work recently displayed at the Academy. Mrs. Ruutz-Rees is very active in the Kindly Club and Church of The New Life.

Miss Winnie Davis will receive a novel bridal present from Atlanta. Maj. Sidney Root is having an old-fashioned country gourd rimmed and braced with silver, and will forward it to be used as a wall ornament or a drinking-cup. Maj. Root regards a gourd as a fitting emblem of the "Old South."

The foremost woman artist in England is probably Mrs. Jopling, who has a charming studio that is a favorite resort of the best-known artistic and literary people in London. Mrs. Jopling is still in the prime of life, although she has been married three times.

A decided majority of the stock of the Boston *Transcript* is in feminine ownership—Miss L. W. Dutton, Mrs. M. G. D. Eustis, and Miss M. M. Dutton holding 100 shares each, and Mrs. A. F. Mandell 99, out of a total of 600.

The German Empress Frederick loves little children. She never fails to notice every one she sees and will often stop in her walks and speak to them.

Mrs. Philip H. Welch, widow of the late humorist, whose death occurred about a year ago, has taken charge of a children's department in the Saturday issue of the Brooklyn *Standard-Union*.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed, under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

AN EPILOGUE OF THE SYNTHETIC PHILOSOPHY. By F. Howard Collins, with a preface by Herbert Spencer. New York: D. Appleton & Company, 1889. pp. 571. A. C. McClurg & Co., 117 to 121 Wabash Ave., Chicago. Price, \$2.50.

Herbert Spencer is a voluminous writer. He has presented his thought with so much elaboration, with such a multitude of detailed statements and with so many pages of illustrative matter, that the patience of most readers is severely taxed before they get far into his larger works. His power of abstract reasoning is hardly more wonderful than the encyclopedic character of his knowledge; and his long sustained arguments with the numerous citations, references and illustrations employed to bring out his exact meaning and to guard against possible misconception, are liable to discourage readers who take up some of his works for the first time.

Mr. Collins who, for several years, has made indexes of Mr. Spencer's works and who is familiar with his thought, has made this epitome of the "Synthetic Philosophy," in which he has condensed matter occupying ten volumes into one, reducing five thousand and more pages of the original so that it is represented by less than six hundred pages; and this task he has performed in a way to elicit praise from Mr. Spencer who says: "The condensed statements, are at once correct and clear. Indeed I have been somewhat surprised that it has proved possible to put so much into so small a space without sacrifice of intelligibility." Mr. Spencer is quite correct, however, in adding that these abstracts of his chapters and sections "do not suffice to give vivid and definite conceptions; but the undeveloped conceptions they give prepare the way for those developed ones to be obtained by perusal of the chapters and sections themselves."

Any one who has not read Spencer and wishes to become acquainted with his philosophy, will lose no time by reading this epitome before turning to the longer and the more complete chapters of the original works. This volume is especially recommended to those who are in the habit of criticizing Spencer, charging him with "materialism," "irreligion" or something worse, without ever having read any of his larger and more important works. There are a great many readers who would like to have a correct conception of Spencer's main position, but have no time to read such works as "First Principles," "Principles of Biology," "Principles of Psychology," etc. Mr. Collins' "Epitome of the Synthetic Philosophy" is just the book that such persons need.

FRUITS AND HOW TO USE THEM. A Practical Manual for Housekeepers, containing nearly seven hundred recipes for wholesome preparations of foreign and domestic fruits. By Mrs. Hester M. Poole. New York: Fowler & Wells. Cloth. pp. 242. Price \$1.00.

Mrs. Poole's book will prove a revelation to many a housekeeper in regard to the capacities of fruits in varying the home menu. It is appetizing merely to glance through the pages of this well arranged volume. The possibilities of healthful preparation for the table of various fruits are considered in orderly sequence, each fruit—under its own proper heading, beginning with the apple, directions for preparing which in nearly a hundred different ways are given. The recipes for each are preceded by a short description of the fruit, where it grows, the order it belongs to, its cultivation, etc.; and in a well written introduction. Mrs. Poole considers the value of fruits in their relation to human diet. The work tells how to put fruits on the table, and how to prepare the various forms, baked, stewed, canned, jellies, preserving, etc., and how to prepare puddings, pies, sauces, cakes, ice-cream, etc., dealing not only with new ways of using well-known fruits, but bringing into notice many fruits somewhat unknown or that have been deemed of but little value. The hundreds of delicious desserts that are described make the old-fashioned crusty and heavy contrivances that are deemed so essential to the completeness of a meal appear unnatural and dyspepsia-breeding.

OSBORNE OF ARROCHAR. By Amanda M. Douglas. Boston: Lee & Shepard. pp. 449. Price, \$1.50.

The story of a beautiful proud-spirited girl born to a high social position who, when reverses came, chose to earn her own

living as corresponding clerk in a warehouse, in preference to becoming a dependent on wealthy relatives, is told in the easy grace of style characteristic of this well-known writer, whose fiction carries always with it wholesome moral lessons. This is a good woman's rights book, though from a rather conservative standpoint. The fact that woman's right to labor in new departments is considered in fiction, shows how wide spread has become the discussion of woman's sphere in all directions.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

Blindfold. By Florence Marryat. New York: John W. Lovell Co. Price 50 cents.

The Bachelor Girl. By Wm. Hosea Ballou. New York: Frank F. Lovell & Co. Price 50 cents.

Messages From the Watch Tower. By Lupa. San Francisco: Carrier Dove Printing & Pub. Co.

The Influence of Sea Power Upon History, 1660-1783. By Captain A. T. Mahan. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$4.

Recollections of General Grant. By Geo. W. Childs. Philadelphia: Collins Printing House.

MAGAZINES FOR JUNE NOT BEFORE MENTIONED.

The Arena. (Boston.) Good reading fills the pages of this popular monthly for June. Hon. W. C. P. Breckinridge writes upon the Race Question; Edgar Fawcett contributes a poem and the No Name Series is continued.

St. Nicholas. (New York.) The third paper upon the subject of Central Africa is given to the readers this month and the various stories, poems and notes do credit to the publishers.

The Eclectic. (New York.) An interesting description of the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, by a soldier in the ranks, opens the number. Olive Schreiner, who wrote that remarkable book *Life on an African Farm*, under the title *The Sunlight Lay Across my Bed*, contributes a dream of hell. A clever paper on Poets and Puritans is followed by a study of the Berlin Labor Conference by Emile Ollivier. Edward Clodd talks about Miracle Plays. Africa, which now absorbs so much public attention, is made the occasion of three striking articles.

The Forum. (New York.) In the Forum for June is begun a series of Autobiographical articles by some of the foremost men in England and America; the first of these is by W. E. H. Lecky. American Interests in Africa; Fetishism in Politics; New England and the New Tariff Bill are some of the strong articles for June.

The Jenness-Miller Magazine. (New York.) The paper on Physical Culture is devoted to a discussion of Walking, Sitting, and going Up-stairs. The Countess de Montaigne writes a most fascinating paper on Lawn Parties, and the article on Fine Lace is the best illustrated of all the valuable articles which have appeared in the series on this subject.

The Century. (New York.) London Polytechnics and Peoples' Palaces by Mr. Albert Shaw is timely, as similar institutions are springing up in different parts of the world. An Artist's Letters from Japan, this month describe the very beautiful temple of Iyemitsu, and make some general remarks on Japanese architecture. This being the first summer number of the Century, Walter Camp has an illustrated paper on Track Athletics in America. Perhaps the most striking feature of this number is the beginning of another anonymous novel called *The Anglomaniacs*. The second paper on *The Women of the French Salon* is given. Joseph Jefferson's Autobiography deals with the Keans in Australia.

Also:

The Unitarian Review, Boston.

The Esoteric, Boston.

Our Little Ones and the Nursery, Boston.

Freethinkers' Magazine, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Unitarian, Ann Arbor, Mich.

The Path, New York.

Sidereal Messenger, Northfield, Minn.

L'Aurora, Paris, France.

The Theosophist, Madras, India.

MR. TALLMADGE'S REJOINDER.

TO THE EDITOR: In THE JOURNAL of May 10 I find a criticism upon my use of the theory of reciprocal action of the sun and planetary worlds revolving around it, in illustration of the universal principle of action and reaction being equal. My reply to said criticism will terminate any further discussion as to my portion of it.

I fancy the interested reader will be quite as well pleased with my reply if I do not copy my critic's polite (?) phrases such as, "absurd theories," "crude theories," etc., and address myself to some of the facts, as far as any of us know them, while dealing with that which is yet theoretical. He well says, the laws of action and reaction are worthy of careful appreciation, in our efforts to understand the true philosophy of existence. It seems to the writer after such a corroboration of the basic position assumed in his paper, the criticism following is superfluous, and only applies to details, where most differences in the views of men are found. Still he finds an exception in the relations of the sun and planetary worlds revolving around it. If action and reaction are equal as a principle, why the exception?

I am confronted with an array of figures which, it is said, won't lie, but the fact is when wrongly placed, they are the biggest liars in the world, as illustrated in my too hasty calculation in computing the velocity of the revolution of the earth on its axis. I stand in that corrected, with thanks. When my critic shall have all the factors so that his problem will be complete, he may find this universal law illustrated in the sublime phenomena of our planetary worlds revolving around their central orb.

The theory of combustion in the sun as explaining the phenomena of heat and light is of long standing; the theory of reaction gaining acceptance is of later date, and I insist, in the light of a few facts I shall introduce, is the most philosophic view, instead of "absurd," and "crude." My critic deals with his theory with a positiveness of assumption which, at least, suggests that he thinks he knows, while our American astronomer, Prof. Young, with more modesty says: "What sustains the tremendous solar heat? I cannot answer." Of course in a newspaper article no length of explanation can be entered into, even if the writer considered himself capable—which he is not—of anything like an exhaustive presentation of a subject dealt with by the most brilliant intellects that have lived. I believe it is a system adopted by all astronomers to reason from terrestrial to celestial phenomena.

Prof. Proctor and Sir John Herschel both recommend this method. I shall quote extensively from Zacharia Allen, LL. D., who says: "Failing to discover any self-originating cause of motion in terrestrial matter, the writer was led on to take a broader view of the passive functions of our planet, as subordinate to universal laws, and as being a minute working-part of the mechanism of the solar system." This complete interaction is what was referred to, in my illustration of the planetary worlds giving and receiving. Again: "Preceding investigations show that the movement of bodies near and about each other puts in motion the electric ether."

...If the mere movement of one disc near another so develops light as to obtain for a simple instrument the name of Electrophorus, or sunshine producer, and if the rotation of one cylinder opposite to another excites a dazzling light,—we may consider that the swift revolutions of more than one hundred and fifty great globes about the sun, seven hundred fold greater than them all, are similarly employed for the conversion of their mechanical force into the light and heat of sunshine.... Action and reaction are always equal and in opposite directions. The sun serves as a point of reaction, like the lump of lime placed in front of a pale jet of oxyhydrogen flame, which by its reaction develops the intensity of the vibrations of the flame, and produces the dazzling 'calcium light'.... By making a break in a conducting wire transmitting a powerful voltaic or magneto-electric current, the particles of intervening air and of the all-pervading electric ether receive the impulses, and become points of reaction in vibrations of brilliant light and intense heat. These analogies teach us to regard the central orb of the solar system as the point of reaction, representing the action imparted to the universal electric ether by the combined force of all the magnetic planets circling around it. As similar centres of reaction, all the stellar suns serve to reflect the vibrations imparted to them by the surges of the electric ether, put in motion by the orbital revolutions of

planets around each of them. The very fact of the shining of each star in the evening sky, is the strongest possible proof of the existence of worlds revolving around it, as the exciting cause.... The case is very different if we consider the sun to be passive matter, reacting, as before stated, like a piece of lime used for reflecting the brilliant calcium light; or like the readily conducting charcoal points, which are not even kindled while used for the radiating arcs of electric light, rivaling sunshine. They serve as electrodes, like the solar orb, passively to receive and transmit electric excitation....

"The swift axial rotation of the planets opposite to the excited globe of the sun, by inducing the continual circulation of electric currents about each one of them, converts them all into powerful electro-magnets. Thus we have a solar system with a vast central electro-magnet, and one hundred and fifty electro-magnets revolving around it, each rotating on its axis. These act and react on each other unceasingly, and with intense power, developing the phenomena of solar light and heat."

Now as to the sun being as inhabitable a world as our own—which displays no "twinge of scientific conscience." To test the effects produced by the electrostatic condition resulting from an equal action of the electric vibrations surrounding a body on all sides, Prof. Faraday made an experiment with an insulated metallic chamber, into which, while it was excited by an electric machine, he entered. He says: "While the interior was sufficiently excited to dart off sparks several inches in length from the outer sides, I could not detect the least evidence of the existence of any electric action within the chamber. Considering the globe of the sun to be in a highly excited electrical state, corresponding with the metallic chamber, or with the earth overarched by the coruscations of the aurora borealis, (italicized by the writer), we may rationally discard the theory of its being covered with billows of flaming gases or molten lava, seething like the crater of a volcano, or that it suffers the terrible pounding of falling meteors and asteroids. The great central orb may have an unvarying temperate clime, exempt from extremes of summer heat or winter cold, with no night of gloom. It may even be a bright and cheerful dwelling place, with sunny landscapes; a paradise of perennial verdure and ever-blooming flowers.... As long as these mighty planets continue to revolve, so long will the sun continue to shine. The question of the source of solar light and heat is therefore resolved simply into that of the source of natural motive-power; namely, the axial rotation and orbital revolution of the heavenly bodies." The sun is found to be composed of the same elementary substances or similar to those of the earth, and Professor Proctor says: "The existence of iron in the solar orb suggests the similar use of this metal in arts and manufactures as has been made in the progress of human civilization," also, "By all of them the means of sustaining the solar excitation would in time be exhausted." "Discoveries of similar elementary substances in our sun and in other stellar suns render it not improbable that all the solar systems are constituted like our own, with similar molecules and similar inhabitants, governed by similar material and mechanical laws, and confirm the existence of analogies between celestial and terrestrial phenomena."

One may be standing near a powerful dynamo exciting electrical action, without harm; while that mighty force is being noiselessly conveyed thousands of miles; as, is doubtless the way—the electric ether being the medium of communication—a similar excitation in the sun, comes to us in sunshine. So the inhabitants of the sun may suffer no inconvenience while the sun and all the planets revolving opposite to it, become the dynamo of the heavens, furnishing the needed light and heat. This earth and the sun are separated by less distance relative to the size of the bodies than the two cylinders of the dynamo.

My critic's array of figuring, presenting an insurmountable objection to Dr. Allen's theories, may be as good reasoning from his known premises as the man's whose mill-pond would be emptied, if the world revolved on its axis. No theory that possesses the suggestiveness of the reaction principle is treated with disrespect by those that know the most of the various theories. The following objection to the combustion theory presented by Dr. Allen, which is at least very suggestive, may have quite as much value as Mr. Jackson's extensive figuring; while neither may be correct—both dependent upon the premises. As the fabled fires of hell referred to are nearly extinguished, more consistent views of life

having no use for them, so the economic methods of nature as illustrated by terrestrial phenomena cited may extinguish the fires in the sun.

Now as both combustion and reaction are theories in explanation of the phenomena of the heat and light of the sun, I appeal to the interested reader of the two communications if the simple, natural sufficient theory of reaction, as illustrated by terrestrial facts, is not the most commendable and is far from being entitled "want of scientific conscience" or "crude theories" and that it may be the critic so entitled it from a limitation of knowledge instead of standing on an apex of all there is to be known in the matter. The more we know of nature's methods the more do we realize their beautiful simplicity.

A word further in regard to the necessity of changing the dictionary in reference to the "real;" not at all real in a relative sense but not in the enduring sense. The reality of the thought world is being recognized in modern thinking. It is included in the philosophy of Emerson—and it surely requires high courage to characterize the teachings of one whose philosophy has illumined not only this country but the whole earth as "crude," though one has the exalted privilege of dissenting from the views of any,—the great or of lesser note. The potentiality of thought is beautifully expressed in poetic measure,

"Didst thou know O mortal man,
That the sun itself in a thought began."

"All matter is God's tongue,
And out from its motion God's thoughts are sung.
The realms of space are the octave bars,
And the music notes are the suns and stars."

ELKHART, WIS. J. R. TALLMADGE.

PERSONAL IDENTITY.

Prof. Stokes lately before the Finsbury Polytechnic Institution gave a lecture in which, according to the report published in the London Times, the main thesis seems to have been that neither is the intellectual part of man the mere product of molecular changes in the brain, nor, on the other hand, is physical organization the mere cage or prison of the soul. Professor Stokes holds both the materialist hypothesis which makes the consciousness a blossom of the material organization, and the psychic hypothesis which makes the material organization a sort of bondage or confinement for the free spirit, to be inconsistent with the facts of life. He illustrated the error of the former view by remarking that after a great physical shock, such as a bricklayer is said to have received who was struck down and rendered unconscious for a time by a falling brickbat, the first thought on recovery of consciousness has been to complete the sentence which had been begun before the blow was received. Now, said Professor Stokes, the blow must have caused a great variety of important physical changes in the brain, yet the moment consciousness returned, the mind went on working in precisely the same groove of continuous purpose in which it was working before the blow fell. Could this be if the mind were nothing but the product of the molecular action of the brain? On the other hand, the notion that the body is rather a dead-weight than otherwise, which limits and confines the action of the soul, was regarded by Professor Stokes as subject to difficulties quite as great as the materialistic theory. The report does not state what these difficulties are, but the Spectator gives some of Professor Stokes' objections as follows: If it were so, there would, one would think, be a greater approach to freedom and activity of mind during the decay of bodily power which precedes the dissolution of the tie between soul and body, than there is in the full vigor of the mature body; yet this is found not to be the case. The health and strength of the body implies a more favorable condition for the vigorous action of the mind than its frailty and decay. It is not in extreme old age nor in illness that the mind usually acts with most freedom and power, but, on the contrary, in the maturity and highest vitality of the body. The *mens sana* is found more perfect in *corpore sano*, than in any decadent state of the body; nor have we any evidence worth mentioning that at the approach of death the mind can take a more lofty and stronger flight. All this suggests that the relation between mental power and physical power is not one either of mental effect to physical cause, or of a spiritual cause in a phase of conflict with an obstructing agency, but rather is the relation resulting from some deeper agency which contains in it, if we understand Professor Stokes' drift rightly, the principle of individuality, and determines both the form of character and the physical frame as well as the connection

between them. Professor Stokes said that there were indications in Scripture "of a sort of energy lying deeper down than ever the manifestation of life, on which the identity of man, and his existence, and the continuance of his existence, depended. Such a supposition as this was free from the difficulties of the two theories he had previously brought before them, the materialist theory and what he had called the psychic theory. It represented the action on the living body as the result of an energy, if he might say so, an energy which was individualized; and the process of life, thinking included, was the result of interaction between the fundamental individualized energy and the organism. The supposition that our individual being depended on something lying deeper down than even thought itself, enabled us to understand, at any rate to conceive how our individual selves might go on in another stage of existence, notwithstanding that our present bodies were utterly destroyed and went to corruption." It would be impossible, we think, to doubt that our individuality, that is, our character, depends on something "lying deeper down than the thought itself," for all that determines the direction and the drift of thought, the passions, the affections, the purposes, the will, must be conceived as preceding, or at all events as coexisting with, thought, and giving it, so to speak, its sailing orders. It is not thought which usually determines character, but in an immense majority of cases, character which determines thought; and it is impossible to conceive that which determines otherwise than as preceding that which is determined. And we quite agree with Professor Stokes that the individuality includes more or less the physical organization. The desires, the tastes, the ambitions, the affections, the spiritual yearnings, are more or less profoundly involved in the character of the senses and the physical organization. It is impossible to make the individuality depend solely, or even chiefly, upon the will itself, though that is the one element of character which is self-determining, and which can more or less modify and change the set of the whole stream of tendencies and aspirations. Let any man consider in what the individuality of himself or any of his most intimate friends chiefly consists, and he will very rarely find that it is solely, or even mainly, the set of his purposes, the attitude of his will. That enters very deeply, of course, into his individuality, but it is very seldom the most conspicuous feature in it. The individuality depends still more on the bias of nature, the proportion between a man's feelings and his intellect, the vividness of his sensations, the tenacity of his memory, the vehemence of his passions, the eagerness of his curiosity, the depth of his sympathies,—all matters which are more or less determined for him, and which his will, though it has the power to regulate and guide, has no power to revolutionize. Thus individuality is something far wider than thought, or even "will," and though "will" enters into it, almost as the direction of the helm enters into the course of the ship, nobody can deny that individuality includes elements which involve deeply the physical organization no less than elements which are purely mental. Hence we agree with Professor Stokes that individuality lies deeper than either the purely mental or the purely physical elements of life, and we should be very willing to find reason to think, that the individuality moulds both the mental and the physical organization and the relation between them, rather than that it is the product of the mental and physical organization and of the relation between them. But as no one was ever conscious of the moulding of his own or any other mental and physical organization, and of the relation between them, it must be more or less matter of inference from more general considerations, whether the individuality was first conceived so as to precede and determine the mental and physical conditions under which life commences, with the relation between them, or whether these conditions, and their reciprocal influence on each other, constitute the individuality.

THE MEDIUM COLCHESTER.

TO THE EDITOR:—W. C. H., of Sudus, N. Y., says he did not know what became of Colchester. He passed to spirit life many years ago. In January, 1865, while I was lecturing in Washington, D. C., I often saw Colchester who was astonishing many public men by his tests. I know that he visited President Lincoln and was often sent for by him and gave him evidence of spirit intercourse, as did also Mrs.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM AND THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The writer of this article from the East Boston (Mass.) *Free Press* is Duncan Maclean a veteran Spiritualist who, after thirty years' connection with the *Boston Traveller*, lastly as its commercial editor, is now enjoying a well-earned retirement.

When the phenomena of modern Spiritualism first attracted public notice, those familiar with the history of the mystics of the Roman Catholic church said that there was nothing new in the modern manifestations. Long before the publications of Swedenborg's wonderful works spiritual intercourse was common with mystics in the church. Holy men and holy women had frequently recorded their experiences, which were as mysterious as any modern marvels and far more elevated. Swedenborg, the most gifted of modern seers, was born 1689 and died 1772. Mary of Agreda, a Spanish Abbess, was born 1602 and died 1665. She was elevated into heavenly communion, and had given to her "The Life of the Virgin Mary," which was endorsed by the church; a translation of it is now in general circulation, and is much admired by the faithful. She adheres strictly to the Evangelical record of Jesus, and sets forth in detail the works of "Mary, the Mother of God and Queen of Heaven." There is nothing more mysterious in this than in the elaborate and learned works of Swedenborg, which are now read and studied by the first scholars of all nations, many of whom say, "If they are not true they ought to be, for they are rational. He was as much a seer of truth as a seer of ghosts." If he is believed, why not Mary of Agreda? Her life was as exemplary as his and her mental faculties as sound.

But whether the revelations of these two eminent writers are true in themselves or otherwise, there can be no rational doubt of their open intercourse with the unseen world. That world is far more real than this, and yet is so like it that there are many in it who do not know that they have passed through the change we call death. Criminals who escape the law here are tried there and have justice meted out to them. Heredity is taken into consideration, and no one is condemned for the sins of his ancestors; but the grand idea of justice is not vindictive, but to show a criminal his true condition, that he may learn to progress out of it. The same churches exist there as here, and both are spiritually connected; hence the revelations of Mary of Agreda are as much on the Roman Catholic plane of thought as Swedenborg's are on the Protestant's. Man creates nothing; he simply appropriates that which flows into his mind from the world of spirits. The same thoughts are in the world still. The man of education reduces them into use, whereas the ignorant man knows not what to do with them, and is content simply to exist.

In the great spiritual world there are hospitals for the sick and other institutions too numerous to mention, and these facts show that there is a truth connected with "Christian Science," so-called, by its votaries. Christian Scientists contend that all disease is of the "mind" and not of the "flesh," and hence the utility of hospitals to heal diseased spirits. Every one has to work for a living there as well as here, with this difference, that all who are willing to work can obtain employment with a fair compensation, whereas here many an industrious man works harder looking for work, than doing work itself. Loafers and tramps fare worse there than they do here, for here they often deceive; and by pitiful lies excite sympathy, but there they are known, and told to go to work. If they don't they feel hunger, cold and nakedness, and are debarred the privilege of suicide. The universal law is "work or starve." There are more infidels and agnostics in the world of spirits than there are on the earth, for the same reason, because they don't see God; but no one is taken to task for his opinions; it is life that gives him standing among his fellow men. Freedom is a universal law and progress is the order of society. The good and the wise are continually at work raising those less fortunate than themselves up to their own elevation.

But to return to Mary of Agreda, there is nothing in her marvellous book, but what is entirely consistent with the faith of the Roman Catholic church, and confirms many of the manifestations of modern Spiritualism. The book is beautifully written and admirably translated, and is believed by Catholics in the world of spirits, from which it first emanated. Many here who retain the Christian name, repudiate the miracles, and try to explain them. They invent an hypothesis and bend the facts to fit it in

such a way that it requires more credulity to accept the hypothesis, than to believe the simple unadorned facts recorded in Scripture. Erase the miraculous out of the sacred writings, and what will there be left?

It is not generally known by Protestants that Roman Catholics contend that Christianity was divinely communicated to their church and taught by it, at least thirty years before any of the books of the New Testament were written. St. Peter received the whole Gospel from Christ and communicated it to the church, of which he was the first Pontiff, and that, if there had never been a book written, Christianity as now taught, would have been the same. In confirmation of this, Roman Catholic writers show that Christianity had been preached and taught over the greater part of the Roman Empire long before the Gospel by St. Matthew (the first) had been written. It was first written in Hebrew in the year 37, and perhaps 30 years more elapsed before it was circulated among the churches and was then translated into Greek. Mary of Agreda gives the precise dates of all the leading events of the Virgin's life and those of her parents, and describes many gorgeous scenes, which she witnessed in heaven. And yet modern Roman Catholic priests generally denounce modern Spiritualism as the work of the devil. It is strange that Spiritualists have taken little notice of this book, which is entirely spiritual and clearly confirms all that they claim about intercourse with the unseen world. Any one who takes a philosophical interest in the phenomena, can readily account for the numerous contradictory messages received from spirits. Infidels send infidel messages, Roman Catholics, Roman Catholic messages, Methodists, Methodist messages, and so on through all sects and all religions.

By passing from time into eternity men do not change their opinions in a day or even a year, but as they are instructed out of their errors, they ascend higher and care little for the things of earth. Most of the communications received are from spirits, who have recently passed away and are still within the earth's attraction. The Lord has permitted the rapid spread of Spiritualism to convince those who wish to be convinced, that men do live intelligent lives in substantial spiritual bodies after they have been withdrawn from their natural bodies, and that the change we call death, does not change men's opinions or change their mode of living. A Buddhist is a Buddhist still; a Mahomedan is a Mahomedan still, and so on through every shade of thought.

It may be asked how I know all this? In answer, I say, that I do not know. The foregoing has been gleaned from many communications, received from the world of spirits and is given without endorsement, for what it is worth. It is often asked, if spirits can appear to strangers, why not to their relatives? Simply, because many relatives would be terrified into hysterics if they were to see a spirit. A nervous woman who would scream if she saw a mouse, could not endure the presence of a spirit. The spirits themselves say that the "public materializations are one and all, unmitigated deceptions for the purpose of making money," and their frequent detection confirms this. It is also asked: "Why are so many communications known lies? And the answer is: 'Why do you send so many liars here?' A lying man does not become a truthful spirit in a day, but keeps on lying until he finds himself an outcast and a vagabond, debarred the society of decent spirits. Then, if he wish to reform, he will have an opportunity, not before.

It may be asked: "Why do I, an old man, take an interest in Spiritualism?" It is a part of a newspaper writer's business to make himself familiar with everything of public interest that he may be able to describe it intelligently. In this respect newspaper men show more common sense than many ministers. They do not ignorantly condemn anything; they investigate carefully everything they do not understand, and rarely err in their conclusions. The churches of all names are permeated with modern Spiritualism, and many ministers instead of trying to make the best of it, denounce it as an emanation from hell, the work of the devil. They do not take into consideration that if the Lord permits evil spirits to appear on earth, He will not debar good ones. All Christians believe in "guardian angels," and all believe that "God is good and that His mercy endureth forever."

"The Life of the Virgin Mary," by Mary of Agreda, can be obtained at the Catholic book stores. Read it as a matter of curiosity, if nothing more. It may do Protestants good, it cannot do them harm. It certainly has not harmed me, and I am a Protestant through and through, but not a bigot.

I profess to be as familiar with the tenets of the Roman Catholic church as if I had been brought up in the church, and have noticed that it has a reason for every ceremony, from the lighting of a taper to the consecration of a pope.

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"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for some time and it has worked wonders for me. I was troubled with dandruff and was rapidly becoming bald; but since using the Vigor my hair has perfectly cleared of dandruff, the hair has ceased coming out, and I now have a good growth, of the same color as when I was a young woman. I can heartily recommend any one suffering from dandruff or loss of hair to use Ayer's Hair Vigor as a dressing."—Mrs. Lydia O. Moody, East Pittston, Me.

"Some time ago my wife's hair began to come out quite freely.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

not only prevented my wife from becoming bald, but it also caused an entirely new growth of hair. I am ready to certify to this statement before a justice of the peace."—H. Hulsebus, Lewisburgh, Iowa.

"Some years ago, after a severe attack of brain fever, my hair all came out. I used such preparations for restoring it as my physicians ordered, but failed to produce a growth of hair. I then tried, successively, several articles recommended by druggists, and all alike fell short of accomplishing the desired result. The last remedy I applied was Ayer's Hair Vigor, which brought a growth of hair in a few weeks. I think I used eight bottles in two years; more than was necessary as a restorative, but I liked it as a dressing, and have continued to use it for that purpose. I believe Ayer's Hair Vigor possesses virtues far above those of any similar preparation now on the market."—Vincent Jones, Richmond, Ind.

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Yields at last its life long lease;
When its ceaseless cares and trials,
Its anxieties are fled,
When no more the soul is troubled,
By an evil done or said;

When the words of blame fall heedless,
Where they once caused deepest pain,
While the welcome praise of dear ones,
Happiness could bring again,—
All these earthly feelings ended,
Cold and lifeless lies the clay,
Lately full of life and spirit,—
Lay it lovingly away.

When the spirit leaves the body
It has loved so long and well,
What will be its radiant clothing?
Who this mystery can tell?
As it quits its mortal moorings,
Will it look with longing eyes
On familiar forms and faces,
Ere it leaves for paradise?

It is not like the clay—unconscious;
Memory and love remain,
And however it may wander
Will these qualities retain.
Strange and wonderful these changes!
Yet, at best, they come to all.
Blest are they who listen calmly,
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TO THE EDITOR: I am glad to see THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL in its fine new dress.

You speak of Charlotte Cushman, whom I well knew during many years. Not long before her decease I was living at a hotel in one of our large cities, and which at my usual very late breakfast, and quite alone—excepting the servants—I was surprised to see her, and her friend, "Miss Stebbins" enter the room. Miss Cushman told me she had an engagement at the theatre in Philadelphia, and therefore, asked me to allow her and Miss Stebbins to consider themselves under my care. I had for a long time been in the habit of conversing with Miss Cushman on the subject of Spiritualism, but with no avail until on this occasion in Philadelphia, where I told her I felt sure she was controlled by the spirit of the party—a royal personage I am very sure—who was the chief character of the play. During this engagement, Miss Cushman became convinced that my theory was correct, and she soon became a very earnest Spiritualist. I think Miss Stebbins had been a Spiritualist a long time, though she thought it best not to say much about it, and was therefore quiet in regard to the matter, although she sometimes conversed quite freely with me on the subject.

I think you have published articles by me in THE JOURNAL relating my experiences in regard to prevision on my part, which enabled me to foretell wrecks at sea that actually occurred. The Ville du Havre—on board of which were several of my friends, who were drowned—I saw go down in the sea by a collision. On one occasion I was cautioned by spirits not to take a steamer, through Long Island Sound, from New York to Newport, at a date on which I had arranged four weeks previously to make the trip. On the day before I was to take the steamer, a voice that had warned me several times before, spoke in a low voice, about day-break thus: "Divine—messenger—steam—boat—disaster." I replied that I would go to Newport by land, if I had to walk every step of the way. Sure enough the steamer which I had determined to go in, and on the night of my intended trip, had a collision. There was no loss of life, but the greatest consternation prevailed for several hours, the water flowing into the steamer faster than the pumps could be made to clear it. My relative and friend, Lewis Hazard, who was captain of a steamer that ran between Liverpool and Calcutta at the time, was on board the steamer in Long Island Sound that night, and he said that it was the narrowest escape from death possible, that if the steamer had been two miles further east than she was—she was near Block Island—she must surely have gone to the bottom. Pray excuse this scrawl. I have more writing to do every day than I can do and which must be written if possible. I am in my eighty-fourth year. Yours truly,

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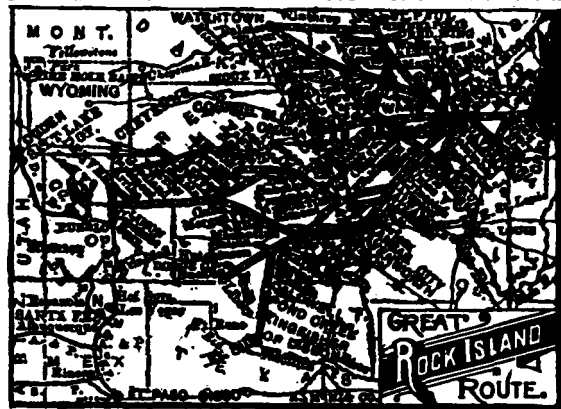
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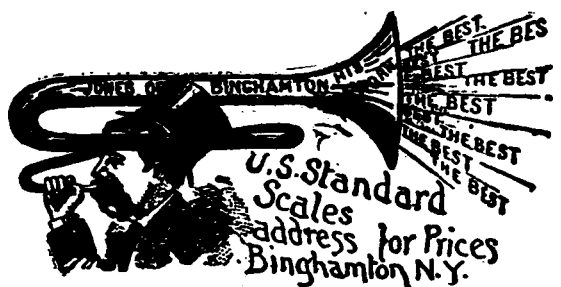
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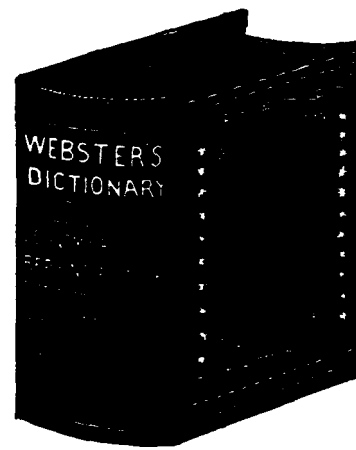
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THE PUBLISHER.

"LOOK UP AND NOT DOWN."

"Look up and not down." That is what THE JOURNAL in its completeness strives to do. Sometimes the editor is obliged to stir up things from the bottom, as he does this week, but this is to the end that those who come after him may have less occasion to look down. It seems to me that those who appreciate the help to upward-looking which THE JOURNAL affords cannot be content to give it merely passive support, or feel their duty done when their own subscription is paid in advance. It seems to me that if my subscribers could half realize the untiring and altruistic devotion of the editor to his work, it would fire them with a moral enthusiasm such as used to animate many of them during the dark and dreadful years of the Civil War; and that they would feel now the same need of individual exertion to relieve the world of superstition and ignorance and bring about that unity of purpose and community of interest which many of them felt in 1861-5 in maintaining the union of the several States, and in securing the abrogation of slavery and the oneness of this mighty nation. True, very many of my readers were too young to take any part in that strife, either at home or in the battle field, but they will know what I mean; for in every household are memories of those days; and every Decoration Day brings fresh to mind the brave deeds and sacrifices of the noble dead. Thank God! there is no longer a "bloody chasm," and the blue and the grey to-day unite in honoring the brave of either side; and the people of the South see the God to whom they prayed for victory was more kind in refusing than in complying with their petitions. In the moral world there is a conflict raging to-day exceeding in bitterness and deadly results the great war. Bigotry and superstition die hard; avarice and selfishness are slow to give way. THE JOURNAL needs fresh munitions of war, thousands of new recruits, and to be thoroughly equipped in its ordnance, commissary and quartermaster's departments, so to speak. Now please try hard to realize the situation. Take off your coats and roll up your sleeves, as it were, and give THE JOURNAL a strong, steady, trusty, re-enforcement! Do it now!

In the rush incident to getting THE JOURNAL to press last week, two aggravating blunders occurred on this page. In the first a part of a sentence was omitted, and in the last foreign matter was crowded in between paragraphs that belonged under one head; and if I had not been striving hard to keep the upward look I should have positively got angry. In speaking of the illness of the editor's wife I was made to say: "So when the terrible fever sent her pulse up to 103½," etc., when I wanted you to read: "So when the terrible fever sent her pulse up at a rattling pace and carried her temperature to 103½, etc." I suppose only a few would notice the blunder of confounding pulse-beat and temperature, but it was none the less annoying. In the second instance the overworked foreman who had been up all night shoved in extraneous matter under the head of "Let it Become Contagious—\$100 For the Literary Bureau," and separated the reference to Mr. Aldrich's gift of \$50 from the letter of M. C. Seecey, which mentioned the second \$50. However, I hope this did not perplex my readers seriously and that it will not chill the philanthropic spirit of a single one of them.

Now let me hear from every one of you at the earliest practicable moment; and send along as many new subscribers as a firm determination and an active canvass can obtain. Thus you will help me, yourselves, and the world to "Look up and not down."

OPINIONS OF PRESS AND PEOPLE.

THE NEW FACE.

A beautiful face if it lacketh the soul,
That shines from the heart to the eyes,
Is wanting in all that makes beauty grace;
'Tis like sunshine withdrawn from the skies.

But thine oh Religio! fair as the dawn,
Gives pleasure and banishes doubt,
Like the shrine of true love, showing beauty within
That eclipses the beauty without.

A. R.

Herman Snow, Hammon, N. J., writes:

The new dress of THE JOURNAL is well-nigh perfect, and what is better the initial number is filled with the best of finished material,—a clear prophesy of good things to come.

REV. H. H. BROWN, Salem, Oregon, writes: You have made a ten strike; your 25th anniversary departure is magnificent. THE JOURNAL has proved itself worthy of its new dress and now may those for whom you print it, prove themselves worthy of it by sustaining it and putting it on a strange financial basis—a basis as sure in business as the paper is in principle.

Hon. M. F. Tuley is widely known as one of Chicago's ablest jurists, a man of advanced thought in every direction, and in sympathy with reforms in general. He has made an honorable record as a judge and is still on the bench. Mrs. Tuley is a prominent and efficient worker for the interests of her sex, as well as in many philanthropic activities. In a letter dated June 3d Mrs. Tuley writes:

"I have just received a copy of THE JOURNAL in its new dress which I like, and am glad to see. I would like to add a very hearty echo to the deserved words of commendation and good wishes sent by its friends. The editorial favoring the appointment of women on the School Board is just right, with the exception of the mention of my name. I have never consented to allow my name to be used, and could under no circumstances accept, even if the place should be offered me. I have worked very hard for these appointments and I don't like the appearance of working in my own interest. If you speak to the Mayor about these appointments privately please assure him that this is a mistake."

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION,
WASHINGTON, D. C., June, 1890.

My DEAR COLONEL: The new dress of our old friend, "THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL" comes so near my idea of what it ought to be, that I can with per-

fect sincerity send you my most hearty congratulations upon the appearance of the initial number of the "New Series." I am down on advertisements, in serials, and newspapers, and journals,—but reform in such matters will only come with time, and then they will come to be restricted to the publications of advertising companies, who can give the public that kind of information in its proper form and place.

Take *Scribner's Magazine* for instance. This month the advertising pages have nearly smothered the proper matter of the paper, and in my copy I have bought more advertisements than anything else,—but this is not what I started to write you about. My inner self prompts me with all earnestness to express to you my desires for a thoroughly successful career of THE JOURNAL in its new departure. It will be so,—because where truth is, there will success be also. Moreover, Col. Bundy is not afraid to print what he thinks to be true, and stand manfully by it. It is this course that is now conducting the paper rapidly onward to a useful end, and to a well-earned reputation. You have my best wishes for a continuation of that career, and I beg to remain dear sir,
Faithfully yours,
R. W. SHUFELDT.

The eminently respectable and conservative *Chicago Evening Journal*, recognized as one of the best family papers in the country, published in its issue of May 30th the following unsolicited editorial:

THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of this city celebrates the twenty-fifth anniversary of its birth by putting on a new dress and changing its shape and style in a way that will make it more welcome than ever to its multitude of readers. In the peculiar field which it occupies this paper, under the able management of its editor, Colonel John C. Bundy, has come to the front rank as an exponent of enlightened Spiritualism, and is exercising a wholesome influence in the direction of weeding out the poisonous growths that have all along so sadly choked up the path of honest inquirers after the truth on a subject which deeply concerns mankind. Colonel Bundy has done great service to the cause he advocates by his persistent and fearless exposure of the shams and humbugs of the spiritualistic fraternity, a course of conduct which it was difficult for one in his position to follow. He reaps his reward in the applause and friendship of a higher class of thinkers, and his paper takes its place to-day among the most welcome and interesting periodicals of the country. The discussion of all matters pertaining to psychic research is increasing here and everywhere, and in aiming after the higher truths in this difficult but fascinating branch of inquiry, Colonel Bundy will surely meet with a just appreciation.

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ESTABLISHED 1865.

CHICAGO, JUNE 21, 1890.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 1, NO. 4.

For Publisher's Announcements, Terms, Etc, See Page 16

TOPICS OF THE TIMES,

It is stated that the census enumerators have great difficulty in performing their duties in mining districts in Pennsylvania, that Hungarians, Poles, Swedes, Italians, Germans, and others working in the mines are known only by the galley system of numbers, the name of the miner, his nationality, or any other information about him being wholly useless to their employers, who are only concerned in getting work done in the most systematic manner and for the smallest compensation.

One does not always know just what he would do under imagined circumstances as is illustrated by the following incident which the papers relate: "Two young men in Iowa dressed up as ghosts and made a call at the house of a man who had always said that he believed he should drop dead at the sight of a spook. Queerly enough, however, the effect was exactly contrary, and he pitched into the boys and hammered them almost to death before he discovered that they were flesh and blood."

The corporation of Liverpool has applied to the grand jury for power to pull down 534 houses in various quarters of the city, on the ground that they are in a condition dangerous and prejudicial to health. Eminent sanitarians gave evidence bearing upon the density of population and the mortality in the congested districts, and stated that demolition was the only remedy. It was finally decided that the grand jury would visit the districts, and then make their presentment to the recorder.

It is related that a teacher of a Riverside (Cal.) school gives her class instruction as to how to act in emergencies, such as cases of drowning, gun-shot accidents, etc. One of the lads thus taught, a few days afterwards found on going home, his baby sister given up for dead, she having been taken out of a canal. No doctor could be had, and the lad began to make a practical application of what he had learned at school, and in a few minutes his sister was restored to consciousness. Such lessons might be a part of the practical education in all the public schools.

Two Worlds: Theodore Parker, one of the brightest souls and greatest reformers the world ever produced, admitted the worth of Spiritualism as an agent in emancipating the human mind. Frothingham, in his life of this grand character, says: "He blamed the scientific men, Agassiz among them, for their unfair methods of investigating the phenomena; rebuked the prigs who turned up their noses at the idea of investigating the subject at all, and admitted that Spiritualism knocks the nonsense of popular theology to pieces, and leads cold, hard materialistic men to a recognition of what is really spiritual in their nature."

A few years ago B. F. Underwood was invited to and did deliver an address in Boston before the "Evangelical Alliance,"—a body of 400 orthodox ministers of all denominations—and vicinity—on "Evolution and its Relation to the Religious Religion." It was commented on by

the press of the country as an indication of the great change which had taken place in the spirit of the clergy and in their attitude toward modern liberal thought. Of similar significance in the religious world was the attendance, the other day, of Charles Bradlaugh at the festival dinner of the Anglo-Jewish Association, on which occasion he made a speech. The *American Israelite* says: "It is one of the modern miracles."

Col. T. W. Higginson, referring to the proposed reduction of the college course at Harvard from four to three years, recently said: "A boy should come to college not so much to learn certain things as to breathe its atmosphere of culture and receive its refining influences." A paper copies this remark and then mentions the shameful conduct of Harvard students in defacing the statue of John Harvard, by covering it with red paint, and painting across it the words, "To hell with Yale." But the fact that three or four students "went on a tear" and disgraced themselves should not be regarded as an indication of the character of the Harvard students generally nor of the moral atmosphere of the institution, and it implies nothing in favor of reducing the time of college attendance.

The Catholic News: The *Christian Observer* asks: "Is Wisconsin a Christian State?" and proceeds: "When the Supreme Court of the State of Wisconsin writes across her constitution and across her law books a decision that the Bible is a sectarian book, and as such can have no place in her schools, does it not make Wisconsin a heathen State?" This is resorting to the usual subterfuge. The question in Wisconsin was not about the Bible *per se*, but about the King James, or Protestant English version of the Bible, which is an entirely different matter. The *Christian at Work*, with greater honesty, says frankly: "The common English version of the Bible, being equally accepted and used among all Protestants, is not, as between them, in any sense sectarian. This same version, however, is such as between Protestants and Catholics, since it is not accepted and used by both."

The question of historical text-books in the Boston high schools is still being agitated. The majority of the committee of the Board of Education reported in favor of using "Myers' General History" and "Sheldon's General History." Later, Judge Fuller presented a minority report condemning both these works, declaring that they contain scores of misstatements in regard to the Roman Catholic church. He offered a rather unique compromise. "Let our Protestant brethren," he said, "select any history they choose, written by a Catholic, and we will assent to it; or if they insist that the history be one written by a Protestant let us have the selection." To this the majority would not agree and the matter is not yet settled. Sectarianism, in one form and another, seems to be the greatest danger that threatens the public schools of this country at the present time.

Chauncey M. Depew, when he was in Chicago recently, said of phonographers: They are the bane of my oratorical life. You know that in delivering a speech it is the manner as much as the words, and frequently more, that makes the effect. A word uttered

in a certain manner may change the whole meaning of a sentence. But in cold-blooded type it stands for no more than any other word. Whenever I see such an error in a report of one of my speeches I always think of that old story of the professor of Union College who, seeing a student dressed in a coat so short as to make him look like a ballet dancer, remarked to him that his coat was too short. "Oh well," replied the student, "it will be long enough before I get another." The professor laughed heartily, and upon meeting the faculty he said: "I just met Jenkins and he said a remarkably funny thing. I told him his coat was too short and he replied that it would be a long time before he got another." The faculty didn't see the joke, and neither do those who read my jokes when they are published from the copy prepared by a phonographer.

The province of Catalonia, the Spanish Cabinet have discovered, is honeycombed with socialism. Of the hundreds of thousands of workmen in that province, it is stated, very few are outside the labor organizations, which in Spain mean a great deal more than in England. But this is not the only reason, social, but also from a Spanish point of view, revolutionary. Notwithstanding the examples of Germany and France, where the heads of the state are giving serious attention to the problem connected with labor, the Spanish Ministry and the monarchical party generally in that country show the utmost indifference to the needs and demands of the laboring classes, and treat with poorly concealed contempt the suggestions that Spain should follow in the walks of the more progressive nations of Europe. The condition of Spanish labor is worse than in any other country of Western Europe, the only amelioration being such as is secured by strong organization in certain localities. The effect is that the workmen are learning to look to revolution as their probable relief, though there is no information of any existing conspiracy against the government.

The authorities of Bagdad are considering the dredging and straightening of the Tigris and Euphrates to make those rivers more navigable. This leads one who evidently when a boy loved the "Arabian Nights" to write as follows: There [at Bagdad] it was the Caliph Haroon-Al-Rachid ruled in a remarkable and picturesque style and on the Tigris and Euphrates floated the gorgeous fleets of the most unrivaled of romancers. It was from them that Sinbad the sailor started on those cruises whose adventures have never been equaled, even by Sir Francis Drake, Capt. Cook or our own Capt. Kane. The citron and orange groves upon the banks of the twin streams still shed their rich perfume across the long-faded years, far off is the gleam of the silver dome upon the mosque, while beside it rises the slender minaret. The caravans still leave Bagdad for their trips to those impossible countries and to those delightfully impossible people in which the heart of youth exulted. And now we read that the city fathers—not a turbaned Caliph—are going to improve the navigation of the rivers Tigris and Euphrates. Next they will put granite and asphalt streets in Damascus, build an inclined plane up the sides of Ararat and construct a rapid transit street railway in Jerusalem."

THE AMERICAN SCHOOL SYSTEM.

Wisconsin Lutherans and German Catholics who are opposing the Bennett law, now say that they are not opposed to the State's prescribing compulsory education and insisting upon instruction in the English language, but that what they really are opposed to is the principle of State inspection. This means that they deny the right of the commonwealth to ascertain through its officers whether or not the law is obeyed by the private schools in the State. Their position is both untenable and absurd. The State, which is sovereign over every person and everything within its borders, subject to no higher power, save that of the National Constitution, has the right to require that the youth of the country shall be instructed in the English language and to make such laws in regard to schools, whether they be public or parochial, as are necessary to accomplish this object.

According to the Wisconsin Lutherans and German Catholics, a sect or clique can establish a school of its own and conduct it independently of State regulation. This is contrary to the American idea. The American public school system does not consist alone of free schools supported by State grant and local taxation, but in addition, of the supervision and management of the schools by the electors of the district through the local agencies of government. This apparently is what the Lutheran and Catholic ecclesiastics do not like. They are in favor of parochial schools in which they can teach what they choose, which shall be beyond the control of governmental agencies. If this be not so why do they object to a law which makes it compulsory for all parents to send their children to school not less than twelve weeks in each year, and provides that the school to which they must be sent, be one in which instruction is given in the English language—not however, to the exclusion of other languages?

When these German ecclesiastics say that they are not opposed to compulsory education and the instruction of children in the English language, and at the same time deny the right of the State to inspect parochial schools and to make them conform to the requirements of a compulsory law, they stultify themselves. The fact is, opposition to the Bennett law has its origin in hostility to the public school system of the country, and this hostility is due to the desire of the Catholic and Lutheran ecclesiastics to take entire charge of the education of the young. The American people should see that this system is not destroyed or impaired through sectarian zeal, religious bigotry and hierarchical influence. Says Prof. Fisher: "The common school system is among the fundamental bases of an American type of political and social life. It is coeval in its origin with the colonization of the country. It spread from the communities where it was first planted to their older sisters and it went with the bands of emigrants that settled the extensive territories which stretched to the shores of the Pacific. It has been universally felt to be a necessary condition, a part of the indispensable groundwork of free republican institutions. The later immigrants from European countries coming hither to enjoy the advantages of the American type of social organization, have no right to attempt to tear away from it any of its grand constituent elements to subvert so essential a part of its very foundation. These later comers reap where they do not sow. Let them not seek to overturn what the wise founders have established in order to substitute for what they find here features that belong to alien systems of social and political order."

In a republic it is all-important that the people in their sovereign capacity insist that the children be educated. To give them an education the public schools were established. If a parent prefers to send his children to a private school it is his right to do so; but the State has the right to insist that the children who attend private schools shall receive what is understood in the public schools to be an adequate education; and those schools that do not give the children such instruction as is afforded by the public schools, the State has the right to suppress. The parents can select which out of a number of schools they will have their children attend, but the State must insist

that all these schools shall give their pupils an education such as they require for efficient citizenship and for the ordinary requirements of daily life. In the older countries, where compulsory education is in force, private schools are under the direct control of the State. Those who keep these schools have to obtain a license and they are permitted to employ only such teachers as hold certificates, just as the teachers of the public schools do. Certainly a compulsory education law implies the right and duty of the State to suppress all schools where children waste years of their lives and do not receive the instruction necessary for their future welfare. And yet the German Catholic and Lutheran priests impudently claim that personal and religious liberty is infringed if they are not allowed to establish and conduct schools entirely exempt from inspection and regulation by the State.

RELIGION.

Religion is natural to man. It exists among the lowest tribes and the most enlightened people. With it is associated whatever is lofty and noble,—with, too, whatever is degrading and cruel in human thought and action. Under its influence the brutal instincts may be aroused and impel to deeds of murder, or the moral sentiments may acquire an intensity prompting to ready sacrifice of self for the good of others.

Primarily religion is emotion. It has been wrought into man's nature during his intellectual and moral evolution. It is an expression of his relation to the Eternal Power manifested in the world of phenomena. It has arisen by the recognition of a power to which all living creatures bear a relation of dependence, by the contemplation of the manifold mysteries of the universe. Its evolution commenced early in the mental life of man, and the religious sentiment or feeling is therefore, no late acquirement; it is deep in man's nature, and when aroused, it stirs into activity his whole being. Whether it urges to good or evil conduct depends upon the intellectual and moral development which has accompanied the religious evolution. The highest religion is "morality," to quote Matthew Arnold's definition, "touched with emotion," or to speak more accurately, where the moral nature is high, religion manifests itself in arousing and intensifying the moral feelings, and urging to activity in moral lines. Without moral enlightenment religion may, as it often does, impel to the basest crimes. "When," says Dr. Willis, Spinoza's biographer, "we recognize it [Schleiermacher's view of religion] we readily understand how religious emotion may be associated with crime and immorality, as well as with the highest moral excellence; how a Jacques Clement and Balthasar Gerard may confess themselves to the priest and take the sacrament of the body and blood of the Saviour by way of strengthening them in their purpose to commit crimes that have made their memories infamous; how punctilious attention to Bible reading and devout observance among criminals of a less terrible stamp do not necessarily imply hypocrisy and cunning, as so commonly assumed, when these unhappily constituted beings are found again engaged in their objectionable courses. The piety—the religion—displayed is a perfectly truthful manifestation of the emotional element in the nature of man which seeks and finds satisfaction in acts implying intercourse with deity, but neither seeks nor finds satisfaction in acts of honesty and virtue in the world. We have here an explanation of how it happens that our penitentiaries are filled with the worst sort of criminals, whose lives, prior to the detection of their crimes, were characterized by eminent piety, and a strict regard for religious observances."

Schleiermacher's statement regarding religion to which Dr. Willis refers, is as follows: "Religion belongs neither to the domain of science nor morals, is essentially neither knowledge nor conduct, but emotion only, specific in its nature and inherent in the immediate consciousness of each individual man. Hence comes the vast variety of religious conception and of religious system observed in the world,—variety, not only thus to be accounted for, but apprehended as a necessity of human nature." Although religion is primarily emotion, it is not correct to say

that it does not belong to the domain of science, unless, indeed, science be defined so as to have meaning only in relation to physical phenomena. Science is classified knowledge; and knowledge obtained by studying the manifestations of the religious sentiment, among savage and civilized men alike, in beliefs, observances and practices, comes as strictly within the province of science, as does knowledge in regard to human speech or the motions of the planets. Of course, religion includes not only emotion, but doctrines. Alexander von Humboldt said that, "all positive religions contain three distinct parts. First, a code of morals very fine and nearly the same in all; second, a geological dream; and third, a myth or historical novelette." Religions, as thus defined, are those which have, in their latest stages, been evolved in association with speculative thought and developed moral conceptions.

In its highest form religion is manifested in the character and conduct of a Mill, an Emerson—popularly supposed to have no religion at all—a Garrison, a Lincoln, a Florence Nightingale, and all those, "whose heroic sufferings" as Carlyle says, "rise up melodiously together unto heaven, out of all times, and out of all lands, as a sacred *Misericorde*, their heroic actions also, as a boundless, everlasting Psalm of triumph."

A RATIONAL SUNDAY.

The public library of Providence, R. I., is now, by the direction of its trustees, open to the public on Sunday. This is sensible. Libraries, museums and art galleries should be accessible to the public, especially on the only day on which those who have to work during the week days can visit them, and on which the opportunities for, and temptations to vicious indulgences are the greatest. Open saloons and closed libraries is still the policy of most cities and towns in this country. And the strongest opposition to opening libraries and places of instruction on Sunday comes from the orthodox clergy. Their idea seems to be that everybody should attend church on that day, and that whatever tends to keep intelligent and well-disposed people away from religious service should be discouraged and opposed. For this reason the Sunday newspaper, which has come to be a necessity, and which beyond doubt "has come to stay," is yet denounced by men like Rev. Herrick Johnson. A wiser course is to encourage whatever will tend to a rational and moral observance of Sunday, that is, whatever will lessen immorality and vice, and promote intellectual and moral culture and healthful physical recreation on that day. If people do not care to attend church, and yet wish to get away from home for a few hours, do not confine them to the saloon, or to other places which invite to the indulgence of the lower appetites and passions. Let Sunday be a day of popular recreation, social enjoyment, and instruction for all who are studiously or seriously inclined. A rational and not a Puritanical Sunday is what this age demands. Not holy days—all days are equally holy—but holidays are what the strained and intense American life demands, and the clergy, should get out of their mediaeval ways of thinking, and conform their pulpit teachings to the requirements of modern thought and to the moral demands of the hour.

SOCIALISM IN ENGLAND.

On the occasion of the debate in the English House of Lords on a measure for improving the condition of the London poor by giving them better tenements, the Earl of Wemyss declared that the feeding and educating of the poor should be done by private effort and that the government should undertake nothing that could be accomplished by individuals. "With freedom of contract and individualism assailed," he said, "and State-help, substituted for self-help, the fiber of the nation will be destroyed." Most significant was the attitude of the conservative Tory Premier Lord Salisbury in regard to these expressions which undoubtedly represent the views of the English nobility. The Premier said "while he would not commit himself to the dogma of State Socialism, he was of the opinion that a pr

tion should not be condemned because it had a socialistic origin.* The post-office and the mint were socialistic. In his view Socialism meant the doing by the State that which might be done by private persons for the sake of gain, and sometimes this was a wise, and at others an unwise thing to do. He said he would not deny that there were alarming evils in the relations of labor and capital, which were responsible for socialistic agitations. "We are bound to do all that we can to remedy these evils," said the Premier, "even if we are called Socialists, knowing that we are undertaking no new principle or striking out no new route, but are simply pursuing the long and healthy tradition of English legislation." Such utterances by the English Premier have naturally caused surprise and consternation among the English nobility. Some declare that Lord Salisbury is merely toying with Socialism to get votes from the newly enfranchised, while others say that he forsores that nothing but a trial of Socialism will satisfy the people, who are tending toward it every day, and that he regards it as best to make concessions to the Socialists at once.

SECUNDUM ARTEM.

Kissing is as popular now as it ever was, and the custom is not likely to go out of fashion; in other words "it has come to stay." Such being the case it should be made to conform to the law of progress. This is an age of revision and reform, and conservatism should not insist that kissing as an art and an enjoyment, admits of no improvement, that it has reached perfection. "Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well;" this is just as true of kissing as of any other art. Since it is not on the decline, and cannot be abolished (and ought not be) it should be cultivated and refined to a degree that will divest it of everything which tends to lessen the mutualness of the pleasure it affords. The following is evidently by one who writes from large experience in practicing the art and from thorough understanding of its requirements:

Said a young friend to me the other day: "I am getting tired of having my hair upset and my corsage bouquet torn all to pieces by beginners, and I believe if the dear boys were only told how to go about it they would not make such a perfect mess of it. There is no necessity of grabbing a girl as though she had stolen a pocketbook and making a lurch at her as though you had accidentally stepped one foot in a coal hole while walking rapidly along the street. There is no actual necessity to get a clutch on her dress and try to tear it off or turn her over inside of it. There is no necessity of pulling her head forward with such intensity that her eyes are endangered by scarfpins and long pencils protruding from upper vest pockets. There is no use firing a kiss promiscuously at her eye or ear or neck. To begin with, the girl is not trying to get away. Keep cool; bear in mind that you have the soulful sympathy of your victim and your aims are identical—that she has as much at stake as you have. Keep perfectly cool and collected; gently insert your right coat sleeve about her director costume and turn her gently toward your manly form. Place your other and as yet unoccupied arm in such a position as the exigencies of the occasion seem to demand and give a gentle and soulful pull, as Amelie Rives Chandler calls it. By this time the rosebud mouth is turned toward you. Lean over gently and let nature do her work. That's all. Girls don't like any other way, boys."

These directions seem to have been written by one who has reduced kissing to a fine art. Who knows but that teaching it may yet become a distinct profession, like teaching dancing, that instruction in osculation may come to be regarded as an important and necessary part of the training of young men and women for polite society. THE JOURNAL is not prepared to recommend this, but the directions given above have suggested the thought. Perhaps the reform in the method of observing the agreeable custom and practicing the delightful art referred to, will be brought about in the process of intellectual and moral evolution without any special instruction. Indeed, this appears to be the natural view, with the expression of which THE JOURNAL leaves the subject for the consideration of its younger readers.

From an address by "M. A. (Oxon):" The most evil day that ever fell on Spiritualism came when certain wide-awake creatures discovered that "there was money in it." It was found that money could be gathered from feather-headed people who were willing to pay for being cheated, and cheated they were accordingly. I have nothing to do with this phase of Spirit-

ualism. I know very well that it exists. I am sure it will exist as long as human nature affords it a feeding ground. The existence of fraud in connection with Spiritualism is on a par with the base coinage that the smasher produces. He could not produce his sham if the reality had not previously existed. What is Spiritualism? A difficult question to answer. A definition will clear the air. Long ago I ventured on some such as this. "Spiritualism shows us in action a force, conveniently called Psychic, governed by an Intelligence outside of a human body; that Intelligence almost always representing itself as that of a departed human being who had lived on this earth." I wrote in that sense many years ago. I have seen no reason to change my opinion since. Two or three cases have come under my knowledge when the Intelligence professed to be that of a being who had not lived here, and two or three thousand have consistently and persistently professed themselves to be human. If I am asked to further define terms that I am compelled to use I can give only a tentative definition. A Medium or Psychic—a term that must be frequently met with—is difficult to define exactly. We can say that he is a mesmeric sensitive, probably controlled by unembodied intelligences as the hypnotized subject is by embodied will. He is sensitive, when fully developed, in an extreme degree. It is not my business now to point out to you how most of the fiascos of Spiritualism and the failures of well-meaning men to get for themselves evidence that comes readily to others, have resulted from neglecting to realize this fact. Not till we treat with the care that we should bestow on an exceptionally delicate instrument these exceptionally organized beings, shall we make investigation progressive.

Rev. M. E. Cady, of Rockford, Ill., recently preached the funeral sermon of Charles Nelson, a member of the Grand Army of the Republic. Members of the organization complain that the minister dwelt almost entirely on the intemperate habits of the deceased, without scarcely mentioning his many good qualities. The old soldiers are doubtless right that it was in wretched taste to detail the man's vices over his dead body and in the presence of his mourning friends. But the words of the minister as reported, indicate that it was his deep interest in temperance and his abhorrence of the influences that led to the degradation of a brave soldier and noble man, that betrayed him into impropriety of speech on such an occasion. He said: "Standing here and looking down upon the face of him whose memory we recall to-day, I say there lies too good a soldier, too good a citizen, too good a man to be crushed and broken by the American saloon. I have charity for this man's faults, as I believe God has passed over them; but I have no words to express my horror and anger at the system established to debauch men, to rob them of character, of home, and of heaven for the revenue obtained therefrom. I wish to implore the children of our friend, our comrade, our brother, as they stand about the open grave and see him lowered into his last resting place, to pledge themselves to relentless warfare against drink and the drink traffic."

One writer recommends that the Presbyterians expunge every article and chapter of the Confession of Faith except the first chapter; that on the "Holy Scriptures" which declares that the Bible is the only "rule of faith and life," and that "the infallible rule of interpretation of Scripture is the Scripture itself." Commenting on this recommendation the *Catholic News* says: "But this would be to leave the weakest point of Protestantism exposed to attack. Nothing is more opposed to history and to reason than the assumption that our Lord made the Bible the rule of faith. He sent his apostles to teach all nations what he had orally taught them. He never wrote or commanded them to write. He nowhere told them to make the Hebrew Scriptures the basis of their teaching, or defined what constituted them. He never told them to make the New Testament the basis of their teaching, for it did not exist, and some of those who wrote what we have, were not even numbered

among his followers. Now, if our Lord did not make the Old Testament the basis of the teaching which he commanded his apostles to carry to the world, who has the right to make it so? He promised his apostles that the Holy Ghost should teach all truth; He never sent them to the Hebrew Scriptures."

Arlo Bates writes in regard to cranks on Boston Common: "One of the most striking things of this time of the year is the sight which is presented by Boston Common on Sunday afternoon. It is coming to be a grand rendezvous for cranks of all sorts. The Salvation Army holds its meetings here; there are lectures on the faith-cure, on the single-tax, on astrology, and on socialism, with all varieties of orators, who must speak or die of inward inflation. There is a mixture of hymns, of turgid eloquence, of wild declamation, of argument which it would puzzle the editor of a prize conundrum column to make head or tail out of, the singing of psalm tunes, and the thumping of holy tambourines and the waving of gospel banners, the smoke of vile tobacco, and the sound of Strauss waltzes from the band stand. It is, on the whole, wonderfully orderly for such a motley gathering, but souls of the Puritans! what would the godly forefathers say could they but return with earthly eyes to behold the spectacle!"

A gentleman who has been around the globe more than once relates the following story of a boat ride in the Gulf of Siam behind a team of immense sea turtles: "While going over to China I stopped at Hatian, a port on the Gulf of Siam, and there enjoyed a strange experience. The natives make the immense turtles common in those ports, do service in drawing boats. They swim rapidly, and are worth only a few dollars a pair. They are tamed easily and then fitted out with a light harness and reins. They are attached to the small boats with traces. I rode twenty miles one day, the animals being managed by the owner of the boat. After they were hitched up we jumped into the boat and the man took up the reins and we were off. The animals paddled along evenly and we went faster than one could row. They were guided by a long stick not unlike a fishpole, and can be handled as easily as ponies. It is not often that any trouble is experienced, but last summer a young man was drowned. Just as he was starting out from Hatian his stick broke, and instead of coming back then he went out to sea, thinking that he could guide the turtles by the reins. He would pull up the reins until he upset the animals, but they would soon regain the use of their flippers and go right ahead for the open sea. At the last resort he cut the traces and let his harness and steeds go. But he was so far from shore that he perished before drifting in."

A large portion of the Desert of Sahara must at one time have been clothed with verdure to have harbored the immense numbers of animals represented by the multitude of bones which are now being collected and shipped to New York to be used as fertilizers. At what time were those localities on the great African desert covered with vegetation sufficient to sustain the animals whose bones are found there? The caravans have followed the same old trail for centuries, and until the military campaigns of the last few years disclosed the fertile spots which were previously unknown the whole region was supposed to be an arid waste of shifting sand. Explorations may show that a large portion of the African desert is arable.

An ex-convict, named Charles Barrett, jumped into the East River on a recent Sunday and saved the life of an eight-year-old boy who was sinking the third time. Barrett after the episode fell insensible on the wharf and his clothes dried in the sun, while the boy was taken to a hospital. "I am only an ex-convict," said Barrett, "and don't amount to nothing. I've got nobody to live for and what difference would it bin if I'd gone down trying to help de kid out. When de kid's mother thanked me with tears in her eyes and said how he was her darling boy, it made me think of my mother, an I was glad I did it. My mother died when I was serving my last sentence, and her last words were, 'Tell Davy to stop stealin' and be a good

boy.' I haint stole nothing sence, but I have a hard time getten along." Evidently there is, in spite of his weakness, a good deal of manliness in Barrett and a few years of such education and training as he should have received during his imprisonment would have made him perhaps a self-respecting and self-supporting man and a useful citizen. It is best not to assume that all ex-convicts are utterly and hopelessly depraved. Indeed there are few if any so bad that they are without some germs of goodness, which the right kind of treatment would ripen into fruit.

The conflict at the Iowa Soldiers Home, Marshalltown, in consequence of evangelical dictation in excluding the Universalist pastor, Rev. T. W. Woodrow, from preaching at the chapel in rotation with self-styled "evangelicals," has resulted in the appointment of an unevangelical chaplain, and exclusion of the "Evangelical Union." When opportunity affords, the soldiers domiciled there do not hesitate to express their respect and preference for the service of Rev. Woodrow who was engaged to conduct the memorial service on Decoration Day, May 30, and whose efforts were reported in the *Times-Republican* of May 31st, as follows:

Decoration, at the Soldiers' Home passed off without incidents to mar or disarrange the programme as arranged by the committees of Sheridan's post. The oration by Rev. Woodrow was grandly appropriate. He briefly characterized the mission of Christ upon earth, engaged as he was in the elevation and rebuilding of humanity, and accorded the fallen heroes of our late war as in a lesser degree entitled to like approbation and consideration for the part they took in the sustaining of the best government on earth, within whose domain the downtrodden of all the earth may find welcome and an asylum wherein no hindrance is found to a free pursuit of untrammelled life and happiness. A great, good and just God will surely reward all who offer up their lives in the interest of and for the betterment of humanity. At the cemetery the most simple G. A. R. exercises were used, all of which were rendered with proper decorum and solemnity. Rev. Woodrow's prayer at the graves was a model for adaptability, brief but exhaustive in the thousand applications of every sentence.

Benjamin Short, in the *Medium and Daybreak*, has some sensible words on psychological phenomena. He says: The writer could supply an account of numerous cases in which individuals were enabled to exert an all-absorbing influence, a power so effective that those who came within the sphere of their magnetic action became their willing dupes, either consciously or unconsciously. Other cases, of once-powerful and robust men, who in consequence of a suggestion of their own minds, or of the mind of another, have become thoroughly controlled and psychologized by the idea of being under a spell, or an evil eye. Sometimes they imagine that the evil relates to their property or cattle, at other times that the evil is a personal one. In the latter case they become physically and morally prostrate, and apparently helpless, pitiable objects. Indeed the only successful cure for such persons is to make an impression sufficiently powerful to reverse the prevailing impression: to inspire faith, hope, and above all the will of the patient. These instances, whether of human control, suggestion, hypnotism or self-mesmerism, or of obsession, all point to the desirability of cultivating the will, moral discrimination, and the power to attract and receive good influences, and to resist and throw off those that are evil or pernicious.

It is announced by the *Independent Pulpit*, of Waco, Texas, that on July 15, 16 and 17, 1890, a Convention of Liberal thinking people will be held at that place. "To which all who have at heart, and hold dear, that absolute freedom of thought and expression, in the search for truth, which is the natural right of every rational being, are cordially invited. The object for holding such a meeting is to inaugurate a system of positive, tolerant thought, ethical culture and practical benevolence, in which all liberal minded people can unite and work in harmony for the moral elevation, intellectual improvement, physical amelioration, social well being and consequent happiness of the human race." Among the subjects to be discussed at this convention will be the following: "Is an Organization practicable?" "On what basis shall it be established?" "What particular aims are to be at-

tained by it?" and "What methods of works will be most effective in the attainment of the aims?"

Dr. J. R. Buchanan in his new journal, *The Anthropologist*, says: "War and other calamities on a scale of magnitude which would seem incredible to the common mind are coming—coming to the old world as well as the new." The period of peace, he says, is declining, the period of revolution is approaching and the loss of life will be immense. "But war is not all of our calamities—far from it. The giant forces of nature will play upon the nations with pitiless power." Dr. Buchanan promises to speak soon with more definiteness, aware, probably, that in predicting wars and natural convulsions, he mentions what occur in every "period" of the world's history.

All Souls' Monthly says: Some time ago a clergyman met an old schoolmate who was a returned Evangelical missionary from Japan. In answer to a plain but kindly question he said: "I came home because I found that the heathen could teach me a more just and human and more merciful and divine theology than I had gone out to teach him." This is hard on Calvinism, though it does not hit essential Christianity at all.

Prof. J. S. Loveland, one of the ablest thinkers and writers in the ranks of Spiritualism, has permanently located at Summerland, near Santa Barbara, Cal., where he is to edit a new venture in spiritualistic journalism to be called *The Reconstructor*. Writing of the enterprise, Prof. L. says: "I shall aim to make it, not a competitor with other journals, but a fellow worker with those who are striving to build up the truth. The scientific phase of Spiritualism, together with the ethical, will distinguish our paper from all others except THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL." We shall welcome this new auxiliary, and hope it will prove a permanent addition to the working force in the higher phases of Spiritualism.

Mrs. Booth, wife of Gen. Booth, of the Salvation Army, and perhaps more than her husband the inspiration of the work all over the world—has recently passed to the higher life. From her death bed she sent this fine message to her friends: "The waters are rising, but so am I. I am not going under, but over. Don't be concerned about your dying. Only go on living well, and the dying will be all right." Her zeal and enthusiasm in her work, always gave her the respect of those who differed widely from her in her religious ideas.

T. L. HARRIS.

Since the publication of my letter in THE JOURNAL, in reply to an editorial which appeared in its columns a few weeks ago, I have received several letters from different parts of the country making inquiry about Mr. Harris. Many questions are put to me which I cannot answer, for the simple reason that during the last thirty years, I have been a worker in the world's sphere of business with no connection with the movement in a sense that would make me an authority to settle questions which have come up in the line of his work. I shall only attempt to give what has come under my personal observation and what, in my judgment, is proper to be known outside of mere criticism and personal preference. Since I have known the editor of THE JOURNAL I have sensed the causes which have occasioned the wide-spread distrust which exists among the better class of Spiritualists as to Mr. Harris and his work. It all seems to come from supposed facts which exist in Mr. Harris' career and the follies and disappointments which have characterized some of his adherents. In my investigations in this direction I have never found a single criticism of his teaching which had discrimination and intelligence as its basis. The alleged practices of the man have stood forth as the bar to all proper appreciation of his work as a teacher of spiritual truth. I shall not attempt at this stage to make a personal vindication of Mr. Harris. He is the last person in the world that would ask it—having always declined to do so, even when it seemed to his friends that some statement of the facts would

lessen the bitterness of his enemies. So it is he stands before the world criticised and condemned in particulars which, with my limited knowledge, I know to be false. In fact after a careful investigation of some of the leading charges I know them to be absolutely false. For instance, it is difficult for many, whose spiritual natures have not been opened to a perception of his teaching in regard to the relation of the sexes, to get other than false views and thus profane the most sacred relations of life. Many have gone astray in this direction and because they have been rebuked and brought under discipline or finally dismissed, have turned traitors to the cause and with tattling tongues have made the air foul with their stench and defamation.

On this subject Mr. Harris teaches, if I understand him, that man on this planet is a fallen being; that he fell through lustful desire and can only be restored by absolute continence—the annihilation of the animal instinct. In this his teaching is very much like that of Jacob Boehme, only not so full, clear and satisfactory; that man's initial struggle is the conquering of self-desire and the re-habilitation or birthing of the divine natural man, not only in the soul but down and out into the corporeal-sensual form itself. When so birthed man becomes a son of God—a form of the Word itself. As this process goes on the divine *seminalis* or what Boehme calls the "Tincture," becomes the bliss as self-desire was the bane of his fallen condition. The Divine Virgin Sophia becomes his bride and thus re-habilitated, he stands as he originally stood in Paradise in his first creation—a God-man. This is the whole process of redemption—restoration.

Mr. Harris claims that he is the first born into this new harmony of God; that he is the pivot through whom is evolved this new birth of humanity. What he shares all are to share. He has attained it through over forty years of struggle, crucifixion and persistent purpose.

Many Spiritualists think that he claims to be another incarnation of the Christ; that he is Christ. This is not true. He does claim, however, that by the process of regeneration, by the evolution of the divine spirit repositing arch-natural substance in his form, he has become a son of God not by his own virtue or goodness but by the operant mercy of God; that this experience is open to all God's children.

If one should talk to Mr. Harris on the subject he would frankly confess that, as a natural man, he had the most diabolical "heredity" of any being born of the seed of Adam, and that for this reason there are none without hope. No! not even the lowest, lost soul in hell. That he is what he is by the pure mercy of God.

One of the charges made against Mr. Harris by Spiritualists of THE JOURNAL's type is: That thirty years ago he abandoned the Spiritualist ranks and made an indiscriminate onslaught on a faith that he, more than any other man, had helped to make sacred. This one act chilled many hearts and left him almost without a following. That, if he had done as THE JOURNAL is now doing, sifted the wheat from the tares—discriminated the true from the false in Spiritualism, he would to-day be one of the pivotal lights of the a—a leader of the now gathering hosts seeking better things.

I was associated with Mr. Harris at that time an may possibly put in a word of explanation. While did not agree with him as to the policy of his course, know full well that he was actuated by the highest motives and that he believed that he was doing the world a service. It will be remembered by those living in those stormy times that after the first flash of light from the Spirit-world, obsession and insanity were common; that rampant diabolism and free-love were the elements obscuring the Divine teaching which heaven brought to the race. Mr. Harris claimed it his duty to strike the octopus, cut off its heads and, if need be, close all access to the unseen. Of course it was a mistake, as thirty years have demonstrated.

Speaking for myself I can say that I have never regretted my earlier experience in Spiritualism. The teaching I imbibed nearly forty years ago has been

solace and comfort in this long journey. It has been the foundation upon which rests my life-structure and to it I owe all I am. That which THE JOURNAL is now giving to the world is of the same tenor and I see no reason why the teachings through Mr. Harris should not be a part of the structure THE JOURNAL is now rearing.

M. C. C. CHURCH.

PARKERSBURG, W. Ya.

WORKINGWOMEN IN ENGLAND.

By ROBERT McMILLAN.

In the year 1888 a poor man committed suicide in Manchester. Many poor men do that when the burden of life grows too heavy for them, but the death of this particular man was full of pathos and of history, for it marked an epoch in the industrial development of a city, if not of a race. As it is scarcely two years since the poor fellow poisoned himself, one cannot yet realize his heroism, but it is possible that we shall do so in the years to come. He was one of the world's workers, who three years before had met with an accident which left him a helpless dependent on the labors of his family. He had a wife and five children, and his eldest daughter assisted the mother in her work of machining shirts. Laboring from early morn till midnight they could earn twelve shillings a week, and out of this there went three shillings and ninepence for rent. The helpless man saw his dear ones slaving for him, and his soul grew weary. His heart was filled with the

Thoughts of the morrow,
Its care and sorrow,
And the toll for daily bread.

So he went out one midnight and put an end to his existence. There was one mouth less to work for in that house; there was an invalid less to care for; but it would scarcely make much difference in the ceaseless toil.

Out from the death of that man there sprang a Woman's Labor Union, which may help the weary skirt-makers and tailoresses. But public opinion needs a vast amount of education before solid relief can come. It takes a great number of heroic deaths to stir the hearts of the multitude, and every forward movement needs its martyrs, for the Hindoo poet was right who sang—"What good gift have my brothers, but it came from search, and strife, and loving sacrifice?" It seems easy enough to say that women should receive a fair day's pay for a fair day's work, but the intense hunger for bargains and for cheap goods makes it necessary for some one to suffer in the production of those goods. The sciences have not yet abolished hand labor and the sweating system in dreary homes, and the moment one comes to face the labor question there arise problems on every side which make the heart grow faint. The difficulty lies not so much with middlemen, foreigners, and grinding employers, as with the toilers themselves. There is no chance of a union which would make them a power, for the poor souls must work or starve, and many of them do starve to death while working. Then, too, it seems that union means strikes, and women have, rightly, great terror of that final arbitrament to which men resort, for it is the women and children who suffer most. To those who live outside the circle of the working poor it may seem that a strike is not so much of an evil after all; but to those who belong to the working classes, to those who live in poor homes in dreary streets, a strike is a terrible thing. Women rarely strike. They are patient souls, who bear the world's smiles or frowns in a simple way, as though they had no help nor heart in themselves. A new force is moving now, however, and clear-eyed women dare to run the risk of being called "mannish" and "unwomanly" in the effort to lift their sisters from the slavery of ages. Sweet-voiced, scholarly, womanly women are daring to raise the standard of revolt, and their words are stirring everywhere. We are all learning the truth of what John Stuart Mill said in the House of Commons years ago—"The time is now come when, unless women are raised to the level of men, men will be pulled up to theirs." The struggle is going on even now as bitterly and keenly than when Mill raised his note over twenty years ago. Women are tak-

ing the place of men in every direction, and the post-office, the telegraph office, and the printing office are all feeling the influence of the sexual rivalry. If a woman can do a man's work there is no reason why she should not do it; and if she can do it as well as a man, there is no reason why she should receive a smaller wage. But she does, and therein lies the poison of the system which is growing up all around us. Women are taking men's places at one-half, at one-third, aye, at one-sixth, of their wages, and thousands of men are idle now because women are in their places. And can it be possible that the community is the better for this? Certainly not. The new force in the labor market is reducing wages and making it impossible for many honest men to make a living. Take, for example, a tailor's shop. An honest master pays an honest price for making a garment, and his workmen enjoy life, and take their right place in the social activities of the hour. But women tailors are now working in miserable little dens of houses, living on tea and bread, slaving from morn till midnight, and the honest tailor can scarcely exist through the competition. If women were the better for this change, it would be endurable, but they are not. Life has become slavery.

Listen to one simple story. Here is a woman living in a quiet, respectable street, where all the little houses are clean and smart. She has been a tailoress all her life, working in good shops, and earning good wages. Her husband was in constant employment, also earning good wages. One of the first problems to face in the labor question is how to limit the labor of those people who only work to "fill up time," to the sore hurt of those who depend upon labor for daily bread. That need not trouble us here, but we will meet that problem again. The woman's husband was thrown out of employment by the failure of his firm, and she fell and broke her leg. Before she was able to work again all her little savings had gone. Now came the labor question from the side of a woman who had to earn enough money at the tailoring business to keep house. One item will be sufficient for an example. She applied to a large firm for employment. They gave her two pairs of "stock" trousers to make, in order to see what kind of a worker she was. These trousers had waistbands and a back-strap, and took a good deal of making. On Thursday morning the woman presented herself at the shop with her work, and waited from half-past eight until half-past ten, with a hungry, pale-faced crowd, in order to get her work "passed." She heard what the prices were to be, but she waited till Saturday to see if it were true. On Saturday she sent her sister for the money; but, after waiting some hours, the sister returned without it. The overlooker had told her that they never paid for "sample pairs." She could bring a deposit of £2, get out a dozen pairs of trousers, make them, and then she would be paid for the samples. The woman who had suffered from the broken leg went down herself and saw the master, who took her part, and said she was entitled to her money, so they paid her—paid her eightpence per pair for the trousers. If a woman could make two pairs per day of those trousers it would only be by working such hours as would shame a tramway director, and by sitting so long that she would have to go to the workhouse hospital sooner or later.

Searching for work in other places, there comes the knowledge that these are but fair examples of the prices paid in Liverpool, so the woman has to buckle to and earn a living for herself and husband as best she may. The prices she gets for her work would make any Christian man shudder. Her eyes are not so good now as they used to be, and her hand is not so steady, but she works away behind the white curtains of the clean little house, and she hopes that a change will come to keep her out of the poorhouse. But will it come? Work is sent from grand shops, but the prices marked on the tickets make the flesh creep, and the shadow of the poorhouse falls across the hearth. The rent of the little house must be paid, even if they go without dinner and tea and supper; and the woman's heart is breaking, and she sits and cries over her work until she cannot see to make the button-holes. Then there are no coals, nor blankets,

nor free dinners for her, because she holds her head up amongst her neighbors, and her parlor window looks as pretty as a picture, and nobody guesses that poverty is killing her, and that poor prices are carrying her to the grave. No wonder the poor soul in Manchester poisoned himself to ease the burden of the family. The only wonder is that so few do it. Yet we keep boasting of our Christian charity, and we build homes for "fallen women," but we never seek out the source of supply. We keep on bravely singing "Britons never shall be slaves."

LIVERPOOL, Eng.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE SPIRIT.

By L. A. CLEMENT.

If men could only accept the words of Jesus as spirit words, and rely upon his promises as spirit promises, and follow his example as the example of a great and worthy teacher, it seems to me that greater good would result to the world than from that cruel idea that God gave his only son as a sacrifice for the sins of the world.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." How dear the promise and yet how quickly realized by those who go not to that fountain filled with blood, but to the fountain filled with spirit, who reach up through prayer and lay hold of the blessing. "Where two or three are gathered together in my name there will I be to bless," a promise that every Spiritualist knows to be true. For the spirit never fails to come to those who sit down in harmony with each other and invoke his presence. Jesus may not come but a spirit adapted to their needs will come, and if they seek to become wiser, better and happier so it will be with them.

"Thou God seest me," an expression so often used and yet it falls from the lips of the non-Spiritualist as idle words for they cannot know its meaning. But every Spiritualist realizes that the invisible forces which surround us, see, hear and know what is going on in the hearts of man and by impression they warn us of danger, inspire us with pure thoughts, and lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil, just as the Christian prays, but without realizing for what they pray. The woman at the well had an illustration of the seeing power of the spirit dwelling within Jesus; Saul gained the same experience through the witch of Endor, and untold thousands have had a similar experience in these later times. Some Samuel has appeared to them to warn or bless and they have been made to realize that there is a something that sees and knows and can reduce its knowledge to expression. I could give you scores of incidents. I have had experience enough to know that every unholy scene has left its picture where it can be recalled whenever necessary for discipline, and that there is a gallery for good deeds, also, that can be called up for pleasure.

When we realize that there is nothing hidden from the spirit, and that our success here as well as our happiness hereafter is affected by our daily walk and conversation, by the thoughts we think and the words we speak, we shall be more careful of our surroundings, we can encourage the good and grow in grace and strength, our affections and our spiritual natures, even, growing stronger by what they feed upon.

The vocation of men has its influence upon character. Take the liquor traffic, for instance, what fiends it makes of men who deal in the accursed stuff, or who live in the atmosphere of the saloon. If Satan can find in the lowest depths of his domain a nook or corner where vile language is used, or where the rougher side of human nature is shown, it must be in some place specially reserved for abandoned women and their consorts who have passed entirely under the influence of these favored representatives of evil. Think of the lives sacrificed, and the treasure lost in the war for the preservation of the union, inaugurated in order to rivet together the chains of the American slaves. Think of the pains inflicted, of the tears shed, of the hearts broken and of the families separated by that giant evil. As great as these wrongs were the injury done to the loved ones of our own race is a hundred fold greater by those engaged in the liquor traffic. They place a knife in the hands of the assassin, and

they brighten the flame of the incendiary's torch. They let loose the fountains of the widow's tears, and stop only a moment to listen to the shriek of the murdered wife. They heed not, and pretend not to hear, the children's cry for bread, and turn lest they should see squalor crouching in rags beside some friendly shelter to avoid the approaching storm. They delight when innocence and virtue, unable to cope with their cunning or to resist their force, yield, and dance and shout with ghoully glee around the bier on which rests some noble purpose strangled by their hands.

If I mistake not there is an awakening of the spirit throughout this land which means death to the American saloon.

THE INTERNATIONAL CENSUS OF HALLUCINATIONS.

Prof. James' letter in reference to the "Census of Hallucinations," which he explained in last week's issue concerns one of the most important branches of Psychological Research. A detailed account of the objects of the census has been given by Mr. F. W. H. Myers, one of the English Secretaries of the S. P. R., in the following article:

Among the countless projects, more or less modest and reasonable, for the amelioration and advancement of things in general, to which the modern reader's attention is somewhat distractingly invited, hardly any scheme perhaps could sound to most men's ears at once more pompous and more futile than the notion of an International Census, or widely-reaching collection, of cases where sane adults have experienced hallucinatory sights and sounds. To invite civilized mankind to record, not what they have really seen, but what they fancied they saw; not what they really heard, but what they fancied they heard; not the facts of Nature, but the figments of their own brains; this certainly looks like a chase of shadows which a sensible man may fairly let alone.

Yet this is the invitation issued by a group of men who at least are not idlers or dreamers; the International Congress of Experimental Psychology lately held in Paris under the headship of Profs. Charcot, Ribot, Richet, etc., and attended by some scores of those physicians and others who, in the various countries of Europe and America, interest themselves in that wide range of inquiries—from Heredity to Hypnotism—by which we are now learning to analyze with a new exactness the intimate constitution of man.

A few words of explanation will help to show that there is nothing paradoxical in the importance now attached to hallucinations, and that the lessons to be learned from them, already of great value, are likely to be rapidly extended by further knowledge such as the census seeks.

Writing for a popular audience I will avoid as far as possible the use of technical terms, and must refer those who wish to see the subject more philosophically treated to Mr. Gurney's Essay on Hallucinations, contained in "Phantasms of the Living," vol. i., p. 456 (Trübner).

In the first place, we must distinguish between *hallucinations* and *illusions*. By an illusion is meant the misinterpretation of some real sensory object, as when Sir Walter Scott took a hat-stand with cloaks upon it for Lord Byron, or the late Mr. Proctor took a surplice hanging on his bedroom door for a ghost with outstretched arms. Such misinterpretations are very apt to spread by suggestion from one observer to another, as a crowd of peasants have sometimes taken an odd cloud in the sky for a fiery cross or a fiery hand. In fact we almost always observe objects in a summary manner; we look at them just enough to recognize them, that is, to fill up our observation with memories of what we have observed before. Illusions, naturally, are extremely common, and vary in degree from the very slightest mistake or misreading of the objects on which we look to a degree of mis-sight or error which involves a good deal of actual seeing of what is not there to be seen, or hallucination, properly so called.

Of hallucination the best definition is, I think, Mr. Gurney's: "A sensory hallucination is a percept which lacks, but which can only by distinct reflection be recognized as lacking the objective basis which it suggests."

An example will make these distinctions clear. Suppose that I have a friend Smith whom I expect to see. I see some other man in the twilight and take him for Smith. This is a mere mistake; but it probably involves something of illusion; that is to say, that my mental interpretation of the vague figure actually seen contains certain elements drawn from my recollection of Smith. I go into the house and see Smith, as I fancy, sitting in a chair by the fire. On going closer I find that what I saw was only a

coat thrown over the back of the chair. This is a full-blown illusion, and it possibly contains something of hallucination also. Part of the form of Smith, perhaps, was actually invented, was actually externalized, by my mind,—was not merely the result of unconscious selection amongst the confused lines of the coat and chair. I then sit down and think of Smith. If I have a good visualizing memory I can fancy Smith sitting in the chair—can draw a sketch of him as he would look in the chair, correcting my drawing from time to time by reference to the picture of him in my "mind's eye." But this is not a hallucination. I am not deceived by my self-summoned picture. It is called into being by the conscious part of my mind, and I know perfectly well that it is only my imagination.

And now suppose that I suddenly see Smith walk into the room—as I think. I start up to greet him, but the figure passes on and walks out through the wall. This is a hallucination; it is a percept, or thing seen (I am here for simplicity's sake taking sight as the representative sense), which lacks the objective basis which it suggests; that is to say, which does not really tell me truly that Smith is there in the room, and would be seen by other persons as well as myself. And note at the same time that it has required a distinct—though of course a momentary—act of reflection on my part to assure me that this figure was not actually Smith. This act of reflection was not needed when I had merely summoned up a mind's-eye picture of Smith. That was not a hallucination, it was a figure which my conscious self summoned up, and I knew (in a certain sense) why it came and how it got there. But the unexpected figure of Smith coming in at the door was summoned up by some unconscious part of myself: it took me by surprise, it was a hallucination.

Once more. Suppose that I go to sleep and dream that I see Smith. Is this a hallucination? The answer must be, Yes, dreams are hallucinations. It is a figure evoked not by conscious effort, but from some unconscious region of my mind. And an act of reflection is needed to enable me to be sure that it is not a reality. The act of reflection in this case is of course so habitual and easy that it generally passes unnoticed; but a dream may easily slide into a waking hallucination. I may dream of Smith, and after waking I may still seem for a few moments to see him standing beside me. In such a case the dream actually manifests itself as a sensory hallucination; there is the dream-image; and for a few moments it deceives even the waking senses.

Well then, hallucinations are images—sensations of sight, sound, taste, smell, touch—which are not due to any object in the world about us, and are not set going by our conscious mind, but by some working of the brain of which we, our recognized habitual selves, are not aware. And, having got thus far with our definition, we see at once both why hallucinations have in times past been neglected even by philosophers, or treated as mere meaningless disturbances of our rational being; and also why, with the gradual rise of a more searching psychology, they come to have a profound interest of their own.

The reason is that they are messages whose obvious superficial meaning is false or nonsensical; but from which, nevertheless, an indication may be drawn of the nature of processes within us which we cannot get at in any other way.

The value in diagnosis of the indications given by the hallucinations of the insane has long been recognized. With the hallucinations of insanity or delirium, however, we have here nothing to do; our present inquiry is restricted to sane persons, most of them, as we shall soon see, in perfectly normal health. Now until lately it was hardly thought possible for a sane and healthy person to undergo a hallucination. Hallucinations were vaguely confounded with nightmares; and if any one said that he had "seen a ghost," the recognized joke was to bid him "cure it with a pill" and avoid late suppers. Now late suppers will certainly produce nightmares,—vague, dreamy oppressions of circulation or breathing, etc.; but, oddly enough, we cannot find among several hundreds of recent first-hand cases, which we have collected and studied, a single one where over-eating seems to have been the exciting cause of any definite hallucinatory figure or voice. Starvation, indeed, does produce hallucinations; so that if my reader should "see a ghost," and wish to ascribe it to his own interior condition, he may at least console himself by supposing that he has eaten too little instead of too much.

But the fact is that until a few years ago hardly anything was known as to these casual hallucinations of the sane. The same scanty anecdotes were repeated over and over again; and it hardly occurred to any one that the content of the hallucinatory pictures might be a valuable key to mental processes impossible to reach by other means. Two independent researches were then made which have given quite a new aspect to the study. In the first place the French hypnotists (Liébeault, Richet, Bernheim, etc.) showed

again, as the older mesmerists had shown long ago, that it was possible to create in certain healthy subjects vivid and prolonged hallucinations by suggestion in the hypnotic state,—such suggestion taking effect either immediately, or at any subsequent date which the operator may choose to assign. That is, the hypnotizer can either say to his subject, "See, there is B. Go and shake hands with him;" or he can say, "At noon next Tuesday, B. will enter your room, and you will shake hands with him," and in each case the subject will see B. at the time and in the attitude thus previously fixed for him. In this way hallucinations can be manufactured in any quantity; and we can analyze the elements of which they are composed, noting how much of the detail is due to the hypnotizer's suggestion, and how much to the subject's own mind.

An important step had thus been made in the study of the mechanism of experimental hallucination. There still remained the need of some wider knowledge as to what hallucinations spontaneously occur. It is to the late Mr. Edmund Gurney that we owe the first systematic attempt to supply this information on a large scale. He set on foot the first census of hallucinations, in 1885, and succeeded, after much trouble, in getting 5,705 persons, selected at random, to answer questions somewhat resembling those which I shall presently describe. With the resulting information to go upon, the study of the hallucinations of the sane has left the anecdotal and entered on the scientific stage. A multitude of psychological questions are opened up; nor can any discussion on the nature of memory, the association of ideas, the scheme of images by which thought is carried on, the relation between the conscious and the unconscious mind, etc., be henceforth conducted without reference to what the study of hallucination has taught us.

Still more recently, a further discovery, or rather re-discovery of an ancient phenomenon, has shown still further possibilities of instruction. In a paper on "Some recent Experiments in Crystal-gazing," in Part XIV. of the "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research" (Trübner), we find the rational interpretation of many a discredited story from the Dark Ages or the East. Crystal-gazing, in fact, is simply an empirical method of inducing artificial hallucination. If a person gifted with the right kind of visual memory—or whatever the faculty be—looks intently into some clear object, undisturbed by reflections, he will gradually see scenes or figures shaping themselves therein. These figures are plainly analogous to figures seen in dreams; they seem generally to proceed from some unconscious stratum of the gazer's own mind; they rarely depict anything which he might not conceivably have dreamt. But at any rate there the figures are; they are hallucinations experimentally produced; the gazer can watch their behavior—sometimes even through a magnifying glass—and become, as it were, the conscious spectator of the automatic working of his own mind. Little is as yet known as to the conditions which tend to produce these figures; but there seems thus far to be no evidence that they are morbid phenomena, but rather to the contrary, that they come in times of healthy tranquillity, and are put a stop to by illness or fatigue.

These self-induced hallucinations, however, lie outside of our present subject. I mention them here in order to illustrate the growing change in our attitude towards hallucinations. We are ceasing to look on them exclusively as signs of injury or disturbance; we are beginning to regard them as messages transmitted upwards from the unconscious to the conscious self.

Enough, perhaps, has been said to show that there may be a good deal of knowledge to be gained from the study of these singular by-products of the human mind. Let us see in what way the census attempts to gather it.

Professor Sidgwick, Hillside, Cambridge, will send to any one willing to aid, a Paper A., affording space for twenty-five answers, Yes or No, to the following question: "Have you ever, when believing yourself to be completely awake, had a vivid impression of seeing or being touched by a living being or inanimate object, or of hearing a voice; which impression, so far as you could discover, was not due to any external physical cause?"

This question has been carefully framed so as to exclude, as far as possible, both dreams and mere illusions, or misinterpretations of real sights and sounds; and to include all hallucinations, except those of taste or smell, which are rare and difficult to distinguish from mere illusions. It will be observed, moreover, that reports of sounds other than voices are not asked for; the reason being that it is difficult to be sure that such sounds have not some physical, but undetected cause. The first point which we wish to make out is what per centage of sane adults have had any kind of hallucination. It is therefore just as important to collect negative answers as affirmative. The question should be put indifferently to an acquaintance of the collector's; he should not sin out those whom he knows to have had some hall

nation. Such persons should indeed be asked for their experiences, but a mark should be put to their names in the census paper to indicate that the collector knew before he asked them that their answer would be Yes. With a little care in this and other points, which I need not here explain in detail, it is possible to get a very fair sample of the experience of the community at large. There were good reasons for thinking that even Mr. Gurney's 5,700 formed a fair sample; and the number of replies which we now hope to collect should be five or ten times larger.

When, however, these answers Yes or No have been collected, the greater part of the work still remains to be done. It remains to elicit the real meaning of the affirmative answers; and for this purpose, a Paper B. is submitted to each informant who has answered Yes to the question on Paper A.

After asking for an account of the actual experience, Paper B. proceeds to inquire whether the percipient—the person who experienced the hallucination—was in grief or anxiety at the time. Grief and anxiety are popularly supposed to be strongly predisposing causes of hallucination; and no doubt they are so to some extent. But the result of our collections thus far,—both of Mr. Gurney's census and of many other inquiries made in different ways—has been to show that the influence of these moral causes has been much exaggerated, and that emotional hallucinations (so to term them) form a small proportion of the total numbers. And here we approach the most curious point in the whole inquiry; the evidence, namely, that the percipient's hallucination is often due not to his own state, but to the state of some other person. The next question on Paper B. runs as follows: "Was the impression that of some one whom you were in the habit of seeing, and do you know what he or she was doing at the time?" Now in a proportion of cases which, as it stands at present, is far too large for chance to explain, the answer to this question would have to be, "the person whose figure I saw was dying at the time, although I was in no way aware of it."

It might have been expected that relatives watching by a death-bed, or anxiously awaiting the news of a death, might experience some imaginary sound or sight. But no ordinary explanation will meet the unquestionable fact that many trustworthy men and women have experienced the sole hallucination of their lives in the shape of the figure of a friend, at the moment when that friend, about whom they felt no anxiety whatever, was actually dying in some distant place. This, as some of my readers may know, is the main thesis which the testimony collected in "Phantasms of the Living" tends to prove; and during the three years which have passed since the publication of that work the evidence for that thesis, in this and other countries, has become materially stronger. The force of evidence of this kind is cumulative; and inasmuch as the detailed cases are tedious reading, and the whole conception of telepathy, or influence exercised at a distance by one mind upon another, is strange and repugnant to many minds, it will be necessary to go on patiently, gathering fresh evidence for a long time before we can expect its weight to be generally admitted. But I beg of the reader to observe that in advocating and carrying out this present census we are offering to those who differ from us the only possible method of conclusively disproving our own view. Suppose that 50,000 answers, or more, are collected from England, France, America, etc., and that among those answers we find few or no veridical or truth-telling hallucinations—sights or sounds which in some way coincide with some actual event, like a death, occurring at a distance, but a great multitude of falsehood-telling images; figures of friends whom the percipient supposes to be dying, but who are really in their ordinary state, and the like—then it may become plain that we must explain away as the effect of chance even the close and detailed coincidences of which "Phantasms of the Living" affords many specimens. If the inquiry is pushed far enough, it must either refute or confirm our theory in a decisive manner. Other points of interest there will be on which the census will probably suggest as many problems as it solves. But on this point of coincidence, if only the inquiry goes far enough, the mere doctrine of chances must afford a conclusive reply.

Those of us who believe in these truth-telling or veridical hallucinations have at least, therefore, done all that we could to put our view to the test. We formed that view on the strength of evidence collected in a less systematic mode than the census offers, but greatly exceeding in amount all previously existing first-hand evidence as to the hallucinations of the sane. We tested this evidence as well as we could; traveling many hundred miles in order to obtain personal knowledge of our informants. We then published the evidence in full detail, endeavoring to bring out its weak as well as its strong points. Mr. Gurney then laboriously carried out his census, in order to ascertain whether there was such a multitude of merely delusive hallucinations in the world that the

coincidences which we had discovered could be explicable by chance. The figures resulting from his census told strongly—I might say conclusively—against the explanation by chance. But it was still his wish—which is now being carried out—so largely to extend this basis of inquiry, that the result, on one side or the other, might come out with the clearness of a mathematical operation.

The public may, I think, be confident that the census will be fairly conducted. The name of Professor Sidgwick, whom the Congress has set over the task in England, does not need my comments. M. Marillier, who is managing the census in France, is necessarily less known to my readers; so I may say without offence that he was selected simply for his scientific competence, and that he is at present unconvinced of the existence of any veridical hallucinations at all, and inclined to press the explanations of chance and defective testimony to the utmost.

Whatever the truth may ultimately prove to be, surely the patient dispassionate collection of actual contemporary facts is the only course worthy of fair-minded men in an age of science.

The next question on Paper B. brings us to a point of singular significance. "Were there other persons present with you at the time? and, if so, did they in any way share the experience?" Now hitherto hallucinations, strictly speaking, have been supposed as a matter of course to be confined to the one mind which creates them. Of course, insane delusions, of persecution and the like, are frequently propagated by suggestion from one insane person to another. But who would think of asking whether a stranger coming into the room while Nicolai was watching his phantasmal figures would have observed any greyish people passing through the apartment? The delusion depending on the state of Nicolai's brain must obviously be confined to the sufferer himself. Well, we have discovered a good many cases in which, contrary to all apparent probability, the same phantasmal figure has been observed, or voice heard—simultaneously, distinctly, and without traceable suggestion—by more than one percipient at the same moment. Look at this fact how you will, it is one of the greatest puzzles which psychology has ever encountered. We cannot wonder that persons who have had such an experience as this should altogether repudiate the idea of a hallucination—should assert that what they saw must have been in some sense a reality. And in the present state of our knowledge we cannot answer such remonstrances. We cannot bring forward cases where hallucinations which were probably the mere result of morbid states have been communicated without suggestion from one person to another. And, if the word hallucination be objected to, it may be dropped altogether. Its use has been avoided in the census papers which I am describing, in order to avoid even the appearance of prejudging any question which the inquiry raises.

As an illustration of the kind of difficulty which meets us here, I will give a brief sketch of a case, not of an emotional or exciting kind, communicated to us independently by the two percipients, who have never talked of the matter and scarcely met since the month of the incident, and whose accounts coincide with remarkable closeness, considering that one account was written down nineteen years, and the other twenty-three years, after the incident. It is worth noting, by the way, that it is impossible to generalize as to the degree of correctness of memory after the lapse of a given number of years. Sometimes details are utterly distorted after a few years' interval; sometimes, as here, independent accounts will reproduce the incident many years afterwards with no more discrepancy than there might have been were the story a week old. We printed this case in "Phantasms of the Living" (vol. ii., p. 348), on the strength of Mrs. Elgee's sole testimony, being then unable to trace her fellow-percipient, now Mrs. Ramsay, but whose married name Mrs. Elgee did not know. By a fortunate accident we lit on Mrs. Ramsay, who kindly consented to write out her account before reading Mrs. Elgee's; and we had then the satisfaction of perceiving that our confidence in Mrs. Elgee's accuracy of recollection had been fully justified. These two ladies, who were travelling to India together, but not otherwise intimate, were sleeping in the same room at the Hotel de l'Europe, Cairo, in November, 1864. Both of them, without any communication, saw by the early morning light a figure in the room. It is absolutely impossible that the figure can have been a real person; and it was in fact recognized by Mrs. Elgee as the phantasmal likeness of [General, then] Major Elgee's intimate friend, Colonel L. (since dead), who was at that time in England, and who, as Mrs. Elgee learned from himself subsequently, was at that moment—unless some error has crept into the dates—earnestly desiring to consult her as to an offered appointment. Well, if Mrs. Elgee alone had seen the figure, the hallucination (though unique in her life) might have been deemed a purely subjective phenomenon, and the coincidence with Colonel L.'s earnest thought of her might have been ascribed to chance. But the curious

thing is that Miss Denny (now Mrs. Ramsay)—who had never seen Colonel L., and knew nothing about him—actually saw the figure first. Mosquitoes had kept her broad awake; she saw the figure-form itself in the room and advance to Mrs. Elgee, and she saw Mrs. Elgee wake and show perturbation at the sight. Each lady describes the figure's movements and expression in much the same way, but the lady who did not know Colonel L. thinks that the figure had a beard, whereas Colonel L. had only whiskers and mustache. Mrs. Ramsay, like Mrs. Elgee, has never seen any other hallucinatory figure whatever. Now we do not of course expect that every one will implicitly accept the explanation offered in "Phantasms of the Living" for this or cognate phenomena. Far from it; there must be a much wider attention directed to these problems before any consensus as to their solution can be attained. But the man who thinks that there is here no problem to solve—that the collection of further cases of the kind could teach us nothing—has surely marked out the limits of human knowledge with his own foot-rule in somewhat too confident a spirit.

The next question on our census paper is as follows: "Please state whether you have had such an experience more than once, and, if so, give particulars of the different occasions." This question also has brought some interesting replies. In the first place, it is clear that if a percipient (like Mrs. Elgee and Mrs. Ramsay above) has had one single hallucination only in the course of his life, and if that one hallucination has coincided with the death or grave crisis of the person whose phantom is seen, the evidential value of the case is greatly strengthened. If the single hallucination of my life represents my friend Smith, and Smith dies at that moment, there is more ground for supporting a real connection between the two events than if I had several hallucinations every week; and it so happens that the majority of the persons who have had a coincidental or veridical hallucination have had no other hallucination whatever. But there are cases where the same percipient has had several, or many, hallucinations. Sometimes all of these seem to be merely subjective, and to occur only under special conditions of health. Sometimes, on the contrary, the same percipient will have experienced several hallucinations of varying kinds, all of which seem to have coincided with some external event which they in some way notified or represented. And sometimes—and these are not the least instructive cases—the same percipient will have had some truth-telling and some delusive hallucinations, which two classes will sometimes be distinguishable by his own sensations at the time, before the event is known.

I have indicated some of the more important points which the census papers are intended to bring out. Thus far the collector's work, and the percipient's, will go; the task of weighing and analyzing the evidence is a more complicated one, and cannot be described here. Suffice it to say that our principle has always been to give our material fully to the world; to afford our readers (as far as we can) the same opportunity with ourselves for independent judgment; and carefully to point out any mistakes into which we may discover ourselves to have fallen.

We will do our best, I say, to present the evidence in such form that others may be able to judge of its value as well as ourselves. But we cannot make bricks without straw. The success of the inquiry depends in reality on the number of persons whom we can persuade to expend a certain amount of time, trouble and tact, in collecting first-hand evidence from their own acquaintances. Our group of active and capable volunteer collectors is a growing one; and we observe that, as soon as any one has looked deeply enough into the matter to feel its reality, his interest is pretty certain to continue and to increase. Considering how many people there are who are anxious for more light on the deepest problems, we may fairly hope that more and more of them will come to see that it is by collecting facts, and not by cherishing aspirations or spinning fancies, that light is ultimately won.

Light, I repeat, on the deepest problems which can occupy mankind. For although I have thought it right to explain that in the view of the majority of the savants who have set their sanction on this inquiry the fresh knowledge to be looked for is such as will fall within the domain of accepted science, ordinary psychology, yet I have no wish to conceal my own confident hope that more light will thus be shed, even as (I hold) much light has already been shed, on man's inmost nature, and his prospect of survival after death.

Up till the present time there has been scarcely any serious attempt to collect and weigh the actual evidence for our survival, in the same way as we collect and weigh the evidence—often still more sporadic and inferential—for all kinds of phenomena in the past or present history of the earth and man. The inquiry is virtually a new one; and although to those who are wont to scale the Infinite with leaps and bounds ours may seem a sadly *terra-terre* proceeding, yet the ad-

vantage of *terre-a-terre* progress is that at least you feel firm ground beneath your feet.

A pike and a perch—my readers will recognize that this is a fact and not an apologue—were once confined in a tank, each on one side of a glass partition. For some months the pike butted constantly against the transparent barrier, with no result except bruises on his nose. At last he concluded that the perch could not be caught, and ceased to try for it. The partition was then removed; and the pike could have swallowed the perch at any moment. But he had made up his mind that the thing was impossible, and he let his prey swim under his jaws without even making a snatch at it.

Now let the pike represent mankind, and let the perch stand for knowledge of an unseen world. The sheet of glass will be the supposed impassible demarcation between "material" and "spiritual"—"natural" and "supernatural" things. Perhaps if we make a bold dash we shall find that there is no barrier at all, and that perches innumerable are swimming about in our midst. Let us hope that the meshes of our census may be drawn tightly enough to catch them.

A CITY AND A SOUL: A STORY OF CHICAGO.

By SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

CHAPTER XIII.

CONCLUSION.

Neither Justin nor Constance will ever forget the night of the Haymarket tragedy. It was the beginning of a new life for each of them—of their love life.

How their sweet confessions were made in the intervals when they were left alone, while Mr. Meyer had a few moments of sleep, and Pauline watched by his side, we leave for lovers to guess. But before the sun rose on a disturbed and disorderly city, while wails of woe and sorrow were going up from widows and orphans over their dead and dying; while sorrow was in the house, and in their own hearts, the night was one to remain ever sacred in their memory.

During that night Constance learned how long Justin had gazed upon her in silent worship as he might gaze at a lovely star too far apart from his world for him to dream of reaching it; how he admired the genius that could put on canvass such paintings; how his innermost being had thrilled at the first sound of her dear voice. And he learned that at first she had not cared for him at all; but that as she noted his eagerness for knowledge, found how cogently he could reason with Mr. Meyer and overthrow his fallacies, heard how thoughtfully kind he was to all; and had learned of his heroism in risking arrest to save a woman from a ruffian, she could not help admiring him, though she had never really known her own heart until this night when she saw him wounded for friendship's sake.

Then their future was talked over. She knew they must wait until after he was admitted to the bar; then with his uncle Fairfield's aid, his way would be clear.

About 4 a. m. Pauline thought Mr. Meyer was worse and Justin went for the family physician, a German. He shook his head when he saw the unfortunate man.

And how fared Ferdinand and Laura? Lights were burning in the library and hall-way of the Fairfield mansion as the hack drew up before it. All the inmates had retired save Mr. Fairfield, who had that evening returned from a trip made in behalf of a client to a farming section of Minnesota, and having first heard of the Blue Island avenue riot on the train to the city, he remained up reading the newspaper account of it. The street lamp directly in front of the house threw a strong light on Laura's face as the driver opened the hack door and helped her out. Despite the experiences of the night, it was not a frightened or sorrowful face which was thus revealed; rather, it was aglow with hope and tenderness. What had happened? What had been said during that drive across the city to thus change her expression it is not for the scribe to say; the love secrets of a girl like Laura Delmarthe are not for us to meddle with.

She ran lightly up the steps to prepare the family for Ferdinand's accident. She rang the bell, and Mr. Fairfield himself came to the door, but before opening called out, "Who is there?" "Laura Delmarthe," she replied. "I have news for you!"

Utterly astounded, he opened the door to her, half smiling as he saw the tall, graceful figure on the step. "Have you come home—at last?" he could not help saying to her; for the breach between her and Ferdinand had grieved him deeply.

"Perhaps," she said, blushing. Then she rapidly sketched the awful events of the night, relating how bravely Ferdinand had gone with Justin to prevent her friend's insane husband from doing mischief to himself or others; why she and Constance happened to present, and finally how Ferdinand had been unduly by a stray pistol shot in the melee, and was waiting in the hack to be helped into the house.

In a few minutes the whole house was astir, and blaze with light. The men servants were summoned

to help Ferdinand in, the family physician was sent for that they might be sure his wound was properly cared for. Mrs. Fairfield came hurriedly down; the story of the bomb-throwing, and police raid, was told over and over again by Ferdinand, helped by Laura, and general excitement prevailed from kitchen to parlor.

In the midst of it all, Flossie just awakened, came down the broad stairway in her trailing night robes, her eyes wide open, glistening like stars—delighted curiosity in every change of her expressive face.

"Oh! what is it all about? Is it a party? Is the house on fire? O, Ferd!" as she caught sight of his bandaged limb, "have you been fighting a duel?" Then seeing Laura sitting a little apart, "Or have you been 'loping with her and broke your leg tumbling out of the window? Why didn't you borrow one of the firemen's rope ladders; then you need not have tumbled. I've seen the picture of a lady 'loping on a rope ladder—its just splendid!" Then going nearer to Laura, "Oh, I know now who you are! You are Laura Delmarthe—the lady I heard mamma and papa talking about that was going to marry Ferd. One time I was afraid you were my cousin Justin's girl, when I saw you with him in the Park."

Mrs. Fairfield, who had been talking to the doctor at the door, who had just taken his leave, caught the few last sentences as she was entering, and cried out: "Flossie!—what nonsense are you talking now?—Ferdinand is hurt, and is going straight to bed. You must go back to your room child, and I'll tell you all about it in the morning!"

"In a moment, mamma," said the wilful sprite, "I want to know now what Miss Delmarthe is here so late for. Have you come to marry Ferd?" she asked, addressing Laura.

Laura blushed and Ferdinand laughed. "That's what I've been teasing her to do, Flossie—I've waited for her as long a time as Jacob waited for Rachel. Don't you think she ought to take pity on me now?" he said.

Flossie looked from one to the other gravely a moment, and then laid her hand on Laura's shoulder. "Why don't you marry him?" she asked. "there's lots of girls round here would be glad of the chance—better looking ones than you"—looking critically at Laura—"but then if he likes you best you ought to marry him—will you?—I think you'll like him when you come to know him better; he isn't a very bad fellow—he's a little silly some times when he thinks he can bother me, but I don't mind him, and you needn't. I'd admire to have a wedding in the house, for its the wish of my heart to be a bride's-maid. Lullie Jones had a wedding at their house and she was a bride's-maid. O, didn't she look cute and lovely! Oh, my! and she gave me the sweetest box of wedding cake. Oh, do marry Ferd, wont you?" she pleaded.

"I think I will," confessed Laura, "but not to-night, so you may as well go to bed."

"All right!—I'm going; good night, sister;—Oh, I guess I'll kiss you!" And she suited the action to the word, and scampered off.

"You might be as kind to me, Laura," whispered Ferdinand, as his mother followed Flossie, to give some orders.

"I think you've had excitement enough for one night," she said but with a look in her eyes which satisfied him.

Mr. and Mrs. Fairfield would not consent to Laura's return until morning, but though she went to the room assigned her, she slept none that night, for late as it was, Mrs. Fairfield followed her and they had a long earnest talk which lasted until day broke. Mrs. Fairfield half confessed that at one time she had hoped to win Ferdinand from what she considered only a boyish attachment to Laura, but she owned that she had been brought to see that it was the one love of his life, that trifling as he sometimes seemed in his liking for gaiety, and sport, yet in this he was true, steadfast, deeply in earnest. "I think Laura," she concluded, "that his having lost you temporarily has nearly been the shipwreck of him, and I long with all my heart now for your marriage to him, for I feel assured that in that lies his salvation. I know, my dear, that you have an independent spirit, and have been partly weaned from us all since our separation, but such a love as Ferdinand gives you is not given to every woman, and ought not to be thrown away. I know," she sighed, "that he has been a little wild, but he declared to me that it was the result of his longing for you; and his father always loved you, Laura."

So when the two women parted it was with a better understanding, and genuine feeling on the part of both; and Laura, unasked, bestowed upon the mother the kiss she had refused the son; but it was bestowed because of her love for the son, the love that had never been quite out-lived, and which now burned with renewed force.

Julius Meyer lived but a few days after the Haymarket Square tragedy occurred. He never regained his reason, nor recognized again his devoted wife. For a day or two Justin's wound pained him so much that Mrs. Vane insisted upon his remaining quiet at his

home. So he enlisted the sympathy of his friend Floyd in behalf of the Meyer's, and Floyd managed to call every day, and report to Justin. When Julius Meyer died, it was Justin and Floyd who were most active in relieving the heart-broken young widow of all care in the arrangements for the quiet funeral. For one incident of the event, however, neither they nor Pauline had arranged. Just before the last sad services began, about a dozen sombre, earnest looking men filed silently into the room. Each wore on the lapel of his coat a rosette of red ribbon; each carried in his hands a bouquet of carnation pinks or red roses. They were seemingly all strangers to the relatives, and invited friends assembled (save that Justin recognized in one the young orator of Douglas Park), but they listened with respectful attention to the short address of Pauline's Lutheran pastor, and at the close of the services they gathered with emotion round the coffin of the dead man, upon which each laid his bunch of flowers. One man, Floyd afterwards declared, he heard murmur softly, as he gazed upon Meyer's still face, the fatal word "*ruhe*," several times repeated. Then as the funeral cortege wended its way toward the depot, they quietly took their departure.

Ferdinand's wound was followed by some weeks of feverish illness and confinement to his room. Laura visited him once or twice during that time, and sent him many a dainty little note besides. Their marriage took place, Christmas of the same year at the home of the bridegroom, and Flossie was made supremely happy in her coveted role of bridesmaid in which she cut the quaintest figure imaginable.

It was shortly before the day in June on which Lissa Wood was to become Mrs. Will Adams, that Justin made a partial confession of his Brownville entanglement to Constance, and put a sum of money in her hand with which to procure such a wedding present as she thought suitable for the farmer's silly, but pretty, daughter. Constance must have realized with true sympathy her dear Justin's position, for she bought a gift which delighted Lissa, and which is shown on state occasions, as when Mrs. Will Adam's parlor is open for the "Ladies Society of Church" to sew and gossip in, as "the wedding gift of an old beau of mine,—Lawyer Dorman, whom I mitted for Will—more's the pity!"

On Thanksgiving Day, 1887, soon after the supposed instigators of the Haymarket massacre had been executed, Justin and Constance were quietly married. Mr. Fairfield died suddenly of heart disease in the earlier part of that year, and the firm's name is now "Fairfield and Dorman." Ferdinand is developing an interest in his profession which, though not equal to that which his cousin shows, is yet a great improvement on what the elder Fairfield ever dared hope for, and Mrs. Fairfield, now a widow, ascribes it to Laura's influence. Flossie would be very angry to-day should any one hint that her "sister Laura" was not perfection itself; she is so fond of her, that her most "perverse" days are those on which she fancies Laura cares more for Cousin Justin's wife than she does for her sister Flossie; for she does not yet take kindly to Constance whom she has not quite forgiven for marrying Justin. But she is, in a fair way to do so, since Constance began an ideal picture of her in her bridesmaid's attire. It is to be called "The Elfin Bride" and Flossie is never happier than when posing for it.

Ernest Floyd is now one of the editorial corps of a leading Chicago daily. Pauline Meyer resumed her work as teacher in the public schools soon after the death of her husband. Floyd's interest in her, awakened in the saddest days of her life, has continued unabated ever since. Pauline's face of late has grown brighter and lovelier. Constance and Justin ascribe this to a secret cause which Floyd lately hinted to Justin. The widow has taken off her mourning, and Constance thinks, will soon don bridal robes, when Floyd will play the part of groom.

Mr. Vane is still in the office at an increased salary. He is more a trusted friend, than a mere hired clerk. Mrs. Vane is now as fond of Constance as she is of Justin. Lawyer Dorman's interest in the great industrial and social questions of the age is unabated; but with wider knowledge and broader views he is better able to distinguish between practical reformatory movements and merely visionary, utopian theories. If his mind is less dominated by optimism he is none the less a believer in "Meliorism," to use George Eliot's expressive term, by which she designated belief and confidence in the amelioration, or the improvement of society; and every good word and work for the elevation of workingmen finds in him an able, courageous, and faithful friend. He is still too young to have reached his highest intellectual or moral altitude, but in him already can be seen the wondrous effect upon a once dormant soul of the multifarious influences of such a city as Chicago.

THE END.

The telegraph lines at work in India now extend over 33,000 miles, representing no less than 100,000 miles of wire. Last year the net profit was nearly 4 per cent.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

Could we but draw back the curtains
That surround each other's lives,
See the naked heart and spirit,
Know what spur the action gives,
Often we should find it better—
Purer than we judge we should;
We should love each other better
If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives,
See the good and bad within,
Often we should love the sinner
All the while we loathe the sin.
Could we know the powers working
To overthrow integrity,
We should judge each other's errors
With more patient clarity.

If we knew the cares and trials,
Knew the effort all in vain,
And the bitter disappointment—
Understood the loss and gain—
Would the grim external roughness
Seem, I wonder, just the same?
Should we help where now we hinder?
Should we pity where we blame?

Ah! we judge each other harshly,
Knowing not life's hidden force,
Knowing not the fount of action
Is less turbid at its source.
Seeing not amid the evil
All the golden grains of good;
Oh! we'd love each other better
If we only understood.

—WOMAN'S WORK.

In 1880 a party of ladies met at the Palmer House, Chicago, and took steps to organize a training school for nurses on the plan of the Bellevue Hospital Training School, which resulted in the establishing of the Illinois Training School for Nurses. A public meeting held in January, 1881, resulted in donations to the school aggregating over \$15,000. Two years later it had twenty-one pupil nurses and \$10,000 more was raised by private subscription. It has a home now for 100 nurses on Honore Street. Since the school was organized over 130 young women have graduated from it. Each pupil in the school has to serve two years, during which time she must attend classes every week instructed by the superintendent or assistant superintendent, and also attend weekly lectures by physicians and surgeons. During the first year she must reside at the home and serve as an assistant in Cook County Hospital, where the school now has charge of twelve wards and about 500 patients. Aside from the work done in Cook County Hospital but little gratuitous work has yet been possible by the Illinois Training School, but the liberal bequest of \$50,000, made by the late John Crerar, will undoubtedly be appropriated for the purpose of providing free nurses for the sick poor.

The Illustrated American: Sophia Braeunlich is an American woman who has risen, step by step, from the bottom to the top of the business ladder in the office of the *Engineering and Mining Journal* of New York. She married young, and was left dependent upon her own resources ten years ago. She had received a first class education, and after a few months' training in a school of stenography she obtained a situation as typewriter to Mr. Rothwell, the editor of the *Engineering and Mining Journal*, and president of the Scientific Publishing Company. Mrs. Braeunlich displayed such intelligence and energy that ere long Mr. Rothwell availed himself of her services as both secretary and assistant exchange editor. She mastered many of the technical details pertaining to the paper, attended the meetings of the American Institute of Mining Engineers with Mr. Rothwell and his daughter, and frequently went down into the mines on such occasions, thus gaining practical knowledge of various details that increased her usefulness in the *Journal* office. When the secretary and treasurer of the publishing company resigned his position Mrs. Braeunlich was elected to fill the vacancy. She displayed such remarkable executive ability, combined with energy and ambition, that at the first opportunity she was promoted to the office of business manager of the entire establishment, which she now holds, in addition to the secretaryship. In this capacity she often answers thirty or forty letters a day, availing herself of the services of four stenographers, whom she keeps well occupied. Some twenty clerks and other employees are under her immediate supervision. She has full charge of the advertising and financial departments, and in addition to the multiplicity of mental labor entailed by her position, she is now superintending government work

connected with the collection of gold and silver statistics for the coming census, which necessitates the employment of an additional clerical force. The room in which Mrs. Braeunlich spends most of her time is brightened with flowers, birds and pictures, and its neatness presents an agreeable contrast to the majority of journalistic business offices. She is described by one of the *Journal's* staff as "a modest, warm hearted, accomplished and irreproachable woman of strong character, with an instinctive clearness of vision that seems to be confined to woman, and with the sound judgment of a man," and it is added that "she possesses the absolute esteem and good will of all the gentlemen in the office, and is always a courteous lady though a strict disciplinarian. The office, as well as the work, is the better for her influence."

Chicago has a Visiting Nurses Association which was organized last November to provide trained nurses promptly for those who find themselves from accidents or sudden attacks of illness, urgently in need of skilled attention for the sick. The work of the association is a purely benevolent one, as the nurses receive no compensation from patients. The organization comprises a membership of over 400 ladies, including many of those most prominent in society and best known for their charities. The members pay an annual fee of \$2 each, but with many of them this is but an insignificant fraction of the amount contributed. Aside from the amount realized from the membership fees the expenses are met entirely by contribution. A few gentlemen have contributed, but nearly all the support comes from ladies. Mrs. E. C. Dudley is President; Miss Cornelia McAvoy, Vice-President; Mrs. F. H. Watriss, Secretary; and Mrs. William P. Conger, Treasurer. The Board of Managers comprises, besides these officers, nineteen other ladies. The central office is maintained in Room 36, No. 592 Dearborn street, where one of the board is in charge from 11 until 1 o'clock every day except Sunday. At the office supplies of lint, bandages, vaseline, alcohol, etc., and also of clothing, are kept for patients in destitute circumstances, and all nurses have to report to this central office Tuesday or Thursday of each week. Besides the nurse on the North Side referred to above others are engaged in the work on the South and West Sides. All are trained nurses, graduates of some training school. It is a common remark that a good nurse is worth more to a patient than medicine, and the fact that the value of specially instructed and trained nurses is coming to be more and more appreciated is evinced by the increased demand for such nurses, and by the growth of the training-schools in connection with a considerable number of the larger hospitals in this city.

Nothing can excel the devotion of Catholic sisters to the relief of the poor and suffering. The Handmaids of Jesus Christ constitute an order among Catholics the purpose of which is to care for the indigent and sick. In Chicago there are about seventy members of the order. Their services are free. Money is accepted as alms where there is ability and willingness to give, but not as wages. The sisters respond to all calls so far as possible, without any discrimination as to religion or nationality, and attend the most dangerous contagious diseases as willingly and as promptly as others. During the last year the ten sisters whose home is at the convent on Hudson street attended sick persons in 483 families, some of the cases of the most dangerous and most loathsome character. All these nurses are now with typhoid-fever cases. Not long ago one of the younger sisters who attended a case of typhoid-fever contracted the disease and sacrificed her life. Another sister is just now attending a poor girl 17 years old who is suffering from spotted typhoid-fever and blood-poisoning. The disease is a most loathsome one, the flesh of the patient falling off in large pieces and emitting a sickening odor. But the devoted sister will remain faithful by the sick girl's side till death relieves her.

Miss Florence Nightingale has just completed her 70th year, and her sister, the wife of Sir Harry Verney, has just died.

Mrs. Celia Thaxter, the New England poetess, whose home on the Isle of Shoals has been one of the greatest attractions to visitors there, is seriously ill of a combination of nervous diseases.

Christine Nilsson recently attended a musical soiree in Paris habited in a dress of moire antique of the new tomato red, relieved with sashes in a very pale blue and yellow. The blue ribbon of the Order of Isabella the Catholic crossed her corsage

transversely and she wore some splendid diamonds.

Lady Sandhurst, who has made a reputation as a liberal orator and organizer, lately received the compliment of the freedom of the city of Dublin, being the only woman on whom that honor has been conferred for 300 years.

A SPRING-TIME EPISTLE.

TO THE EDITOR: How greatly have the facilities for human effort been multiplied in the last half century! I have been from home five weeks, during that time have been in five States of the Union, travelled on an average fifty miles a day, had days and weeks without travel, save rides each day by elevated railroads or street cars; done sundry private errands, spoken several times, written a newspaper letter which had thousands of readers, and am here again to tell this simple yet wonderful story to your many readers from Illinois to Australia.

Fifty years ago the half of this could not have been done and that half would have cost double the labor the whole now has. Measure life by what we can do and we are older than Methuselah, who droned through his sleepy centuries in old Asia at a snail's pace.

Well said the poet:

"Better fifty years in Europe
Than a cycle in Cathay."

Doubtless that slow past had its golden hours, its gifted men and women. We owe it a debt not to be forgotten, but of all days give us to-day. And what makes to-day still better is that more poor mortals are daring to hope for a larger to-morrow, both here and in the great hereafter.

What a bower of beauty is the good earth in spring-time. From here to the sea coast is one garden of living green spread over meadow and forest; even the rude rocks on the mountain sides glow with the soft splendor of clinging vines and blooming flowers. Does man's soul stir with the awakening life of nature? It would seem so, for the Presbyterian ice is breaking up, and creed revision is an April shower pre-aging a May flood. The icy walls between this little day on earth and the great to-morrow in the summer land are quietly yet surely melting.

While in New York I went to a friend's house to spend the night, and his wife, coming home from a tour of shopping, sat down to talk of passing affairs, turned to me and described a sister who passed away fifty years ago, giving her name and relationship, and then told of a tall man delicate and of fine organization, held in reverent affection as a saint on earth, and then gave the name of William Peabody, with a long middle name she could not give. It was Rev. W. O. B. Peabody, of Springfield, Mass., the beloved and saintly minister whom I used to know as I sat in the pew in the Unitarian Church with my beloved parents and sister more than sixty years ago. In both cases I knew the persons from the descriptions, before the names were given. They were not consciously in my mind, and this lady had never heard of them, and was not entranced but in her usual normal condition. Other persons were also correctly described, and then our talk turned to common affairs. This was such private mediumship as is more common than many suppose, and came to me all unexpected yet welcome.

In Boston the old time Anniversary week came the last of May. The Baptists, Congregationalists, Unitarians and Universalists held their yearly meetings, with less for creed and more for deed, in finest spirit of fraternity, a larger hope and more freedom of thought than of old—a moving on and up along spiritual lines and not into agnostic fog. The Free Religious Association meetings were well attended, and the mutual question and answer, with no conclusion method, went on as usual, able men and women taking part.

The woman-suffrage meetings filled the ample Tremont Temple for a day with a noble audience. The evening festival, supper and short speeches—was in Music Hall and about a thousand sat at the tables, many more in the galleries hearing the wise and witty addresses. It was a success beyond any previous gathering of the kind, Mrs. Livermore, Lucy Stone, Henry B. Blackwell, Mrs. Chant and others, filling the time with timely words, fitted for the hour and for the grand and ample hall where Theodore Parker spoke for years to thousands of people each Sunday.

Not a meeting of Spiritualists among all these great assemblages, yet I know that many in them all are in unity with the great fact of spirit presence, and could feel

how the ideas of the great spiritual movement lighted up the addresses of some of the best speakers. Does this mean that it is to be a heaven rather than an organized effort, or that its genius favors the hills and the seashore and brightens the great camp-meetings at Lake Pleasant, Onset, Cassadaga and elsewhere?

Going to the *Banner of Light* office I failed to find its veteran editor Luther Colby, whom I hoped and wished to meet, but found Mr. Day at his post and Mr. Rich at the "business end" of the large bookstore, and all moving on fairly. Mr. Rich is a leading owner of the Hollis Street Theatre, built on the site of the old church where John Pierpont preached, its stage upheld and based on the walls of the old edifice. He told me that no liquor was sold on his premises or within a square of them—the only theatre in the world he thought, so free from such contamination. This is surely to his credit and it is interesting to learn of such a state of things on the very spot where that veteran temperance preacher and true Spiritualist preached so bravely for total abstinence and pure living.

I must reserve for a future epistle a more lengthy word touching the Bell Street Chapel movement in Providence, a valuable plan for a permanent theistic society and the growth of natural religion.

The new shape and dress of *THE JOURNAL* are good. It will make a capital and valuable bound book to keep in every family.

Yours truly,

G. B. STEBBINS.

DETROIT, Mich., June 4, 1890.

STRANGE PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

TO THE EDITOR: Ever since I was a child I have seen things when I darkened my eyes; when I involuntarily shut my eyes I see the best things. I believe I see grander objects with them shut than I have ever seen with them open—cities, parks, rivers, hills and valleys—rivers with their beautiful green banks and high bluffs, trees drooping over the water, sunlight and shadows sometimes moonlight and shadows on the water, just as plain as though I really stood there. I see beautiful homes, often see rooms, and can describe the furniture, even the figures on the wall, sometimes persons, one or more, sitting or moving about, often see children. At one time I may see a street in some city, the next time a country scene—a log cabin with a rail-fence around it, or a deep woods and ravines. I often see flowers—wreaths of flowers and light; beautiful faces, sometimes very homely faces—and all kinds of birds; arches made of pure, yellow or pinkish light.

When my father passed away nearly ten years ago, while he was on his death-bed, I saw sheaves of golden wheat, very full grains. I knew then his work was done here, and that it was time for him to go. I see him very often,—sometimes he is shown to me as he was when he was sick or laid out; sometimes he appears to be interested in something, a reading or a lecture, or something that is being said. People are shown to me as birds, animals, and snakes,—a scandal-monger is shown as a snake, the worse the scandal the deadlier the snake. A charmer or seducer is shown as a serpent. I was in the presence of a very pretty woman; she had a beautiful form, I wondered to myself involuntarily what her character was or her disposition. I shut my eyes, I saw an arch of pure, yellow light, just through the arch there was a serpent, half coiled, half standing,—there was a hazy or dreamy light around it all. Sometimes the stars and stripes are shown to prove that a person is honest and true. I have never seen the flag float out so grand and graceful as I see it in my vision. Wreaths of light in the rain-bow color are signs of friendship, peace and congeniality. But when I see shadows or skeletons and snarling cats everything goes wrong.

A few years ago I saw two hands sowing seed; one was a woman's hand, small and slender—the other was a man's hand. The woman's hand was white as marble, and in a white light or atmosphere, hazy with seed; the other hand was following in a dark shadow or atmosphere; the hand was dark and the seed was dark; the large hand was following the small hand but was lower, not on the same line. That vision was so plain I never will forget it. I often see the arch made of light with a dove on it, sometimes two flying gracefully around it. When I see a bleached skeleton it does not worry me, but when I see a rotten skeleton or a rattlesnake it thrills me into a terrible state of anxiety and content; for I know that suspicion jealousy are lurking near. My mother said

it is bad spirits, that show me such things to make me unhappy.

Events in my life have been pictured out to me a year and two years before they happened. For fear this will not be interesting to you, I will not tell any more of my visions. My mother and I are the only Spiritualists in our neighborhood. We have been taking THE JOURNAL seven or eight years. I have often thought I would write to you and if you thought it worth publishing you could do so. I am such a poor scholar, I put off writing from year to year; but since THE JOURNAL came out in its new dress, I feel as though I must write some of my experiences as a medium.

Yours respectfully,

KATE LEFFINGWELL.

DALTON CITY, Ill.

ADDITIONAL TESTIMONY SOLICITED.

AMERICAN BRANCH OF THE
SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH,
5 Boylston Place.

BOSTON, Mass., June 6, 1890.

TO THE EDITOR: I notice in your issue of May 31st, the first number of your new series, upon the appearance of which I heartily congratulate you—a very interesting case of a "phantasm of the dead." It is that described on page 15, under the title: "A Vivid Vision," over the signature of R. S. T., Stanton, Fla.

I hope that Mrs. R. S. T. will help us to make the evidence for this case as complete as possible. It belongs to a curious class of experiences, viz.: those in which an apparition of some deceased person is seen shortly before the death of a near friend or relative of that person.

It is important to obtain from Mrs. T.'s friend a first-hand account of her seeing the figure of Mrs. T.'s son in the church, together with any details concerning how she recognized him, stating how familiar she was with his appearance, etc. She should also state whether she is in the habit of having similar experiences. A statement should also be obtained, if possible, from any other person who was made aware of the vision before Mr. T. died.

Was Mr. T. in good health when the vision occurred, so far as Mrs. T. and her friend were aware?

What was the nature of Mr. T.'s illness? I hope that Mrs. T. will see the importance, from a scientific point of view, of supplying further information on this and kindred points. You can assure her that the name of her friend will be kept strictly private if she so desires, though we should like to receive the names both of Mrs. T. and her friend, and of any other witnesses in the case, simply as a guarantee of the genuineness of the communications.

I hope that if any of your readers have had any similar experiences they will recount them in THE JOURNAL, and send their names and addresses to me also, if they wish their names to be kept private. I would draw special attention, however, to the desirability of sending corroborative statements to THE JOURNAL, wherever possible, in the first instance. Readers of the publications of our society are aware that we ask specially for additional testimony not because we have any reason to doubt the veracity of our informants, who frequently take much trouble for the purpose of aiding us in our enquiry,—but because every additional independent statement renders a case much more valuable identically.

Yours sincerely,
RICHARD HODGSON,
Sec. A. B. S. P. R.

T. L. HARRIS.

TO THE EDITOR: Your article on third, on T. L. Harris, recalls an incident which occurred in New York City in 1854. I am with whom I was intimately acquainted, had lost their oldest child; a sweet girl of two and a half years. The parents were members of an Episcopal church. The child died on Christmas day the disease which took her off, was malignant scarlatina. The rector of the church to which the parents belonged, was asked to officiate at the funeral, but he declined. Another clergyman was applied to, and he also declined. The parents felt sorely grieved at the refusal of these Episcopal clergymen to officiate at the obsequies of their darling. A friend suggested Mr. Harris, and the parents gave a rather unwilling assent. Mr. Harris readily consented to officiate. I attended the funeral, and the first fourteen verses of the 14th of St. John, making them a basis of remarks which followed.

prayer which he offered, and the address which he delivered were full of com-

fort and consolation; they fell like balm to the wounded soul of the bereaved parents; it was "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning." The whole family and myself, became Spiritualists, and always attended Mr. Harris's meetings when he held them in New York. He was a brilliant and fascinating speaker, and we have always had a kind feeling and a sincere admiration for him, and I am truly sorry that his high ideal has not been realized. He is a poet of no mean order. Besides his "Epic of the Starry Heavens," and "Lyric of the Morning Land," he has written many shorter poems, all of which, so far as I have read them, have the ring of pure metal and the air of inspiration. I have lost track of him for the past twenty-five years, and reading your article recalls so vividly the circumstances under which I was attracted to the investigation of Spiritualism, that I cannot resist the impulse to relate the incident which sheds a halo of glory around the head of T. L. Harris.

Most truly,

WILLIAM V. NOE.

AN INCIDENT.

TO THE EDITOR: I herewith give you an account of an incident that happened to me yesterday: Having only arrived in this city I have been looking around for a situation and I managed to get one on Saturday, May 24th. It was about 9:50 a. m. when I accepted it, and I was told to come on the following Monday. I happened to know the time of engagement at 10 a. m., and I found I had just time to get to the place I had to call at, it being only two blocks away. On Wednesday last I received a letter from England which was posted before 5 p. m. (English time) on Saturday, May 24th. I know the letter was posted before that time as it is the latest time to catch the mail. In this letter my mother writes: "Mykanene has just said you have got a situation." I may say that Mykanene is a spirit that communicates through my father. Now this letter must have left the house by 4:30 p. m. at the latest, as the central postoffice is a mile and a half away. Allowing for the difference between Chicago and English time, which is about six hours and a quarter, I find that my mother was told of my getting the situation within twenty minutes of the time I settled about accepting it.

The account I have written above I vouch for and shall be glad to show the letter to any one that is interested and also to give all the details of the case.

Yours sincerely,

CHICAGO, June 5. NORMAN A. LEES.

THE GREATEST NEED.

TO THE EDITOR: The greatest need, in my opinion, in the Spiritualist movement of to-day is spiritual yeast to make clear, and purify the spirit atmosphere. The rank and file, and many of the Spiritualist leaders do not appreciate the value of the cause they have espoused. Even many of the mediums are working on too low a plane. They give you many things that you know to be true, many things that you do not know to be true, and which are not true in fact, then tell you to use your judgment as to what is true. Too many of them are sordid and full of greed for the almighty dollar, too much so to make their services of value in spiritual progress. Their love of the sensual and selfish is stronger than their love of the spiritual; hence their revelations can only emanate from spirits occupying the same plane with themselves, intermixed somehow with ideas that slop over from the medium's brain. This is putting the case in plain language, and the remedy is, to elevate the mediums in their mission. Place them on a higher moral plane where they can come in rapport with a more refined class of spirits, who will give much more satisfactory communication, and by force of spirit progress, lift the movement of to-day out of the narrow and unsatisfactory rut in which it is traveling, and place it on the broad gauge track which leads to success. The mediums, of course, are the main spoke in the wheel of knowledge, for through them, with few exceptions, we get the undoubted fact of the continuity of life. It is unfortunate that the surroundings of many mediums are such as to prevent their onward progress in spiritual matters. Many are so hampered with family discord that they cannot keep themselves "unspotted from the world," while others might attain great usefulness if they would enter upon the path that leads onward and upward, but they are reckless in life and character, and therefore, represent spirits of the same disposition. What Spiritualism needs to build it up quickly and substantially is a class

of mediums on a higher plane than most of them occupy to-day, a class that can attract intellectual and loving spirits, who can give interesting discourses and truthful tests, a class that live pure lives and make constant effort in spiritual progression. These are the adjuncts to great success, and the cause will step out of its swaddling clothes, when this class of mediums take the rostrum.

A. J. LANGWORTHY.

A CHANGE OF SENTIMENT.

TO THE EDITOR: An article in THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of December 28, I think, came to my hands a few weeks ago. It was headed "Slightly Bigoted" and referred to an occurrence in Valley City, North Dakota, last October. In justice to the ministers of that town and some of the people, I want to say that the atmosphere has changed somewhat during the past few months—for much to my surprise when they learned of my presence at the Memorial Service held May 23d, I was not only invited to sit on the platform but the Episcopal and the other ministers most courteously requested me to take part in the service, giving me my choice of the numbers assigned to them. One minister surprised me more than all by proposing that I should take the prayer, or the invocation. I chose the latter and read one of the hymns and was escorted to the platform by the orator of the day.

The Academy of Music in which the service was held was full, so that all the principal townspeople were witness of the public recognition of one who was refused the use of the Orthodox church for a Saturday evening meeting, six months before, on account of her religious doctrines. As the article of December seems to have been widely copied from THE JOURNAL, I thought it would perhaps be interesting to note this change. There have been perhaps a dozen liberal meetings in the town since October—Rev. Kristofer Jansen and myself being the only ministers who have preached the doctrine. And now I go to Valley City twice a month.

Yours respectfully,

HELEN G. PUTNAM.

JAMESTOWN, North Dakota.

A WORD FROM WASHINGTON.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER: THE JOURNAL is here in its new form, adorned with garlands of precious thought, and filled with the spirit of love and good cheer; and it seems to me that over and above all these there beams the light of promise for the future. That silver bow whose point dips into the turbulent skies of the past at one side, has beneath its arch, glorious achievements in the education of the race, as also the elimination of evils that beset the spiritual movement at its outset which can scarcely be measured. And to whom can we point so assuredly as the gleaner of the wheat from the chaff as yourself? I say this in no spirit of praise of you, for I feel sure you do not need me to speak the word which my friendship has always implied, but rather to comfort you, in the struggle which must have been entailed by the effort to clothe THE JOURNAL becomingly for the silver wedding. You have shown yourself as generous as you have been heroic and worthy of our highest confidence and affection. Through your heroism we have been led into fields of rarest, richest, fruitage, and our beautiful and holy faith, than which none other was ever more basely prostituted, is honored as never before. God grant you a continuance of life and blessings, commensurate with the good that you have accomplished for mankind is the devout wish of

Your sincere friend,

SEATTLE, Wash. MARY V. PRIEST.

CAUSE OF THE INCREASE OF CRIME.

TO THE EDITOR: Notwithstanding our increased facilities for obtaining news on long range lines, still it is a well-known fact that there has been a large increase of murders and suicides in proportion to our population in the last twenty years. Some are inclined to attribute this to a psychological influence on this generation arising from the effect of the war upon the mothers, but I find a still more potent cause in our popular, but rapidly growing unpopular, religion. It is well-known that the doctrine of a future life as taught in the New Testament and by the Catholic and Protestant churches is founded on a resurrection of the body, the end of the world and a general judgment. As the discoveries in science and the progress of general intelligence has wholly dissipated this hope and faith, the result is that thousands of

church members who still remain in the churches for social advantages, ignore all belief in a future life and believe death the end of existence. Added to this absurdity is the abominable doctrine of endless misery as taught by evangelists, revivalists, and salvationists. The Catholic church by such teachings as those in books and tracts like those by Rev. J. Furness, have led other thousands to reject the belief in future life, and believe death ends all. I think three-fourths of the Protestant church members, and outside of Spiritualists, of the public generally, really believe there is no future life, and that the churches are kept up for social and not religious purposes. The natural and legitimate result of this would be, as it is, an increase of murders and suicides with a constant quarreling of heirs over the property left by relatives, and unscrupulous cheating and defrauding with no fear of future punishment. In the days of ignorance and almost universal superstition, no doubt "the fear of hell and the hangman's rope kept many a wretch in order." But this fear is removed and now we read daily of parents murdering their children and committing suicide, husbands killing wives and themselves, and lovers killing the objects of their affection, or lust, and ending their own lives. There is a cause and I find it as above.

COBDEN, Ill.

WARREN CHASE.

APPROVAL AND COMMENDATION.

TO THE EDITOR: Your "new form" of THE JOURNAL reached me Saturday but the spirit is the same. The same thrilling chord of symphonious accordant harmony, thrilled me, and my anchorage was not disturbed by the death of the old, or the birth of the "new form," for the philosophy of infinite spirit progression and the manly appeals for a better and higher morality, run through both forms, the same as the sunlight that warms and gladdens the hearts of the poor and rich alike. I saw the first copy of THE JOURNAL in 1865. I liked it then, and still like it, and I note the improvement made in methods and manner of investigating the true status of Spiritualism. I realize "the change that has come over the spirit of our dreams" since then. From an age and a people of curiosity seekers and adventurers on the lookout for new avenues for money making, Spiritualism has advanced to an ethical position that commands respect. The struggle of Spiritualism to free itself from the unprincipled adventurers, who asked from it a license for lewdness, and wanted its mantle and shield to protect them from condign punishment for deception and fraud, has been fought manfully and with womanful success by and through THE JOURNAL.

In reading THE JOURNAL of twenty-five years ago, and of to-day, I find substantially the same underlying principles in both; except in the broadening views of the thoughtful minds, they are substantially the same. The millions of converts to belief in the intercommunication between the two worlds since THE JOURNAL was launched as a pioneer ship to be engaged in "a coast survey" on the boundaries of the other world, has been paralleled by no religion in the history of man. The brightest minds of the age have capitulated to the potent arm of fact and reason. It has taken its place along side of evolution as a science, and dispelled the dark forebodings of materialism.

On reading the names of the endorsers of THE JOURNAL with their good wishes, a flood of light is poured into my mind that enables me to see the wonderful fruition of the paper's work. The sincere Christian who has been groping in the darkness of faith, and at times crushed by forebodings of impending evil, finds "the proof palpable" of immortality that assuredly connects him with a better world and gives him a better assurance of a God to love and not to fear.

WALDO, Fla.

B. F. LIVINGSTON.

Speaking of THE JOURNAL's first issue in its new form and of the contents, Prof. Loveland writes:

Your opening article "What We Stand For," is the best statement of real Spiritualism I have ever seen in any paper without exception. You have defined Spiritualism, and drawn the line of distinction between it and Spiritism so clearly that I wonder how any one can remain in the middle of confusion as multitudes do. It is my special effort in my lecturing to make it clear and understandable that, mere phenomena or Spiritism, is not Spiritualism; and that more faith in the fact of spirit manifestation is a very doubtful boon. It is what the future life is, and the relation of this life to that, which concerns us

vastly more than the simple fact that we shall exist hereafter.

"The Foundation of Morality" is also an article after my own heart. And while entirely agreeing with you that no system of belief or philosophy is a basis of moral obligation, I think the idea of a future life necessary for a full comprehension and enforcement of ethical principles. The grand "tendency" of the infinite life, personalized in man, is the evolution—the perfecting of character. But the moral sublime, which is involved in that perfected character, loses vastly in potency, when we cease to regard it as an element of the unfolding glory of man in the realms of immortality. It is emphatically true, as you say, that we are to find the basis in the nature of man. And the unceasing trend of human nature in the ethical direction—the instinctive reverence of man for the moral truth and good,—the lofty ideals—the yearning aspirations of the noblest of the race for righteousness, the demonstrations—the *prima facie* evidences of a moral constitution in man.

A moral concept is, of itself, demonstration of an ethical nature, just as a mathematical one is proof that man possesses capacity for mathematics. This argument demonstrates immortality also. No being is capable of evolving any idea which is not a creation of, and in harmony with, its innate being. Man hungers for righteousness—for future life—immortality, because, and only because, possessed of an ethical and immortal constitution.

It seems to me, at times, wearisome to see men and women concentrating all their energies, and spending all their time upon the perpetually repeated phenomena of experimental Spiritualism. To grapple with the great principles of life and destiny never seems to attract their attention at all. I wonder what kind of a life such will find in the future. J. S. LOVELAND.

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For me the sordid cares in which farewell
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And wrath has left its scar—that fire of hell
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet though thou weav'st the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name
The same fair thoughtful brow and gentle eye.
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—WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

THE CASSADAGA JUNE PICNIC.

The eleventh annual Picnic of the Cassadaga Lake Free Association, assembled at Lily Lake, N. Y., on the 6th instant, continued in session three days. Miss Jennie B. Hagan, of South Framingham, Mass., and Willard J. Hull, of Buffalo, N. Y., were the speakers, and the North Western Orchestra, of Meadville, Penn., and John Lillie, of Boston, Mass., furnished the musical part of the entertainment. Willard J. Hull's subjects were: "Progress and its Responsibilities," and "Destiny." Mr. Hull is becoming celebrated as a lecturer on the spiritualistic platform, and his two lectures at the Cassadaga Picnic were highly thoughtful, admirably expressed and well received by all.

Miss Jennie B. Hagan always attracting and interesting, as any inspirational speaker on this occasion, seemed to transcend her remarkable gifts on former occasions. Her improvisations were the delight of all who listened to them. The subjects were wide and varied in their range, and most happily rendered. On the subject, "Flowers—the Poetry of Nature," she seemed the very incarnation of the spirit of poetry—and her own flowered like "a breeze amid blossoms blowing,"—nothing save the cold rain of Saturday marred the intellectual and social festivities of the occasion. Saturday morning was a season of conference. Addresses were made by Hon. A. B. Richmond, of Meadville; J. W. Dennis, of Buffalo, and Carrie Twing, of Westfield, N. Y., and as a fitting finale of the discussion, Miss Jennie B. Hagan gave an inspirational poem on "Charity." It was a season of fraternal greetings, social cheer and good will, long to be remembered. If we mistake not, it was a happy augury of the success of the approaching camp meeting six weeks later, of which it was the preliminary meeting. Echo.

Mr. W—of Denver, Colorado, writes: Mrs. Foye has been holding meetings here for the past five months to large and intelligent audiences and has advanced the cause greatly in this city.

Mrs. R. S. Lillie, speaks for the Religio Philosophical Society, of Grand Rapids, Mich., on the 24th and 25th of June. Mrs. E. F. Josselyn writes us that this association is growing in membership, and progressing in the direction of practical work.

The Spiritualist Association of Southwestern Michigan will meet in quarterly convention at Lake Cora, on Sunday, June 22, 1890. The speakers engaged are Mrs. R. Shepard Lillie, of Boston, formerly of Michigan, and Mrs. E. C. Woodruff, of South Haven. Mrs. R. A. Sheffer, Secretary, South Haven, Mich.

General and Mrs. David Jones accompanied by Mr. Samuel Reynolds and Mrs. Hopkins, all of Utica, New York, were in Chicago last week arranging for quarters during the World's Fair. The party left the 13th for St. Paul and the Northwest, and expect to visit Salt Lake City before returning, but promise to be at Lake Pleasant Camp in August.

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Sunday evening at 8 o'clock. This society was incorporated in 1885. The officers are: President, Mrs. K. A. Tingley; Treasurer, Mrs. Carrie Butler; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. P. B. Tingley; Secretary and Director, Rev. C. P. McCarthy.

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INDUSTRIAL PROBLEMS.

If competition is to prevail unrelieved and unmodified by moral principle and a humane spirit, if the employer is to get the most work possible for the smallest pay, regardless of the interest of the employees, the supply of labor to be limited only by the limit of population, then labor can never rise above the level of merchandise, of a mere commodity, and the condition of millions is hopeless. But I do not believe that the principle of justice and the sentiment of humanity which all acknowledge in the abstract, and which find practical expression in countless ways in private and social life, are to play no part in the solution of industrial problems.

Moral science is the science of human relations, and no economic theories as to the law of supply and demand can, in a progressive age, disregard the "higher law," the "moral law," in determining the fair distribution of the products of labor. As Mr. W. S. Lilly says in the February *Forum*: "The struggle for existence is indeed the universal rule of nature. But the sense of man, who is an ethical animal, perception of right and wrong, justice and injustice, is to moralize the struggle."

This can be done only as fast as men themselves become moral as well as intelligent, as fast as they become self-respecting, capable of self-restraint and of co-operative effort. When workmen come to understand that the remedy for the worst evils they suffer lies in their united and intelligent action, and not in governmental aid, they will be in a way to solve the labor problem and at the same time to escape the despotism of paternal government which makes slaves of its subjects.

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Julia Grey Burnett, Washington, D. C., writes: "The changed form of THE JOURNAL is for the best, and I hope your list of readers may be greatly increased."

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Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, the eloquent advocate of the spiritual philosophy, will lecture at Sherman's Opera House, Newark, N. J., June 24th. Mrs. A. Leah Underhill, of the Fox family, through whom "spirit rappings" first appeared in this country forty-two years ago, will be present.

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A BUDDHIST REVIVAL.

The Buddhist congress soon to be held in Paris, says a letter from Paris to the New York World, attracts attention to this remarkable religion. The congress is to have the importance of the great ecumenical council convoked by Pius IX. twenty years ago. Buddhist delegates are to come from all parts of the world, and intense is the interest manifested in Paris.

Five hundred million people on this globe are Buddhists, and, although Buddhism in Europe is confined to great minds, in France alone there are about 30,000 Buddhists. It is not generally known that Richard Wagner was a fervent Buddhist. But the European thinkers do not practice the doctrine of Buddhism. That is why the young Viennese student Udo Halmeyer has caused such consternation in the church. He is ascetic, fasts, or eats only fruits and vegetables, envelops himself in a hempen bag, and already treats with indifference physical suffering. Continuing in this manner, he would soon be the incarnation of Buddha, and the authorities talk of expulsion from the university for fear of his influence on the other students. The practice of Buddhism cultivates a sixth sense that in non-believers is always latent. By this sense one can foretell good or bad fortune, and the meditation that calls out this sense is always physical, psychological, and physiological. Physically the body must obey the mind, psychologically all human organic forces must be concentrated on this sixth sense, intuition, and physiologically respiration must be regulated to control the expenditure of vital force. As soon as this sixth sense is acquired the Buddhists are capable of knowing nature's secrets and of producing phenomena that seem supernatural, but are in reality the manifestation of forces very natural but not yet understood.

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The late D. A. Wasson did not hold Jonathan Edwards in very high esteem. At a meeting of the Chestnut street club in Boston, he said in discussing Dr. Holmes' essay on Edwards, that in his diary Edwards expressed the desire so to live as to secure for himself the greatest amount of future happiness. "I don't believe he was a good man," asserted Mr. Wasson. "In that is the key to his character. Edwards had a realizing mind, which understood fully the terrible import of eternal punishment and total depravity. Now the man who realizes those things and rolls them as a sweet morsel under his tongue and then becomes a father, that man is a scoundrel." Mr. Wasson thought most men did not thoroughly realize the full terrible truth of those doctrines, but Edwards did. "He was a cold-hearted, hard man; and his exaltations would have been possible only to a man essentially and at the core bad." This is a very severe judgment, and probably not entirely just to the great theologian.

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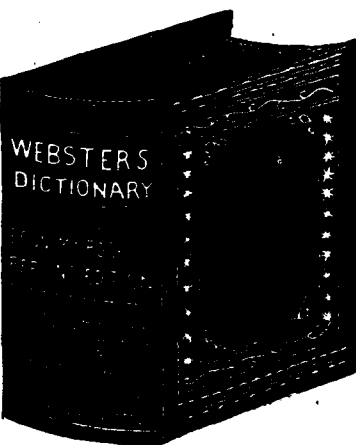
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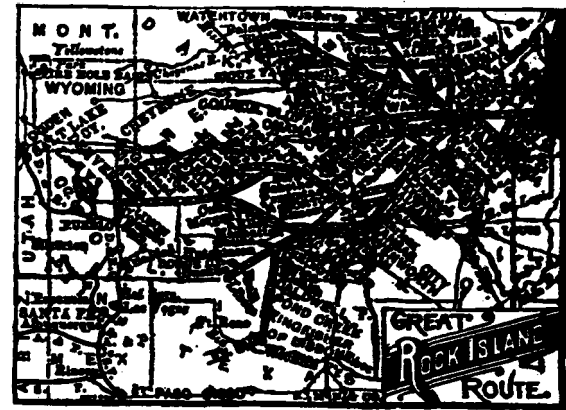


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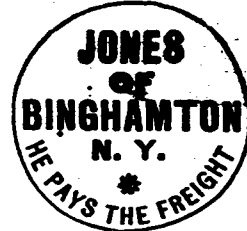
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THE JOURNAL will be sent FOUR WEEKS FREE to all who so request. A careful reading is respectfully asked. Persons receiving copies, who have not subscribed, may know that their address has been supplied by a friend and that the paper is either paid for by some one or is sent with the hope of closer acquaintance. Those receiving copies in this way will incur no financial responsibility.

THE JOURNAL BINDER.

Every reader who desires to preserve his paper and to know where to find it when wanted should procure a binder. The "Emerson" is the best one I know of; and a size suitable for THE JOURNAL in full cloth with the side stamped with the name of the paper in full gilt, will be furnished subscribers for seventy-five cents, which is fifty cents less than retail price. They will be supplied to none but subscribers at the reduced price. At the end of the year the numbers can be removed, if desired, and the binder is ready for the next year, and as good as new; or the volumes can be left in the covers and put upon the library shelf, and another binder procured. Every number has articles of permanent value—as good years hence as during the week of issue.

THE PUBLISHER.

"JUSTICE IS TRUTH IN ACTION."

Nothing can better show the truth of the motto used this week than the general approbation and respect accorded THE JOURNAL by the secular and religious press of the country. Among all of the more than five hundred notices the paper has received from contemporaries during the past three weeks, there is not one that does not speak respectfully of the objects to which it is devoted. That this should be done is far more gratifying to me than the very complimentary personal references to the editor and publisher, which, however, are duly appreciated and would serve as added incentives, were any required, to hold the paper up to the high mark of the past and even to surpass it. The other day I met on the street a gentleman of national reputation, one who travels much and is on familiar terms with many of the leaders of the various professions and industries. "You cannot possibly have any adequate idea," said he, "of the widespread influence THE JOURNAL has upon the world-at-large. On the cars, aboard Atlantic steamers and wherever I travel there is rarely a day that in the most worldly-minded and wealth-gathering company the subjects to which THE JOURNAL is devoted do not come up for respectful consideration; and invariably before it is over your paper is referred to as authority and you are mentioned with kindness and respect. I tell you it is the attitude of THE JOURNAL which is rapidly changing the attitude of the world toward Spiritualism." Similar testimony comes to me constantly from most unexpected sources; and this cumulative evidence is a daily demonstration that "Justice is truth in action." Truth can only be effective as it affects the consciousness; and this it cannot do until, heated with spiritual fire, its penetrating effluence pours out upon the thought-world, clothed in perspicuous language and carrying conviction home to rational minds.

Truth must be active to be potent; and when active, justice inevitably follows. THE JOURNAL has often been criticized for displaying vitalized truth. Indeed, I have been told time and again that some particularly striking exposition of the naked truth which THE JOURNAL had made had disgruntled thousands and would result in ruining the influence of the paper; but these predictions have never disturbed my equanimity nor deterred me a moment, for I knew that Justice reigned and in the end THE JOURNAL would be justified. And so it has ever been.

Contributors and subscribers, do you realize that you share equally with the editor and publisher in the good name and fame of THE JOURNAL and that as lovers of mankind, as soldiers of the truth you should bear equally with me the burden of responsibility in this long and arduous campaign through the little-known field of psychics, and in the never-ceasing warfare on old battle fields? I need your enthusiastic co-operation. I want your assistance to-day and to-morrow and every day, so long as you remain in mortal form; and I ask your active aid when you shall have passed the portals of death and entered upon that enlarged sphere of existence of which you feel sure and of which THE JOURNAL strives to teach.

AN OLD JOURNALIST'S BUGLE CALL.

DEAR COL. BUNDY: I have waited to see the second issue of the new JOURNAL before writing you my congratulations. The two remind me of an old townsman's description of his oxen. "That nigh ox is the best ox I ever seed, but the off one is just as good agin."

That first issue was just a crown of glory. The last beats it. There's a bigger halo around it. But that which chiefly interests me is the promise they contain. The paper indicates the grand upward trend of Spiritualism, which now has an organ fully

representative of all that is worth preserving. Glowing with fresh thought it marks an era. The Old dies. The day when every species of fraud and swindling are to be countenanced and apologized for by a newspaper claiming to be published in the interests of Spiritualism is on the wane. You are making the contrast so distinct between truth and error, fraud and honesty, decency and indecency, that the men engaged in doing their utmost to corrupt Spiritualism must soon become ashamed of themselves and quit.

Bravo! You deserve success. Somebody sends you ten dollars, toward a fund for helping those to THE JOURNAL who are unable to pay for it. I am another. Enclosed find check. The first of the "ninety and nine." Let us have a hundred of these ten dollar subscriptions at once. They can be had without a bit of trouble. Just as easy as falling off a log. Sound the bugle call, and the cash will roll in.

Ever yours,

CHAS. D. LAKEY.

New York, Press Club, June 7, 1890.

What Mr. Lakey proposes is entirely feasible; an easy thing to accomplish, if only the true missionary spirit once gets aroused. Indeed, once awakened it is likely to push forward with never-ceasing and cumulative force. Let us be able to record fresh recruits to the missionary host each week, and additional funds in the treasury. The field is large, the resources not at all commensurate with the work to be done.

Readers will remember the generous donation of \$50 from Mr. Aldrich; also the vigorous letter and \$50 of M. C. Seecey mentioned a couple of weeks ago. These amounts with that of Mr. Lakey will be used for the purposes designated. The publisher also needs a well equipped missionary bureau to relieve him of a vast amount of labor and expense which he has borne for years. Who will be the first to give this activity a good send off with a substantial token of good will?

A CHRISTIAN CYCLER.

HARRY MYERS is a Christian. He lives at Nashville, Tenn., where he deals in bicycles. Some friend evidently sent him a copy of THE JOURNAL in its new dress. Here is his reply:

DEAR SIR: Please do not compliment me with any more of your sample copies. I have no use for such half-way religious things. Christ and Him crucified will do more in a day than your paper in a thousand years.

Truly,

HARRY MYERS.

It would appear that dealing in bicycles better fits a Christian for judging THE JOURNAL than does preaching or lecturing on temperance and other great reforms. However, so long as such preachers as Savage, Heber Newton, Thomas and others and such reformers as our Methodist sister, Frances Willard and many of her co-workers continue to read and support the paper, we shall strive to get on without the help of the cycle man of Nashville.

PRESS OPINIONS.

To see ourselves as others see us is often a good thing. Just appreciation and fair criticism are stimuli to still greater endeavor. There is a value and a significance in these journalistic expressions far greater than appears at first blush. They constitute a consensus of opinion which carries a lesson to Spiritualists, showing as it does most convincingly, that psychical science, spiritism and its phenomena, and last but not least of all, Spiritualism, are matters which, when presented to the intelligent public as THE JOURNAL presents them will be treated with sympathetic interest and due respect. Only along THE JOURNAL's lines is the world to be brought to an appreciation and understanding of Spiritualism and all that it implies. The sooner Spiritualists and Spiritists and Psychical researchers come to fully realize this fact, the better it will be for them and for the work which interests them.

From the Hartford (Conn.) Daily Times of June 3:

THE RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL,

of Chicago, now the leading journal devoted to the discussion of the pervading but still recondite facts and philosophy of the psychical realm, has put itself into a new and becoming dress, and taken a new form—the sixteen-page weekly. It is by general consent the ablest publication of its kind, and its editor, Colonel John C. Bundy, is entitled to all credit for the fearless championship of all truth which his paper has ever shown—whether the questions he discusses are problems of science or religion, or of our modern social life, from which the first-named questions cannot well be kept separate. In regard to the spiritualistic phenomena, THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, while recognizing the genuineness and the tremendous import of some of these, does not shrink from making a vigorous exposure of the abounding frauds which masquerade under the guise of such phenomena. In doing this Colonel Bundy has incurred much denunciation and been at much personal expense, which he has generously borne for the sake of clearing the field and aiding the world's advance to a better discernment of great realities. He deserves the support of all candid seekers after truth, for he is the champion of its cause, regardless of all beliefs, and his paper is open to all forms of candid—if intelligent—inquiry. He publishes valuable letters of commendation of the Religio from eminent minds in the pulpit and in other positions, among them the Rev. Heber Newton of New York, the Rev. Dr. Thomas of Chicago, Professor James of Harvard, the Rev. Minot J. Savage, Miss Frances E. Willard, Professor Elliott Coues, and others. THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is doing good work, and one which will be more and more appreciated as the coming years unfold the great realities for which, as the vital (though as yet but partly comprehended) force of the world's advancement, it so ably speaks.

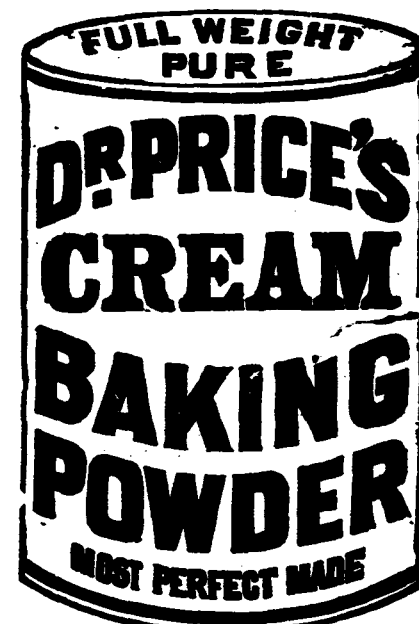
Every Saturday, Elgin, Ills., June 7:

THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL made its appearance last week in a new dress and in new form. It is an improvement, which its thousands of readers will appreciate. Col. Bundy has long since placed THE JOURNAL at the head of all papers, which devote their space to psychical research and the philosophy of Spiritualism. THE JOURNAL aims to be logical and lasting basis upon which to found the true phenomena of rational spiritual existence. It turns the relentless eye of honest investigation upon all questionable pretenders and exposes fraud without fear or favor.

West End Advocate, Chicago, June 7:

... A quarter of a century of honest faith and honest work, of diligent labor in exposing fraud and battling for the right, has won the attention of our best thinkers and earned their hearty approval.

Mr. T. D. Curtis, Manchester, N. H., an old journalist and husband of the well known poetess, Hattie J. Ray Curtis, says: We are much pleased with the new form of THE JOURNAL, which is sustaining its position nobly.



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TRUTH WEARS NO MASK, BOWS AT NO HUMAN SHRINE, SEEKS NEITHER PLACE NOR APPLAUSE: SHE ONLY ASKS A HEARING.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 1, NO. 5.

At the Royal Institution for the education of deaf mutes, at Copenhagen, the pupils have for seven years been regularly weighed every day in groups of fifteen. Some interesting results have been obtained. It has been found that the children's growth in weight has occurred chiefly in autumn up to the middle of December, there being hardly an increase up to the end of the following April, and a diminution then occurs till the end of summer. Last year proved an exception. The curves of weight were like those of previous years till November 23; but in the four weeks thereafter the girls gained nothing, and the boys only two-thirds of the usual amount. There was no modification as regards food or other material conditions; but the influenza epidemic appeared in Copenhagen towards the end of November. Six of the professors at the Institution were attacked, while there were no pronounced cases among the pupils. It was supposed, however, that the germs of the disease had entered the place, and become prevalent, the inference being drawn that the struggle with these on the part of the children had absorbed so much vital force that the organs of nutrition failed to give the normal increase of weight after November 23. This quite agrees with the general experience that wherever the epidemic prevailed there was a marked deterioration of health, with an augmented mortality, even among those who seemed to have escaped the invasion of the disease. Their vital power must have been depressed, although not perceptibly, so that they became liable to the invasion of other ailments. It is probably so with other epidemics than that of influenza.

JURISTS VS. SABBATH ASSOCIATION.

The State Sabbath Association of Illinois, through its President, Rev. W. W. Everts, D. D., and its Secretary, Hon. G. P. Lord, has issued an appeal to the pastors and churches of the State calling upon them to use their influence in favor of "the Sunday rest bill now before Congress," and for the enforcement of Sabbath laws, against Sunday industries, Sunday theatres, Sunday amusements, etc. It is urged especially that demand be made for recognition of the Sabbath in "the programme of the World's Fair." The appeal says:

Daniel Webster, the greatest of American jurists, declared in the celebrated Girard will case that Christianity—Catholic Christianity—is part of the common law. Other eminent jurists in Great Britain and in this country have made declarations of the same import. And no jurists of proximate authority have challenged this judicial opinion. But if Christianity is part of the common law, and hence the inviolable standard of statutory law, its distinctive ordinance of the Sabbath, as of the family, must be entitled to the protection and honor of all officials and citizens of the State. Could, then, the managers of a World's Fair blot out or ignore the Sabbath in its exhibitions without treason against the laws of God and of the land? Having risen to greatness through loyalty in divine ordinances, will we, in the levity and recklessness of impiety spurn the beneficent power by which we have risen, the sacred foundation on which our greatness and glory rest?

Dr. Everts and his associates, accustomed to recklessness of statement in the domain of theology, their special field, are careless and inaccurate in assertions regarding political and legal matters of which they know nothing, and concerning which they speak with a confidence born not of knowledge, but of the spirit of dogmatism. In their sectarian zeal they have overlooked the fact that it was the positive purpose of the founders of this Republic to ignore all reference to religion in the National Constitution, except to forbid its establishment. The Presbyterians of New Hampshire and Massachusetts having complained that religion was left out of the account, George Washington, in a letter published in the *Massachusetts Centinel*, Dec. 5, 1789, replied that religion was left out of the account because it properly belonged to the care of the churches rather than to the State.

In the treaty made on Nov. 4, 1796, between the United States and the Mohammedan State of Tripoli (Article 11th) is this declaration: "As the Government of the United States is not in any sense founded on the Christian Religion, . . . no pretext arising from religious opinions shall ever produce an interruption of the harmony existing between the two countries." This treaty was signed by George Washington, and it may be fairly supposed expressed his own individual convictions, as well as the policy of this Republic.

The declaration of the Supreme Court of the United States (in the case of *Wheaton vs. Peters*) is as follows: "There is no principle which pervades the Union and has the authority of law, that is not embodied in the Constitution or laws of the Union. The Common Law could be made a part of our Federal system only by legislative adoption.

"It was," says Justice Story, "deemed advisable to exclude from the National Government all power upon the subject" (of religion) and he adds "the Catholic and the Protestant, the Calvinist and the Armenian, the Jew and the Infidel may sit down at the common table of the national councils." Justice Story, in delivering the opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States vs. Girard's Executors, referred to Christianity as being "a part of the common law of Pennsylvania," but immediately qualified this remark by saying that this proposition must be taken in connection with the bill of rights found in its constitution, "which protects alike every variety of religious opinion, and extends equally to all, whether Christian, Jews or Infidels."

The Supreme Court of the State of Ohio (Board of Education of Cincinnati vs. Minor) says: "We are told that Christianity is a part of the common law of this country, lying behind and above its constitutions.

to make this assertion can hardly be serious he import of their language. No one serves for any such doctrine in this country, the world."

his "Constructions of Statutory

and Constitutional Law," (page 14): "It is often said that Christianity is part and parcel of the common law, but this is true only in the sense that our constitution extends the same protection to every form of religion and gives no preference to any."

Judge Cooley in his "Constitutional Limitations" (page 472) observes: "It is frequently said that Christianity is a part of the law of the land. Christianity is not part of the law of the land by virtue of its authority as a religion, but only as far as its precepts have become component parts of the law." This is equally true of every religion, Buddhism, Judaism, or Spiritualism.

In regard to Sunday laws the following from the decision of the Supreme Court of Ohio (*McGatrick vs. Wasson*) is pertinent:

"The principles upon which our (Sunday) Statute rests are wholly secular, and they are none the less so because they may happen to concur with the dictates of religion. . . Unless, then, we keep constantly in mind that the act rests upon public policy alone, we shall be in great danger of giving it a wrong construction; and instead of reading it in the light of the Constitution, which prohibits all religious tests and preferences, find ourselves led away from its meaning by the influence of our peculiar theological tenets."

Judge Welch, of the Supreme Court of Ohio, (*Board of Education vs. Minor*) said:

"The teaching of the Christian religion in the public schools violates the spirit of our constitutional guarantees, and is a state religion in embryo; . . . the first step is a fatal step, because it logically involves the last step."

The same applies to Sabbath laws. Says Dr. Ralph Wardlaw "the province of the State in respect to matters of religion is that it has no province at all."

Webster's claim in his speech in the Girard Will case was that Christianity was a part of the common law of Pennsylvania. Although in the United States courts the common law of the respective States in which the courts are held is followed, the common law is no part of our Federal system.

During the Colonial period Sabbath laws made church attendance compulsory. Existing Sunday laws, as has been well said, are merely a "secular shadow cast by a former state of religious opinion." The religious quality having been eliminated, the Sunday laws have no other than a civil basis, even though religious reasons are prominent among the present reasons for which they are maintained.

According to Dr. Everts and his Association, Christianity is a part of the law of the land, and the General Government should enforce the observance of Sunday as a Sabbath, on religious grounds. This view has been shown to be false. Furthermore there is not a command in the New Testament for keeping Sunday or any other day as the Sabbath. Jesus violated the Jewish Sabbath and Paul denied that it had any binding obligation on the followers of Christ. Not a word can be quoted from the Christian Scriptures showing that Jesus or his apostles directed that the Sabbath obligation should be transferred from the seventh to the first day of the week. Says Rev. Alfred Barry, DD., principal of Kings College, London, and Canon of Worcester: "The notion of a formal substitution, by apostolic authority, of the Lord's day for the Jewish Sabbath, and the transference to it, perhaps in a spiritualized form, of the Sabbatical obligation established by the promulgation of the fourth commandment, has no basis whatever either in Holy Scripture or in Christian antiquity." Luther's words in the "Table-Talk" are often quoted: "If anywhere the day is made holy for the mere day's sake, if anywhere any one sets up its observance on a Jewish foundation, then I order you to work on it, to ride on it, to dance on it, to feast on it, to do anything that shall remove this encroachment on Christian liberty."

Nobody wishes to abolish Sunday as a day of rest and recreation—a day of worship and religious observance for all who so choose to use it—and such laws as are necessary to secure to all the undisturbed enjoyment of their rights on the day, are proper and desirable; but the attempts to establish by law an

"American Sabbath," and to interfere with the people's personal rights in the interests of Puritanical Sabbatarianism should receive prompt and vigorous opposition all along the line.

THE GIRLS AHEAD IN MATHEMATICS.

Women it has been claimed and is generally believed, can never compete with men in mathematics. In the languages and in those studies which require fine perception and make the greatest demands on the memory, it is conceded that women have achieved great success,—have, indeed, despite all difficulties, nearly if not quite equalled men; but in achievements that require persistent application, great powers of calculation and long sustained thinking, men it is commonly thought, are, and must ever remain supreme. In the higher mathematics, therefore, women should never expect to share distinction with men, who, in spite of the achievements of Mrs. Somerville and Maria Mitchell, it is held have entirely monopolized this field. But what becomes of this claim in the light of the achievement of young women at the Cambridge University.

Miss Philippa Fawcett, daughter of the late Postmaster-General of England, has caused quite a stir in educational circles by carrying off the most coveted honor of Cambridge, and the one for which the highest and ablest students of the University enter into competition with the greatest enthusiasm. Under the same conditions as those that were applied to the men, with the same course of study and the same tests of examination, Miss Fawcett so far surpassed the male students, that she is bracketed, as the publication of the mathematical tripos shows, several hundred marks in mathematics superior to the Senior Wrangler. Miss Fawcett is not alone in the enjoyment of the honor. Two other ladies are in the list of wranglers, ten are senior optimes and four junior optimes—those who stand in the second rank of honors immediately after the wranglers. Every woman who was examined, passed creditably, while six men failed utterly. Miss Fawcett's predecessor in the distinction she now enjoys was Miss Ramsay, who was Senior Wrangler in the classical tripos of 1887. No surprise seems to be caused by the announcement just made that at the June examination of Cambridge University, Miss Margaret Alford, daughter of Dean Alford, famous for his critical edition of the New Testament, won the first place in the classical tripos.

The Cambridge young men have hitherto thought their supremacy in mathematics, at least, invincible. They have learned their mistake. Now let them devote less time to hazing, fighting and dissipation and try to catch up with the girl students in that field of study in which the men have delusively imagined their honors were secure by reason of their masculine superiority and the lack of gray matter in the female brain, while the young women have gone ahead of them in the higher mathematics and carried off the highest honors before the governing body of the University.

NERVE TRAINING.

The papers last week published statements to the effect that two young ladies were lying in a lethargic condition at Newton, Mass., as the result of experiments in "mind concentration," conducted by Miss Annie Call, a teacher in the Lasell Seminary, a Methodist institution at Auburndale, Mass. The young women were taken seriously ill some six months ago, and have since been under hypnotic influence a greater part of the time, lying on their beds unable to move a muscle. The family physician becoming alarmed, called in experts in nervous diseases. Every effort to arouse them from their condition has failed. It is declared that they are completely hypnotized. Lasell has a system of instruction, the object of which is to concentrate the mind and prevent it from diffusing its energies. The pupils are placed in such positions that they may relax their nervous systems and gradually learn to economize their nerve force, to "bring young women," according to the circular of the seminary, "to better nervous balance and so prepare them to meet life out of school with strong nerves thorough

controlled according to natural laws." The pupil is laid flat upon the floor, when the teacher directs her to exercise one set of muscles independent of the others and to fix her mind upon it so that she will be unmindful of all other sets of muscles.

It is claimed that when the pupil has complete control of the muscles she will find no difficulty in a complete mastery of the nerves and concentration of the mind. Last year one hundred and twenty young women took the nerve course. The principal of the school thinks there are good points in the instruction. Miss Call states that the condition of the two pupils who have collapsed is not attributable directly to the course of treatment given, that the pupils were brought into a weak nervous condition through their other studies, that one of them entered the seminary in a condition so weak that her parents were doubtful whether she could pursue her studies. The other pupils who have taken the course aver that they have been benefited by it. This branch is now entirely elective. On the basis of the condition of the two young women mentioned, the local physicians attending them say that the mesmeric force of the teacher constantly acting upon the pupils, tends to shatter rather than strengthen the nervous system, and they denounce the new methods as dangerous. But there is probably more in it than is perceived by the doctors, who are too quick to condemn methods and remedies that do not belong to the "regular" practice.

According to the philosopher Flourens—who however forgot to live beyond 73—the spring-time of human life comes into bloom at three-score and ten. Certain it is that some men are young at an age which brings to most persons infirmities of mind and body. The Emperor William lived to the age of 91. Moltke is now in his ninetieth year and is still alert in military affairs, though he can no longer sit in a saddle or waltz with a Gretchen. Bismark at the age of 75, retired from active diplomatic life, observes political affairs from under the boughs of Friedrichsruh and Varzin with his "two dogs" to keep him company, while his minnow successors are trying their prentice hands and essaying their diplomatic wings. Gladstone at 80 is the most prominent figure in England, and M. de Lesseps, at 85 romps daily in the Bois de Boulogne with his children, of whom the younger is only 5 years old. Cardinal Newman, now in his ninetieth year, although rather feeble, was able the other day to attend mass at the oratory, Birmingham, on the occasion of the feast of St. Philip Neri.

Although "Senex" in the "College Ghost," which appears in THE JOURNAL this week, shows how easy it is to be mistaken, and to imagine spirit intervention in the production of phenomena that are entirely mundane, yet the venerable author by whose request it is published recognizes the truth of Spiritualism in its higher aspects; and the narrative, while it is entertaining, may serve to discourage indiscriminating credulity in regard to "ghost stories." To be a rational Spiritualist it is not necessary to receive as *bona fide* all that is related in regard to the alleged doings of spirits. Such a narrative as that of "Senex" is not designed to discredit, and among those who are familiar with the phenomena of Spiritualism, could not disturb confidence in any genuine spiritual manifestations.

Everybody has heard of experiences by those who have had a limb amputated, similar to the experience of Eddie Bergen as described by the Indianapolis papers. His leg was cut off by a train in that city, and it was amputated just below the knee shortly afterward. It was buried beside his mother's remains in Crown Hill Cemetery. The box was short and the toes were curled under the foot to get the leg in its coffin. The burial party had not yet returned when Eddie complained of the cramped position of his toes on the dismembered limb. Hour by hour the lad's suffering from this cause continued until he was thrown into convulsions. Early the next day a larger box was procured, the leg exhumed, placed in it and re-

buried. Immediately Eddie began to recover. He now says the toes still ache but the pain is growing less. He knows nothing of the way his leg was buried or its exhumation and reinterment. Was there a connection between the living body and the amputated part after its burial, or was it merely imaginary, and was the recovery after the leg was exhumed and reinterred due directly to this change of position or to the boy's knowledge of the fact and to the consequent favorable condition of mind produced thereby?

Christian-civilization has its bright side, but its dark side also. In no part of the world can be found greater degradation and wretchedness than exist in portions of great cities like London and New York. Mrs. Anne Besant in the London *National Reformer*, says: At the anniversary meeting of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, in connection with the appointment of the Rev. Copeland Bowie as a travelling missionary in England, the Rev. T. L. Marshall gave "an emphatic warning against sending missions to the East, and especially to a highly-cultivated people like the Japanese. We had in this country sinks of iniquity and haunts of wretchedness and poverty such as could not be found in Japan. There lay the work of Unitarian missionaries, and he regarded with the utmost humiliation the diverting of a single penny from that source to foreign missions." This recalls the statement of Huxley that in all his travels he had seen nothing to rival the wretchedness of our slums, and that he would rather be born a South Sea Islander than a dweller in a London slum.

Wilkie Collins thus describes the fashionable doctor: "He came in a carriage and four, with the necessary bald head and the indispensable white cravat. He turned his back solemnly, as only a great doctor can, on his own positive internal conviction that the patient had nothing whatever the matter with her. He said, with every appearance of believing himself, 'Nerves, Lady Lundy; repose in bed is essentially necessary; I will write a prescription.' He prescribed with perfect gravity aromatic spirits of ammonia, 15 drops; spirits of red lavender, 10 drops; syrup of orange peel, 2 drachms; camphor julep, 1 oz. When he had written *misce fiat Haustus* (instead of mix a draught), when he had added *ter die samendus* (instead of to be taken three times a day), and when he had certified to his own Latin by putting his initials at the end, he had only to make his bow, to slip 2 guineas into his pocket and to go his way with an approving professional conscience in the character of a physician who had done his duty." The fidelity of the description is too evident to be questioned. And yet "regular physicians" combine and secure legislation to hedge their profession with safeguards, to keep up fees, and to avoid competition with newer methods of cure.

In his oration at Vassar College recently George William Curtis said: If any skeptic should ask, "but can delicate woman endure the hardship of a college course of study?" it is a woman who ingeniously turns the flank of the questioner, with a covert sarcasm at her own sex: "I would like you to take thirteen hundred young, men lace them up, and hang ten to twenty pounds of clothes upon their waists, perch them upon three-inch heels, cover their heads with ripples, chignons, rats, and mice, and stick ten thousand hair-pins into their scalps. If they can stand all this they can stand a little Latin and Greek."

In a sermon on "Church and State in America," published in the *Old and New* for April, 1871, Rev. Dr. H. W. Bellows said: Because the government has no religion as a government, it does not follow that the nation has no religion, much less that the governors in their private character have none. The nation has so much religion that it will not allow its political agent or servant, the government, to charge itself with its religious affairs. It attends to its religion in other ways, and simply instructs its government to leave faith and worship to the people, to manage it after their own several fashions.... The Constitution makes no declaration of faith, theistic or other-

wise; it denies no creed, Christian or non-Christian, and this not from indifference to religion, or indifference to morality, or indifference to Christianity in the nation, but from respect to the moral and religious feelings and rights of the nation.... But the government, as a government, is neither Christian nor Protestant, except by unconscious and inevitable influence of custom and usage and feeling indirectly brought to bear upon it, simply because the government is not a religious agent or representative. Nor is the Constitution intended to be nor is it a full expression of the national life. It is properly confined to what concerns the political principles and interests of the nation.

Joseph Henry Crooker in the *Universalist Recorder*: And the talk which we sometimes hear from Protestants to the effect that children will have no chance to hear the Bible read, and no chance to receive a religious training, unless the public school is made formally and definitely religious and Christian, borders on imbecile twaddle. We hear it said that the Supreme Court has declared the Bible unfit to be read in our schools, that it has given the victory to the Catholics, that it has snatched the Word of God from the rising generation; but this is mere fanatical nonsense. That court has passed no judgment upon the value of the Bible, for that is not in dispute; it has not given the victory to the Catholics, but to American justice; and with a million Sunday-school teachers, a hundred thousand churches, and two hundred thousand missionaries of various kinds, our children ought to have a fair chance of hearing the gospel. The Almighty is not shut up in a book; and the alternatives assumed, that religion must be taught in the public school or children will be without the opportunity of religious instruction, certainly do not exist.

Says a Chicago daily: A large element in the urban population is ignorant, industrious, struggling with poverty, and trying to keep children in school. Its evenings are dim and weary. What are its Sundays? The men spend them in saloons. The women go to saloons in many instances; in far greater numbers than godliness on the avenues would like to believe possible. Where else have they to go? One of the ministers proposed a few years ago even to close the parks Sundays. The children of these poor people go to the parks if they can, as soon as the hot weather sets in to stay. The homes of these people are simply pens of distress. They are too close for reading, even if the families are disposed to read; and happily, the distributing stations of the public library supply a great proportion of them with books. They have no music to speak of. Of course they have no pictures, or engravings or etchings, or aught that refreshes a weary eye and opens vistas for imagination to carry off into ideal happiness the victim of social depression. This element in the population of all American cities is annually increasing, and in Chicago it is far larger than is generally supposed.

Mrs. Page, of Ingersoll, Texas, one day this month presented her husband with four girl babies. The father and mother received many letters of congratulation. One lady, an old maid it is stated, sent her check for \$300—merely out of commiseration for the mother. This Page quartet is evidently an instance of reversional heredity, and in the light of evolution has scientific significance and interest. Fortunately, the birth of quartlets is an event of very rare occurrence.

The *New Era* publishes a piece of what purports to be religious poetry, but it is more amatory than religious, in any high meaning of that word. Four lines will suffice here:

"I hold my Savior in my arms
I cannot let him go
I'm so delighted in his charms
No other God I know."

In a letter to the Queen of Denmark, the Czar promises a strict inquiry into Siberian scandals, says he will punish excesses of severity on the part of officials, and promises to instruct his ministers to draft measures of amelioration.

SPENCER'S MATTER AND MIND.

BY PROF. PAYTON SPENCER, M. D.

I have just read Mr. B. F. Underwood's article on "Matter," which was copied into THE JOURNAL of May 31st. The Spencerian doctrine therein presented has suggested to my mind a criticism of it, which may interest the readers of THE JOURNAL. I make the following extracts from Mr. Underwood's article:

By psychological analysis, our conceptions of matter are reducible to sensations."

"We are compelled to think of mind in terms of matter, and matter in terms of mind."

"Let no one imagine that these facts give any support to the theory that there is no objective reality, and that everything resolves itself into the various states of the conscious subject. . . . There is something beyond consciousness, that, in co-operation with the organism, produces the sensations of which we are conscious. What is the externality? [the something beyond consciousness]. . . . 'The antithesis of subject and object, never to be transcended while consciousness lasts, renders impossible all knowledge of that Ultimate Reality' [that something beyond consciousness] 'in which subject and object unite.'"

The following simple illustration will probably help the reader to an easy comprehension of the criticism which I shall make of the foregoing views. Lest the illustration be taken, however, as an attempt at ridicule, I must be allowed to disclaim beforehand any desire or intention to substitute ridicule for facts and legitimate inferences. I make use of the illustration simply because it is apt, and is well fitted to bring clearly before the mind of the general reader the point which I wish to make.

I look over a busy child's shoulder, and the following questions and answers pass between us: "What are you drawing there?" "A house and a pig." "I see the house, but where is the pig?" "Oh, the pig is behind the house." Now, I look over Spencer's psychology, in which he claims to have drawn the two faces of an unknowable reality, that is, its objective face (matter) and its subjective face (mind). I see that the subjective or mental face is very clearly and strikingly drawn as a compound of related sensations. But I look for a long time, patiently, inquiringly, anxiously for the other face, the objective or material face; and finding always and forever nothing but mind, the subjective face, that is, sensations and related sensations, I am forced to the conclusion that the objective face must be behind the subjective one, like the pig behind the house, and this is really the truth of the matter. Spencer's object is hidden behind his subjective phenomena and has no more existence than the child's pig.

If we enter a little more into the details of the matter, the reader will, I think, become convinced that my conclusion is not an exaggeration of the truth. In handling this subject, Spencer has but three things to deal with through their appropriate names; and as there can be no accurate expression of thought without terms that are sharply defined and that are rigidly held to their definitions, let us see what names he has given to those three things, and let us hold to those names, so that he may not lead us into confusion.

First, then, Spencer postulates an Ultimate Reality, that is, he assumes its existence, because he cannot get along without it, although its existence is neither self-evident, nor perceivable, nor demonstrable. This Ultimate Reality is an unknown and unknowable something that stands back of both subject (mind) and object (matter)—something of which both mind and matter are manifestations—something in which, as he says both "subject and object unite."

Second. Spencer recognizes a thing called mind, and by mind he means subject, and by subject and by mind he means all psychical manifestations of the Ultimate Reality from the simple nervous shock to sensations and related sensations in all degrees whatever.

Third. He recognizes something which he calls matter, body, or object. But what is this matter or object of his? It is the outcome of a differentiation that takes place in mind, that is, it is the outcome of a differentiation of the elements of mind, sensations, into two classes of sensations, namely, the vivid and

the faint. But mind includes both of these two classes, and all that is in them; no remnants of them are so differentiated that they cease to be mind and are extracted from the mind. They are all in mind, and are mind; and, of course, nothing is left with which to organize something different from mind to which the name of matter may be given. Nevertheless all the vivid sensations together with some of the faint ones in certain relations, are called matter, object, although they are all the while constitutive of mind, and are mind, and are called mind. Spencer's matter, then, is but an arbitrary name given to something that has no independent existence apart from mind. If it were suggested to the child that he might call the basement of his house, pig, I think he would regard it as more rational to stick to his original declaration that the pig is behind the house; and I agree with him. It is evident then, that, if for mere names, we substitute the things signified by them, Spencer's Ultimate Reality has not two faces—matter and mind—but only one visible, recognizable face,—the subjective or mental face.

If we hold the three terms, Ultimate Reality, Matter and Mind to the meanings given them, and regard both matter and mind as manifestations of the Ultimate Reality, and regard matter as object and mind as subject; then the Ultimate Reality is strictly speaking neither object nor subject, neither objective nor subjective. Now, when Spencer says that, "Matter can only be thought of in terms of mind," he simply repeats himself; for, after having composed matter of the elements of mind, he of course, can only think of it in terms of mind. Still, in the course of his argument on that point, he gets into a little confusion when he says that "Our experiences of a rhythmically-moving mass whence the conception of it" (a rhythmically-moving molecule) "is derived, are states of mind having objective counterparts that are unknown." Now, as those unknown counterparts pertain to the Ultimate Reality, they cannot be said by Spencer to be either objective or subjective. On the other hand, when he endeavors to show that "mind can only be thought of in terms of matter," he gets into still greater confusion. He says: "No effort of the imagination enables us to think of a (nervous) 'shock' (the ultimate unit of mind)," however minute, except as undergone by an entity. We are compelled therefore to postulate a substance of mind that is affected before we can think of its affections." But this postulated substance of mind is simply the Ultimate Reality, and, therefore, Spencer has lost his aim, and instead of thinking of mind in terms of matter, as he set out to do, he is trying to think of mind in terms of the Ultimate Reality. And, if he should further say, as he does, "We can form no notion of substance of mind absolutely divested of attributes connoted by the word substance; and all such attributes are abstractions from our experiences of material phenomena," he shows, not that we can only think of mind in terms of matter, but that we can only think of substance of mind, that is, of the Ultimate Reality in terms of matter—which is not what he set out to prove.

It is furthermore inconsistent in Spencer to push his thoughts about matter to the utmost verge of the knowable only, and to stop, therefore, at the ideas which constitute it and make it, as he says, triply ideal; while, in pushing his thoughts about mind, he does not stop at the utmost limit of the knowable, that is, at the ideal unit of consciousness, but tries to carry them across the line into the realm of the unknowable substance—the Ultimate Reality; and in trying to do this, he is trying to do something which the proof of his proposition does not require, and which, if done, will neither prove nor disprove the proposition. In the case of both matter and mind he should have stopped within the limits of the knowable, that is, at ideas which constitute both; or else, in both cases, he should have tried to carry his thoughts across the line into the domain of the unknowable.

To conclude, it seems to me, that there is no substantial difference between Spencer's views of matter and of mind, and those of Berkeley. If, for Spencer's postulated Ultimate Reality, we substitute Berkeley's Deity, which can only be postulated, both being

equally unknowable, then, what remains in common to those two philosophers, is sensations and related sensations only; so that, if Berkeley can strictly be called an idealist, we can, with equal propriety, call Spencer an idealist.

But although Spencer and Berkeley may be classed together as idealists, yet so vastly is the former in advance of the latter that, while, on the one hand, Berkeley's writings might now be dropped out of our libraries and not be missed, except as a necessary part in the historical development of philosophy; on the other hand, no one can be said to understand the genesis and structure of the mind who has not read Spencer's philosophy. That work alone, had he written no other, would guarantee him an undying fame. The mind is a vast and intricate net-work of elements in relations that are simple and compound, and doubly compounded, and triply compounded, and infinitely compounded; yet, Spencer patiently, delicately, carefully pulls apart line after line of its connections and plexus after plexus of its relations, and holds them up in so clear a light that the complex machinery of mind becomes, almost as visible and intelligible to us as the movements of a working model in the patent office. And, yet, all that complex and interwoven mental structure is pulled apart for us, and opened out to us, and held up before our eyes simply by means of words—symbols that are of themselves colorless and meaningless. Such masterly verbal handling of intricately interlacing lines of thought, and such steady and persistent holding of each to its place apart, must extort the admiration even of his enemies, if he has any. In the multitude of lines that must be picked up, and adjusted, and carried with him as he goes, it would seem as though one must be dropped here, and another must slip through his fingers there, and others must escape his eye, and still others must elude his grasp; and we marvel that the whole delicate net-work of lines which he handles, does not finally collapse in his grasp, and fall to his feet a hopeless, tangled heap. It is contended in recent times that the characteristic by which man is distinguished from the animal is the power of generalizing. If that be true, then the greatest generalizer is the greatest man. And, if this be true, then Spencer will, perhaps, ultimately be ranked as the foremost man of this and of all other ages.

WHY UNITARIANISM CANNOT PREVAIL.

I.

BY E. L. HOLBROOK, M. D.

I have seen from time to time in your very catholic paper—so catholic I fear, that there will not be full reciprocation—articles, essays, sermons, from liberals, etc., that point their own conclusion, viz.: that their views and methods of the class represented, will sometime prevail throughout the world. I presume I should not go astray if I called them Unitarians, the most liberal of the liberals, but I cannot conceive that they will greatly prevail unless they take Spiritualism in or find some other way of proving a future life and something of its conditions.

When I speak of religion in this letter I mean the sentiments pertaining to another life after the death of the body, not a religion of character, or morality, that pertains to this life only, if that be a religion as some assert who have no specific knowledge or thought of the far future. The Unitarians have the most completely of any Christian denomination come out of the thick dark fogs of Romanism and Calvinism—their fall of man and their machinery of salvation, their theories of plenary inspiration and their claims of morals, their worship, their formalism, their prejudices, their fears, and their ideas of divine preference for some above others. The Unitarians have appealed to reason, and for the most part, have set their face against the unreasonable in religion as well as in other matters. They have endeavored to eliminate the anthropomorphic in theology and have succeeded as to themselves very well and have withal acquitted themselves well along the lines of morality, benevolence and beneficence. They are leading happy and useful lives; they permit others and help others to do the same.

This is all very well, this last is very well indeed;

ut as religionists, as I have defined religion, with powers of propagandism, what are the Unitarians? They have stripped themselves of the weapons that their fathers had and have acquired nothing new. They do not claim to have knowledge of life that exists after the death of the body. They assert that it cannot be known, so remote would such a life be from the life we have now. On what then do they base their thought of immortality? O, it is faith—the same old religious faith that has been the bane of all the ages, which has been taken all along as the sufficient evidence of a supposed truth, yet ever changing, unreliable, contradictory, and in fact, generally repudiated and cast out by these Unitarians as worthless. Yet this is put forward by them as the all-sufficient evidence of the greatest of great things, so sufficient that they ask no more.

But it may be, they say, that they are to be distinguished from the mediaeval faith-mongers in that they have "a faith that is according to knowledge." How does this avail anything if they have no knowledge—no knowledge of spirit life? All the visionaries of the ages have supposed the same, indeed have been subjectively conscious of the same, of having a faith "according to knowledge." But, perhaps, they, the Unitarians, mean that their faith is not against science, *i. e.*, the facts of the world so far as we know them. I must controvert that, if I stand upon their basis. Immortal life for one who seems to die requires proof as strong as the assertion. Everything seems to be going in a circle; what begins, ends; what goes up comes down; life and death continually, life in one form followed by life in another form. It is not enough to say that matter or that spirit is indestructible, and therefore, that man continues forever; for man is an organization; and, so far as we know, every organization comes to an end. Such is the law so far as we know. A belief in the continuity of any organized form does not make it so, nor does the belief furnish any proof. According to their own acknowledgments their faith is the most bold and simple of any in the world. The orthodox think that they have evidence—the word of God; the Catholics think that they have evidence—the word of God, the ministrations of angels and saints. They feel that they know that their Redeemer liveth, and their faith seems reasonable to them. But the Unitarians discard all such asserted evidence, and their belief stands alone, themselves bearing witness and themselves being the judges.

Now I do not find fault with their discarding such alleged evidences and all dogmas built thereon—in fact I approve it for it is the result of reason—but I am considering what is their prospect of converting the world. Now it seems to me, and very strongly so that while men are pursuing knowledge, if there be no knowledge that reaches out into the supposed future life, nor any that is supposed to, and no faith that necessarily compels adherence, people will become generally agnostic. Indeed they must be agnostic; it is so predicted and admitted—only this faith and its consequences remain to distinguish the Unitarians. But most of the agnostics see in theological faith the blight of the ages, and this faith, what there is left of it among the Unitarians to-day, is in their opinion, the same thing in kind preserved by heredity, but aborted and soon to disappear. Faith without evidence, they say is a burden, and a stumbling stone, and it stands in the way of scientific progress, and so much the more as it is the stronger.

Some of the Unitarians themselves admit the fact of fading faith—or a very weak faith in a future life—and for the want of proof they hedge and say what of it? Our religion is good for this life, a religion of character, morality, altruism, beneficence, good works; and hence it promotes the highest happiness here and a future life if there be one, will take care of itself. Very good, very good indeed. If people cannot know, that is the best, if they do not care to know, it is at least very good; probably the next best. I always smile at a faith in others that works for good which is in accord with my knowledge, though that faith is held for very different reasons, or for no reason at all. I would hardly disturb such a faith except at I feel that such a faith supported by knowledge

must be so much more substantial than faith alone can be.

With such people so nearly right I have but little argument. But my contention is this: that they cannot make the conquest of the world with their faith in a spirit life without proof of a spirit life or anything that stands for proof to the outside world. The trouble is here: though they may hold that sometime in the endless march of culture all people will go along the same line that they have travelled, and graduate out of creeds, dogmas and anthropomorphism; still as there is nothing to take hold of the great majority of people must become and remain agnostic and agnosticism, I mean every phase of non-belief—will increase from age to age. People will say more and more. Behold the wonderful things of science. The eye reaches everywhere through all space but sees no spirit-life—no spirit-world, and therefore there is none. What has Unitarianism to say to all these? Simply nothing so far as I can see with which they can reach the agnostics.

As this subject is broad and I am not near through I may have something to offer next week.

THE SECOND COMING OF CHRISTIANITY.

BY IMOGENE C. FALES.

Religions are governed by the same law of development as species or institutions. The principle of evolution applies to psychological, as well as to morphological phenomena. The relations of man to man, and of man to God, have both growth and history. They have differentiated in pursuance of the same law as that which Haeckel traces in the development of the primary cell. The analogy extends further. Place the growing seed beneath the microscope, and the nature of the future tree, or flower is visible; place a rudimentary religion beneath the microscope of comparative science, and the embryonic attributes of Buddhism and Christianity are seen. Just as a child represents the sum total of his ancestry, so religious faiths at any period sum up the religious growths of a community to that time.

Similarly, just as species and even types perish altogether, so religions, and religious institutions pass away. Species and types may die, but principles persist and re-embody themselves in new forms of activity. There is a correlation and conservation of religious as well as of physical forces. The religion of the future will differ in form and expression from that of to-day; its principles, however will be those which guide and control us. As the civilized man exceeds the semi-savagery of the flint age, or as the full fruit exceeds the leaf, so the Christianity of the future will exceed that of to-day.

"Conservation of energy," simply means the indestructibility of motion or life, and a corresponding transformation into other forms. In this change, whether it be from one condition to another and higher one—this gathering up or relating process never ceases. For it is not only religion that signifies to go back—to rebound, to relate—and re-express, but that word is explanatory of a universal process. The larger concept of a new religious system is formed by the combination of pre-existing and latent religious concepts, and pre-supposes and includes them. Periods of stagnation precede those of motion. History is a perpetual rhythm. The religious passivity of the present time, implies an intensified activity soon to come. The development of the political and social status of civilized society involves a corresponding development of the religious status.

Evolution means more than the development of features already existent—it includes the introduction of new features and tendencies,—if even in the most rudimentary form. All progress implies present imperfection. Modern religion represents and typifies modern society. The evils and draw-backs of the one have their counterparts in the other. The tendency of one is linked to the tendency of the other. The movement of society through the centuries has been toward a higher morality, toward loftier ideals, toward an increased spirituality. The movement of religion has had the same characteristics. The history of society has been an increasing individualization

through co-operation. The religion of the future—which is Christianity as a spiritual force within man—will expand into limitless expression the doctrine of Human Brotherhood as laid down by Christ. This religious change will involve a corresponding social change. Co-operation must become the law of civilization.

Forms are ephemeral, but the spirit, a principle behind the form, lives, and takes in a new and better body.

Abstract ideas forever embody and disembody themselves. This process is progress. Whenever permanently interfered with or prevented—whether by governmental or ecclesiastical influences—death ensues. The test of permanency of any form is whether it represents a principle, or is only adapted to a temporary condition of circumstances. In the one case the form survives; in the other it perishes. The relations of God to man are everywhere made the subject of religious teachings; the relations of man to man, as children of the Universal Father, have hardly been realized or noticed. Liberty, equality and fraternity are premonitions of what is to be. The religion of Christ when fully developed, through the increasing consciousness of man, will be the living soul of a democracy, such as the world has never seen. Responsibility and co-responsibility, co-operation, and brotherhood,—these are the four articles that men will yet subscribe to. Yet the appreciation of truth is a matter of time; much more its embodiment in conduct and action. The change in the daily conduct of Christians in nearly 2,000 years is almost inappreciable when compared with the change imperatively demanded by the founder of our faith. An absolute millennium may therefore be as distant as a fixed star,—a relative millennium appears with every great truth, and each great teacher. Not in the change, but in the tendency can be seen a social and religious life where co-operation has taken the place of competition, that will faithfully interpret and express the divine command of love to God and man.

Looking through the ages we perceive that the race is leavened—if not with righteousness, with that which makes toward righteousness. The end of the old order, and the beginning of the new, are nearer than they seem. A single rock sliding down a mountain side, means but little, but when it is the precursor of a thousand more, an avalanche or a land-slide is not far off. A single truth or doctrine, one great teacher all alone, effect but little during the life of a generation; but truths and doctrines, enforced by actual conditions of social life, teachers and preachers expounding thoughts and interpreting experiences held by countless thousands, mean rapid and far-reaching social and religious changes.

LOOKING FORWARD.

BY WARREN CHASE.

Bellamy pushed his mind forward one hundred years and looked back to see present conditions very much as we see them, but his picture of Boston in the twentieth century is not as I see it under the rapid strides of reform, of evolution and the discoveries in science. To me his description of a public dinner on the old English style, even now out of fashion, representing the ladies retiring and leaving the men to sit and smoking, drinking wine, and chatting, probably, till they fall asleep or tire—is entirely out of place. The author does not seem to see that long before that date there will be perfect equality between the sexes and ladies will grace all social parties and take part in all public discussions, and that the poison tobacco, now used to stupefy the over taxed laborer, will have gone out with intoxicating drinks. Those sectarian sermons, too, which he found telephoned into most of the houses, will be lost in the receding mist of superstition, and there will be no use for them. It is not at all probable that the government will raise the corn, make the bread, mend the shoes, and shave the faces of those who want it done. What Bellamy saw of the sidewalks and their covering may be realized and it is probable that the streets will be as smooth and clean as a floor, and not a horse or dog will ever be seen on them. The chimneys, flues and pipes may all

be gone and electricity furnish the lights, heat and motive power, which, with pneumatic tubes, may bring parcels to all dwellings, and noiseless cars land all passengers at their doors.

When the government shall restrict corporations in stock and other debts to the cost of plants and confine them to the business for which they were chartered, allowing no railroad to use land except for its business of transportation, and prohibiting all transportation companies owning mines or other sources of producing the goods transported, tying in all monopolies and furnishing the people ample currency to do business with, and pay as they go, cutting off usury and all unreasonable rents and all monopoly of land, we shall soon reach the temporal millenium. Our country can supply all the real comfort and luxuries of life. Shut off the tobacco and alcohol corporation robberies and waste, and we will move in reform in a geometrical ratio. The progress during my own life has been wonderful and may be greater in the next century.

COBDEN, Ill.

THE RIDDLE OF LIFE.

C. G. ANDERSON.

In the busy whirl and strife for the accumulation of worldly possessions or in the bitter struggle for the necessities of life, how many are there who give their thoughts to the solution of life's momentous questions? Do the tendencies of education so shape our minds that these questions become to us all a matter of deep meditation and earnest consideration? When we look at the surging masses of humanity, divided into different nationalities and these again into different grades of societies, all swerving hither and thither now in religious conflicts, now in political strife, now in merciless wars, having at times for their object only an annexation, does not the retrospect in the panorama presented to our view leave to the imagination nothing but a tangled web so intricate in its interwoven meshes that we are at a loss how to find the solution to its untanglement?

Tracing history back to its remotest period, where it becomes obscured in mythology, what has been learned from it? Rapacity, bloodshed, war and carnage! Man besmirching his hands with the blood of his fellow-man. Father against son; brother against brother. Tribes, kingdoms, republics and empires sprung into existence; tribes, kingdoms, republics and empires swept out of existence. Supremacy established by conquering armies; supremacy lost by the fortunes of war. Page after page we may turn the history of nations, and predominatingly, we find the spirit of defiance in the subjugation and subservience of all to its own. It tells us that the subtlety of human passions has always been the same, and it tells us that *might* has always tried to establish itself as right.

Though along the vista of ages and generations past here and there are found glimmering lights of human thoughts, like luminous stars in a dark blue void, yet in the structure of animate organism, man the created image of God according to the Bible, has failed to be what he was made to represent. If he is an image of God, the God of Christian nations, the God of infinite love, goodness and wisdom, man judged from history is a failure; man judged from the present is, at his best in the portrayal but a blurred semblance in the cast of the image. What has been the cause of this alienation of man from the original? Or is it a mere supposition, fostered by the vanity of man, that he was made an image of the Creator? Let us turn our thoughts to nature.

In the cloudless sky of heaven, we see in the day time a vast void, a light blue atmospheric ether, lost in a space of nothingness; turn the eye to it at night, and lo! the vaulted arch contains millions of glittering orbs, spheres of such magnitude that our earth sinks into insignificance, with distances from each other so great that our mode of computation with figures, fails to express them in miles, yet so exact in their movements through space that the finest mechanism conceived by human intellects can not record an infinitesimal deviation. Beholder, stop, and ask yourself: "Can I link my imagination into a

conception or supposition that I am an image of the Creator of all this? Can I, who am but like an atom of the dust scattered by the winds, when compared with the mysterious wonders in creation, conceive in myself any resemblance to such a Power?"

The laws of nature produce in the smallest portion of time countless, endless phenomena. Grandeur upon grandeur are opened up to our bewildered senses if we but take the trouble to ascertain what exists in our surroundings. The microscope reveals a world of life in a single drop of water; living objects of various shapes possess organisms suited to their mode of existence, yet all on such a diminutive scale as to be imperceptible to the naked eye. There is not a flower, whether of delicate and exquisite beauty, or tinted in colors which do not blend with our fancy, whether scenting the air with the balmy fragrance of perfume, suited to our tastes or not. Not even the smallest blade of grass whereupon we trample, but represents a grand ordination in nature. Wonderful world, yet more wonderful Creator of it all! Man, can you conceive in yourself any semblance to this Creator? Our scientific researches, our philosophical knowledge, and our mechanical skill, sink into nought when compared with nature's work.

Human beings are the embodiment and essence of the highest organisms on this earth. Their intellectual and reasoning faculties place them at the head of all this world's products. This we know from actual observations. How human beings became such factors is left to conjecture. From the history of the Bible we learn that "God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul." Also, "and the rib, which the Lord God had taken from man, made He a woman, and brought her unto man." Can we believe that this is a true history of the origin of the human races?

Can the unbiased mind believe that God made a blunder by creating beings not in conformity with His wishes? for, according to the same source of information, Adam and Eve, the first people on this earth, could not stand temptation, but fell from grace. But, perhaps God was compelled in the creation of man to conform to some unknown law which made it impossible for Him to create a perfect human being?

Geological researches furnish undisputable proofs that in the formation of the different strata of the earth's crust, cycles of years have elapsed. All matter animate has regularly defined periods wherein gradually to develop. Even inanimate matter, in nature's laboratory, comes under a law of gradual development, through chemical or atmospheric influences. Is not the problem then of human life such as to lead us to believe from what we observe in nature's productions, that successions of ages have gradually formulated and moulded us into human beings, able to think, reason and act? That man has sprung forth from something, and that something in accordance with nature's laws, is more reasonable, and there may be more truth in the theory of Darwin than we are willing to accept. Life, then death with the intervening span in human existence, so short that the step from the cradle to the grave is but like a flash in that endless period of duration called time. The fleeting moments of our lives, more precious than all earthly wealth, pass by year after year. Silently they roll by; steadily; but oh! how swiftly. From childhood on, look back. It seems more like a dream, full of cherished recollections, sad perhaps to many, yet to all vivifying some bright spot in the buried past.

The allotted time of existence accorded us all soon rolls by. Before we realize it, we stand upon the threshold of the hereafter; the curtain is drawn aside and we are numbered with those of the past. How many before us? How many to follow? None can tell. Our conceptions of this hereafter are, at the very best, but vague. The Bible speaks of a heaven and a hell, (hades or gehenna, construe the meaning of the word as you please). The former as the abode for the godly, the other the place for the wicked. The obedience through life which bring as a reward in this hereafter a place in that glorious paradise of bliss, as pictured by Milton, or the transgressions which may send the soul into that hell which Dante's "Inferno" portrays as the place where, "All hope abandon ye

who enter here," seem more like a travesty on the justice of the Creator of us and all.

An upright, conscientious and honorable man leaves this world. In all his transactions through life, his endeavors have been to do justice unto all men, wrong to none. To those in need his charitable nature was always ready to respond, yet, because he failed to believe in certain doctrines his soul is counted as numbered with the lost by his surviving Christian brethren. On the other hand, the man who tramples upon all rights, the lustful profligate who destroys chastity, and leaves to the eyes of the world an outcast spurned by society, the murderous mind that, without the least provocation, plans with cool deliberation the killing of another,—these may, when at last brought face to face with the inevitable last hour in this life, whether on a bed of sickness or in view of the dangling rope from the scaffold, repent, and by so doing, become the fit dwellers in the abode of heaven.

According to the theological views of life, and its final outcome, it seems as if the justice of the Creator to man, his created image, falls short even when compared with the justice of man to his fellow man. It seems as if the power of the evil one is more potent than that of the Creator. The doctrines of the origin of life as well as the doctrines of its hereafter, are so shallow that there is not even a place for the ground work to a foundation upon which to complete a structure. The inexhaustible fountains of knowledge surely contain a stimulus possessing some power to lift our minds to a higher appreciation in the solution of life's riddle.

ORGANIZATION.

By M. C. SEECEY.

I have just read the practical common-sense article by "Truro" headed "Organization." It expresses my own views on the subject. The discussion which has been had on the question has been well enough as preliminary to a formulation of thought, but to say that the world is prepared for the "Organization" such as some have suggested is premature. The world is growing for such an organization—for the Universal Church—the "Church of the Spirit." It will come; but it will not come until all things are ready. Like your correspondent I have lived "outside of the activities of spiritual circles;" but have been a silent onlooker at the influences at work, bringing, without noise and confusion, the means for the accomplishment of results. Here and there are preparing those who are to lead in the grand movement which is to bring to man—universal man—brotherhood, fellowship, unity. These will come together when the hour strikes. They will represent the unity of heaven and earth—the Love and Wisdom of God incarnate in human form;—men and women who have been tried by years of silent crucifixion—men and women who are dead to self and alive to the interests of the Universal Good.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va.

THE COLLEGE GHOST!

The narrative given, by "Senex" below, will be read with additional interest when it is known that the writer has nearly completed a century of years. "I am now ninety-eight years of age," he writes: "I have for years been investigating Spiritualism and am fully satisfied there is much solid truth in it, but also a vast deal of humbug, especially when publicly exhibited for money. I have had a long life, well preserved, witnessed many interesting scenes and have heard related many interesting incidents. Why this ghost story has not been published before is that the professor did not wish it done in his day at any rate, as it would attract too much attention to the college."

Nearly a century ago, one of our New England colleges was troubled with a ghost. It was supposed at first to be a mere human being, but at length it so effectually eluded the nicest scrutiny of the students, and faculty of the college, and preformed so many superhuman acts, that it was deemed to be a veritable ghost.

But in order to understand the following narrative, it is needful to have an idea of the room in which the ghost appeared. It was a basement room at the south end of the college building, with thick brick walls,

reaching entirely across the end—about forty feet—and with a brick partition wall twenty feet back, so that the room was in size forty by twenty feet. It had a brick floor, but was not plastered on the walls or over head. It had small windows at the end and sides, but no place of entrance except at the first door at the south end,—so that a person in the college must go outside in order to enter the room. This basement room was used as a mere storage place for things not needed for immediate use, and was specially used by the directors for the depositing of bones from the dissecting room. Those were deposited in a chest four feet long and two feet wide and deep.

Immediately over this chest, two students occupied a room together. In this condition of things, at about eight o'clock on a pleasant summer's evening, these students heard a rustling of the bones in the chest in the room below. They were much frightened, but after a time, with the aid of another student and lantern they had courage enough to go down to the basement room to investigate. They found the outer door closed, but the lid of the chest open, and the bones much disturbed. They found no one in the room, but as there was no lock on the door, a mischievous boy or student might have shaken up the bones and left the room before they had entered. The conclusion was that there was no ghost in the case and that the disturbance was caused by human hands. But in order to settle the question, a strong lock was procured and put on the outside door. It was a lock such as was used on store doors a century ago, part wood and part iron with a keyhole through it and a large key so that it would lock inside and out. The door was then locked and the key taken by one of the students of the room above. It was, however, argued that if it was in reality a ghost it would return again at about the same hour the next night. So a number of students agreed to be in the room above, with lanterns at eight o'clock and wait events.

Assembled according to appointment at about that hour they heard a noise as if the lid of the chest was violently thrown open against the inner wall; stifled groans of distress were heard, and the bones appeared to be flying about in all directions, and seemingly falling to the floor beneath the students feet. A large number of students, with lanterns, hastened down to the basement room. They found the door locked as they had left it the night before. It was hastily unlocked; the students rushed in and found many bones out of the chest, and promiscuously scattered about on the brick floor. Then they thoroughly examined the entire room, so that they were sure no human being could be concealed in it, and also examined the windows, finding iron rods outside and so near together that a rat could not squeeze in between them. All were satisfied that no human being could enter the room except through the door-way.

But all this did not entirely settle the question whether these demonstrations were made by a ghost or a man, for some one might have a false key, letting himself in, make the demonstrations, return and lock the door behind him. And yet they did not see how he could do such things, and be so quick about it as not to be caught, for the moment the demonstrations began the students started for the basement door, and seemingly quicker than an intruder could get outside himself. However, in order to render assurance doubly sure, they agreed to set a watch outside at the usual hour of the night with a number of lanterns; so that no one could go out or in the basement door without being seen and caught.

This was done. At the usual hour a large crowd, consisting not only of the officers and students of the college, but also many of the inhabitants of the village,—for these demonstrations had greatly alarmed the whole neighborhood. Many had lanterns, so that the south end of the college was as light as day, rendering it impossible for any mortal being to go in or out without being seen.

The crowd began to grow impatient, when the demonstrations began. The lid of the chest flew open, groans were uttered, the bones leaped out in all directions with great violence, and stifled shrieks of murder were distinctly heard. Quick as possible the door was unlocked, opened and the crowd rushed in; but no human mortal could be found after a most thorough search. The apartment was then entirely overhauled, the chest was removed a short distance nearer the end of the room, which would bring it nearly opposite the door, and about twenty feet distance from it. After a long consultation of the officers, students and citizens, it was concluded to try once more to detect the cause of these frightful demonstrations.

The janitor of the college was directed to bring in a box of ashes and a sieve, and the next day, some half dozen of the students, superintended by one of the professors, picked up all the bones, piled them up at the end of the chest, and then sifted ashes in all directions, ten feet from the chest, going backward so as to leave no foot prints of their own. The chest lid had been closed, and then, no mortal man could open the chest and get at the bones without making foot prints in the ashes. After the matter was all well looked over, the door was locked and the professor

took the key himself. It was also agreed to set the usual watch outside. The result of all this was believed to solve the problem whether all these strange demonstrations were the work of a ghost or a man.

At the appointed time a large crowd was out doors watching; the professor with key in hand stood at the door waiting. At the first demonstration inside, he tried to put in his key, but the noise so far exceeded all former exhibitions that he was delayed in unlocking, and when he had pushed the door slightly open the sounds were so startling, the bones flying so swiftly in all directions, that he paused until all was quiet. Then he pushed the door entirely back, and checked the crowd, so they could examine what had happened. They discovered that the lid of the chest had been torn from its hinges. A large lot of bones were strewn about in all directions, and many were on the sifted ashes, but not a foot-print of man, ghost or devil could be found. It is needless to say that all were profoundly astonished. They again made a thorough search throughout the room and were absolutely certain that no human being could be secreted in it, and as certain that no one could have entered it, except by the door, and that no one could have entered at the door without being seen.

The inmates of the college and inhabitants of the village, were all excited, puzzled, confounded—all the exercises of the college were suspended, except prayers in the chapel night and morning. Students could neither study, recite lessons nor quietly sleep nights. The next morning the chapel was filled to its utmost capacity by the officers and students of the college and the leading citizens of the village; for it was understood that these all-absorbing manifestations would there be fully discussed. The president himself officiated at the desk, and after prayers, sat down, and requested the audience to be seated. Then a full discussion took place. All were requested to throw some light on the subject if they could, but no one attempted an explanation. It was then suggested whether the college had not better be closed for a month, and these demonstrations might cease; so the import and meaning of them might be discovered. As the case stood these demonstrations seemed to be senseless and to effect no purpose. At all events, the college exercises could not exist under this great excitement.

At length one of the students suggested that in a neighboring town some five or six miles away there was a fortune-teller or magician, who had a great reputation in solving mysteries, finding goods lost or stolen, and telling fortunes. It could do no harm to bring him here even if he effected nothing, and he was so anxious that this strange mystery should be solved that he would take a carriage and bring him here at his own expense. This proposition was accepted. He said he would start soon after breakfast, and that all might attend who desired to do so and not be kept needlessly waiting. He gave notice that he would return at two o'clock p. m. In the meantime he would suggest that the box of bones be removed from the basement room, the floor swept clean and all things made as presentable as it could be while he was gone. All this was done at once.

At the hour named he drove up to the college with the fortune-teller or magician, and found a great crowd of people there to greet his arrival. The fortune-teller at once left the carriage, saying he wished for no introduction, passed through the crowd without noticing anyone. He was a man of large stature, brilliant eye, intelligent face, and it was apparent that he felt at ease and master of the situation. He passed into the room, came to the chest of bones, stooped down and carefully examined those in and out of the chest, perhaps a bushel basket full in all, then he stood erect, and said in a solemn tone: "I can solve the mystery, but to do this I must have profound silence in the room. Those who cannot keep silent must at once leave it. I must not be interrupted. When I have finished and any explanation is needed I will give it; but I say again I must not be interrupted!" This last exclamation was so solemnly pronounced and in such a strong voice, that the audience seemed to stand in awe, and kept entire silence during his performance.

He began by saying: "A portion of these bones are those of a murdered man! His ghost now appears and demands for them a christian burial in consecrated ground, that they may no longer be subject to rude handling by thoughtless men. A few years ago, at midnight, the body that contained this skeleton was brought to this college building in a box by two men. The janitor was aroused and they all three took it into the dissecting room. One of them stated that it contained the body of a man about forty years old, who came to his sudden death in full life, by accident; that in assisting to raise a building he fell and timbers falling on him, he was most shockingly bruised; that he was taken up dead, and as he had no near relatives in the place, and no one objected, they had brought the body to be used in the interest of science, as it was not an easy matter to obtain a subject for dissection who suddenly died in the full vigor of life; and that now with a suitable sum for their trouble, they would retire. This was agreed upon and paid. On being

requested to give their names and place of residence they declined, saying it was of no importance as there would be no search for the body.

"In taking off the clothes from the body the next morning, it was found to be terribly bruised which might have been done in the manner stated, or it might have been done by a bludgeon, such as is used in playing ball. The back and three ribs were broken and the skull was smashed in. The arms and legs were all more or less shattered and mutilated. The dress was found to be superior to that of a laboring man, but such as a trader or professional man would wear for every day dress. The body had on a complete suit of clothes except hat and shoes. But there was nothing found in them to indicate who the man was or where he resided. There was not even a jack-knife found in the vest pocket.

"At length it was thought best to postpone the dissection for a time, and institute an investigation. Accordingly, men were sent into all the neighboring towns round about to make inquiry; but no case could be found of an accident in the raising of a building, or of a man missed or one supposed to be murdered. It was then believed that the body must have been brought from a long distance, and further inquiry useless. They then proceeded to dissect the body; but took the precaution to preserve all things possible for identification if inquiry should be made. Accordingly they measured his exact height, weighed the body on the scales and cut off a large lock of hair. These minutes, together with the lock of hair were put into the coat pocket, and the whole suit hung up in a closet in the dissecting room—and are there now! But my object now is to lay this ghost and procure a christian burial of the bones in consecrated ground as demanded. And now I call for a box to put them in."

On its being produced he carefully selected all the bones which he said belonged to the skeleton of the murdered man, put the lid on and strongly nailed it on. He then said it must be put into the hands of the sexton for burial, and he being present took charge of it, and immediately proceeded to the village grave-yard near by, and afterwards reported that he had done his duty.

He then said he felt impelled to address a few words of caution and admonition to the students of the college. The ghost had been satisfied and departed forever from the college, and would annoy the students no more. They could retire to their beds, sleep soundly, and awake in the morning refreshed for the duties of the day.

"And now," he said, "my young friends, you are sent here by parents and guardians at great expense to obtain an education which you are in duty bound to do. It will be a serious neglect of duty to spend your time in idleness, or go about the streets or college buildings to find some mischief to do. This spirit is departed and will trouble you no more; but, remember, there are many other spirits of different capacities and disposition—good, bad and indifferent, and if you commit offences you may be suddenly seized by an unseen power, and severely handled—your clothing torn to pieces and you left half dead. Heed my admonitions or suffer the consequences. And now, on the payment of five dollars for my services, I am ready to depart and return to my home." This was readily done, and one of the students took him into the carriage and departed.

It was then concluded to adjourn to the chapel where there was room for all, to be seen and heard. The president occupied the desk and acted as chairman. The first inquiry was, whether the narrative of the magician about the transactions in the dissecting room was true, and if so, how he obtained his knowledge. The surgeon, who had had charge of the room; for more than a dozen years, stated that it was literally true from beginning to end, and he had just come from the dissecting room and saw the clothes of the murdered man hanging up in the closet. But was the magician ever in the dissecting room? O, no! and if he had come and begged for admittance it would not have been granted. The proceedings in the dissecting room are kept secret and no outsider could be admitted on any conditions, and, said the surgeon, "I presume, he never visited the college building before to-day, or even the village itself." "Then," said the president, "we must take it for granted that the magician obtained his knowledge from his own divination and not from any prompting outside. The president then announced that the usual exercises of the college would be resumed on the next day, and the students must govern themselves accordingly. The conclusion arrived at was that the college had been visited by a real ghost, yet some of the learned men, in and out of the college doubted it notwithstanding. They could see no way to avoid the conclusion. The next day, the usual exercises began with renewed vigor. The students got their lessons better than ever, and recited to the satisfaction of the teachers. Peace and harmony reigned supreme, so that, in time, it was said, that if there could be a millennium on earth, the college was a most brilliant example.

It was in the pleasant month of June and commencement was near at hand. The graduating class

wrote their parts with great care and delivered them with so much energy and pathos, that they frequently brought down the house. In short, it was a most brilliant commencement, superior to any that had been witnessed since the erection of the college walls. The day was closed by a splendid "Carnival Ball" in the evening. The ball closed at the small hours in the morning, and all went home to rest their weary limbs and "dream of heaven." Late in the morning of the next day, many calls were made for congratulations and compliments, and to talk over and enjoy again the pleasures of commencement day. Young men and maidens, not a few, freely exchanged sentiments, and expressed attachment for each other far beyond mere friendship. In short, a revival, honest and true, pervaded the village, without a discordant voice. Ministers and people were in harmony. The prison was empty and the churches all full. Millennium had come.

SEQUEL.

After a lapse of four years, and all the students had graduated with honor, who were witnesses to those marvellous doings at the college, the president was startled by the reception of a letter mailed at an obscure postoffice in the State of New York, signed "THE COLLEGE GHOST!" At first, he thought it a joke, but on reading it through, came to a different conclusion. The writer stated, that he alone, unaided by any one, performed all these wonderful acts, which were supposed to have been the work of a ghost! That he then lived many miles from the postoffice, where the letter was mailed and intended not to disclose his name, lest some harm should come to him by those who had been duped by his performances; but in the interest of truth, he thought the president of the college, for whom he had great respect, should be informed of the facts, and he could make such use of them as he pleased.

The following statement is given in nearly the language of the letter: "I was in the senior class and roomed on the same flat with the two students who first heard the rattling of the bones in the chest. They were my classmates and were said, were to have been cousins. They seemed to have plenty of money, were rather aristocratic, and never cordially associated with the class. It may well be said that they were unpopular.

"Being of a mechanical turn of mind, I wanted a small bone from the chest in the basement room. Accordingly, I took my lantern, went outside of the college building and into the room, tossed back the lid and soon found the bone I wanted; inadvertently leaving the chest open. I shut the door and returned to my room. When I came into the hall, I saw these two students standing at the door of their room seemingly, in a frightful condition. I passed on to them and enquired what was the trouble. They said, they had just heard the bones rattling in the chest below. I suggested, it might be imagination, and not real; but they both stoutly affirmed there could be no mistake; the lid of the chest went back against the wall and the bones rattled against the sides of the chest, but it must have been done by a ghost, for no mortal man would think of going into the room in the night and rattling the bones, any more than he would go into a grave-yard to cut up capers. Well, said I, and why do you not go down and see what has happened? We feel too tired to do that. Too timid! I am not afraid of a ghost, I said, and will go down into the room at once; follow me. We found things, of course, just as I had left them, but I put on a wondering countenance as well as themselves. But I soon began to examine the room, and found the door, swung inside, was four feet wide and so near the corner that it would not go entirely back, but would hit the other wall, and leave a three-corner space where I could stand erect, so that when the door was thrown back it would hit the wall instead of myself. These students were such cowards that I thought I would have a little sport at their expense. Accordingly I went to the store and bought the old style lock, such as were put on store-doors, part wood and part iron with a key hole through it, so that it could be locked inside and out, and with two keys, and had it put on the door. I had put one key in my pocket, and called upon one of the students to lock the door with the other, and wait events. In the course of the day, I called upon them, left my lantern, advised them to get one or more lanterns, have them all lighted before eight o'clock, and with a number of other students, go, at once, down into the basement, the moment they heard any noise or disturbance. I should be so engaged I could not watch with them, but should hear them move and would be there without a moment's delay.

"A little before eight, I went down in the dark, unlocked the door, locked myself in, and put the key in my pocket. I was then ready for operations. When I thought it was fully eight o'clock, I threw open the lid, made stifled groans, and threw out bones with great force, some of them hitting the floor beneath the student's feet! They all started at once, came swiftly round, unlocked the door and rushed in. I had just time to get into the corner, then step out from

behind it, and join them, apparently out of breath; and all supposed, I came in from out doors. Nor did they suspect me, for I was one of the foremost in detecting the cause of these demonstrations.

"The plan worked well, and I thought it might be carried on to any extent, so I suggested putting a watch outside, which was done, and with the same result as before. Then I suggested sifting ashes on the brick floor, and superintended doing that in a thorough manner. In regard to the ashes I will explain: In the afternoon I watched my opportunity and let myself into the room unseen by anyone. I knew the students were not in their room overhead at the time. I went up to the chest and found the hinges were rusty and weak, so I tore the lid off and put it down in the small space behind it. I then took out of the chest as many bones as I supposed I could dispose of in my allotted time, put them into the corner where I was to stand, took the sieve, and sifted the ashes all over the floor where I had stepped, going backwards, so as to leave no tracks of my own. I was then ready for the night's operations; for I had nothing to do but stand near my corner, groan and throw the bones piled up at my feet.

"At the usual hour I took my place near my corner, and when I found a multitude with lanterns watching outside, for I could hear the conversation, and their lanterns gave a dim light through the small windows into the room; although I did not need the light, for I found I could groan, shriek, and throw bones in the dark as well as a ghost, and as that was the last exhibition I intended to make I concluded to put in a little extra work. So when I thought the time had come to begin, I burst forth in great agony; my first shriek was so loud and shrill that it startled the people outside, and the bones flew so fast and swift that the professor paused for fear of getting hit. Some of them I imagine did come quite near his head. When I had exhausted my stock of bones I stopped, and when he found all things quiet he threw the door wide open, the crowd pressed in behind him; but I stepped out, called a halt, and was by the professor's side in a moment; assisted in keeping the crowd back, and with lanterns, discovered the condition of things in the room. It was at once seen that the lid had been torn from the chest and many bones were scattered round on the ashes, but no foot prints could be seen!

"I then concluded it was time to stop. I had had all the fun I wanted, and rather more. I was afraid of being detected and then I should be expelled in disgrace and perhaps mobbed. But I had got to a point where I could neither hold on or let go. I was in a sad dilemma. I could not reveal what I had done, and to stop where the demonstrations did, would not seem to have any purpose in view—would be senseless and silly.

"With much anxiety I dwelt upon some method of closing these demonstrations in some rational way. At the investigation in the chapel I matured a plan. A magician or fortune-teller lived in a neighboring town, some five or six miles away, with whom I had a slight acquaintance. I knew he was a shrewd man, and would help me out of the difficulty if any one could. At his house and on the way to the cottage I informed him of all the marvelous works I had done in the basement room and about all the particulars of the transactions in the dissecting room that happened a few years before.

"And how I came to know about the transaction in the dissecting room was, I had frequently been employed in it, I was in my senior year calculating to be a doctor and surgeon, and being a good scholar and having a natural genius for surgery. I was efficient help in the dissecting room. Although the body of the supposed murdered man was brought to the college a few years before I entered it, yet I had talked with the professor so much who was there at the time, and examined the room, closets, furniture, etc., that I was well versed in all things in it. The magician performed his part to a charm—exceeded my expectations and is entitled to much credit for his efficient sagacity.

"I am now in the western country, practicing physic and surgery, and I feel I shall yet make my mark in life. The follies of youth I regret, and yet I never intended to do evil to any one. I shall never play the ghost any more, for it was not a very pleasant business at the time. Had it not been for the hiding place behind the door, it would not have been attempted. And now Mr. President, in bidding you adieu I would inform you that I left my key hanging up on a nail behind the door in my hiding place."

"COLLEGE GHOST."

PRIVATE NOTE.

"MR. PRESIDENT: When you find my key hanging up behind the door, and the space behind it, too small to conceal a human being when it is wide open, and therefore infer that my statement must needs be false, you would be mistaken instead of myself. I admit that it was too small to conceal the body of any other man perhaps in the wide world. To make this plain I will describe my own person, as it was at the time of the manifestations in the basement room of the college. I was a peculiar deformed man in some particulars. I was

of the usual height, and was called a dwarf, but the body was of average width but very thin, so much so, that I used all the means in my power to conceal it. My head was "fore and aft" of the common size but very thin, the defect in the head I concealed by ear locks according to the fashion of the time. To cover the defect of the body I wore a loose sack coat, generally buttoned at the top but never buttoned or drawn tight around the body. And to provide against exposure, when the occasion required, a close-fitting outside garment, I had a cushion made to be worn in front underneath, to round up my body into a proper shape. When concealed behind the door I had to stand straight up with my back to the wall and my head turned sideways at right angles. Had I stood in a natural position the door would have hit my nose before it did the wall if fully opened. In fact it was a close fit, and an uncomfortable position; and would be too painful to be endured for any great length of time.

"When it was suggested that the students with a teacher should go down to the basement and know for a certainty whether any person could stand concealed in the space behind the door by actual trial, and some twenty of us went, I stepped into my room and put on my cushion, and then it was found that some of the students were smaller than myself, but none could be concealed behind the door. Had the architect hung the door just two inches further from the corner, it would have swung back against the wall, leaving no space at all, and that was probably what he intended; but his mistake caused much trouble and excitement—not an evil, for the ghost had a quickening power that started the inmates of the college into new life and vigor."

In closing my narrative of these startling events I wish to say that should its truthfulness be challenged, it will in all essential particulars stand the test of the most thorough investigation. The events happened nearly a century ago, and were given to me by a professor of the college where they happened about fifteen years afterwards. He was an officer there through all the investigations, taking an active part in them; and his integrity is beyond question. As to myself it is about seventy-five years ago that the revelation was made to me; and yet, I feel confident that in substance and fact, it is true as narrated to me. I do not pretend to give the precise language. I use my own, but as I had a trained memory in early life and improved in the course of years, I am confident that I have made no mistake now. The public may therefore be sure that the events happened as stated.

And now having finished my story, it is published not only in the cause of truth, but as a caution, not to place too much reliance upon appearances. Had those sagacious and learned men put their hands behind the door, they would not have found a vacant space "and nothing more," but a deformed man of real flesh and blood, standing in an awkward position, his back close to the wall, shoulders set back, arms hanging down and clinging to his sides, with his head turned at right angles. Perhaps they would have been frightened as much as they would have been, had they found a real ghost.

It is not denied that there have been miracles, dreams, ghosts, spiritual manifestations and the like, in the years that are past, and will be in future to the end of time, all honest and true; but these are far outbalanced by frauds. In the course of a long life, for I am now ninety-eight, I have more or less employed my leisure hours in writing stories, essays, lectures, orations, etc., for publication in newspapers and periodicals, but never under my own name; and not caring to change my practice now, I put to this the sign manual of

SENEX.

A crank is a man who does his own thinking. I had a relation who was called a crank. I believe I have been spoken of as one myself. That is what you have to expect if you invent anything that puts an old machine out of fashion, or solve a problem that has puzzled all the world up to your time. There never was a religion founded but its Messiah was called a crank. There never was an idea started that woke up men out of their stupid indifference but its originator was spoken of as a crank. Do you want to know why that name is given to the men who do most for the world's progress? I will tell you. It is because cranks make all the wheels in all the machinery of the world go around. What would a steam-engine be without a crank? I suppose the first fool that looked on the first crank that was ever made asked what that crooked, queer-looking thing was good for. When the wheels got moving he found out. Tell us something about that book which has so much to say concerning cranks.—O. W. HOLMES, in June Atlantic.

A remarkable result of Russian influenza is recorded of the Massachusetts Insane Asylums. In seven cases the patients, through having the grippe, were restored to reason, and in each case the details are thoroughly vouched for by the medical attendants.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

JUNE.

Oh! night of splendor, with ambrosial dew
The trees embowering are dripping wet;
And, in the dusk the birds are piping yet,
And sun-kissed breezes softly wander through
The leaves, from out the fields of western blue,
Where Venus her fair taper now has set
On fire, to tell us we must not forget
The hour of love, fond tokens to renew.
Enchanted visions from Elysian fields,
Shed on the night their sweet and subtle pow'r,
The bat, intoxicated, blindly reels
From out the ivy in the wooden tower,
And drowsy beetles, with their burnished shields,
Ring wild alarms to the passing hour.

—ALONZO LEORA RICE.

SHE MIGHT AS WELL.

Too diffident he was to kiss
The maiden by his side,
Although he loved the winsome miss
And sought her for his bride.
Said he, as in the twilight's gray
They wandered up and down:
"An anti-kissing club, they say,
Has just been formed in town.
"Do you intend to join?" She sighed,
And as her lashes fell
O'er cheeks with crimson blushes dyed,
Replied, "I might as well."

—BOSTON COURIER.

Mrs. L. C. Smith, in a thoughtful article published in the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle*, urges the admission of women as students in the Rochester University. "For," she says, "woman leaves her impress indelibly upon the race—proving that the law of heredity is stronger than the grasp of death, coming down through the ages even to the door of our criminal courts of to-day, showing the victims of crime were pushed by hands that long ago were dust. Inasmuch that our wisest philosophers tell us that nothing yet has ever been gained by oppression in any way, mental or physical. And it seems to me that we need no stronger proof than our late war furnishes. In the severe measure of penalty returned for our violation of the rights of others. Now this law holds good through every grade of life. If you wish to retard the growth of any people, oppress the mothers. We all understand very well there is no life, human or otherwise, outside of the natural law of motherhood. So it follows, if you would exalt a nation, if you would accelerate the march of civilization, quicken the powers of perception for discovery and invention; double the opportunities of making life profitable and enjoyable, look to the women! See to it that she has every possible advantage of higher education, intellectually, morally and physically, and that she is surrounded by the best, the most ennobling and inspiring conditions that have, or can be awakened in the mind by the most advanced thought. Since God has intrusted her with the life of the world, rest assured that no blessing awaits the hand that oppresses or withholds any advantage that would exalt the human from her full share in such benefits."

Commenting on Mrs. Smith's article, the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* says, editorially: "The advocates of co-education of the sexes have made remarkable progress in the last ten years, and the success which has attended the experiment of opening college doors to young women has established the needed precedent which must eventually abolish the exclusiveness which has so long prevailed in institutions devoted to advanced education. The old prejudice which has denied the girl the educational advantages enjoyed by her brother is fast dying away, and the ease with which she has held her own in mental development when the opportunity has been provided, offers an unanswerable argument to the principal objections made against her admission to the colleges and universities. The trustees of the Rochester University are liberal men and it is reasonable to suppose that they have already given this subject more or less thought. They are to hold their annual meeting this month, we believe, and in view of that event, the letter of our correspondent is timely. Public discussion of the possible innovation will be beneficial in every way, and, as usual, the columns of the *Democrat and Chronicle* are open for that purpose."

Probably the oldest living authoress in this country is Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith, who was very prominent before the war, not only as a writer, but as a lecturer. Although she is still a contributor to one of the literary weeklies, both in prose and

verse, her name is rarely seen elsewhere, and the general impression doubtless is that she has passed away. The standards of criticism are so different now from what they were thirty years since that her work—poems, novels, tragedies, and miscellanies—would not be ranked nearly so high as formerly. Born at what is now Cumberland, Me. (her maiden name was Prince), she was married at sixteen to Seba Smith, author of the once famous Major Jack Downing letters. She became a widow some twenty odd years ago, and has been living most of the time since at the small town of Hollywood, N. C., near the coast, where at eighty-four she is in excellent, vigorous health. She was one of the early advocates of woman's rights, speaking on the subject in all the larger cities, and contributing various articles to the magazines of the day. "Woman and Her Needs," published forty years ago, attracted much attention and elicited warm commendation. Mrs. Smith has witnessed extraordinary changes in the republic, and has survived nearly all of her contemporaries, many of whom occupied exalted positions in her youth and have now passed into oblivion.

Dr. Amelia B. Edwards made a most favorable impression during her tour through the United States, wherever she went. *The Woman's Illustrated World* says: "We feel that a word should be spoken in praise of her indefatigable zeal and steadfastness of purpose throughout her trip. She has not received one adverse criticism; everywhere she has been received with the utmost deference and courtesy. She has been able to interest thousands in Egyptology, who never knew anything about it before. She has said no harsh things about America, has made no cruel criticisms, and has never failed to keep her appointments, notwithstanding the fact that she broke her arm late one afternoon of the day of a lecture engagement. She has been feasted and applauded in every direction, yet has remained the same dignified, sincere, and earnest woman. She is absorbed in her subject, and never fails to instill in her audience an interest in her theme. She will return to England leaving nothing but pleasant memories of her brief sojourn among us. She is the best proof of the place a woman can fill, and without the least dissent on the part of the scientific men who are her peers. She has been received, not because she was a woman, but for the sake of the knowledge she has acquired and been able to impart to others. Altogether there could not have been a better standard-bearer for the women of this country than Miss Amelia B. Edwards."

One often sees on Broadway nowadays, a New York correspondent writes, a woman whose singular face attracts the observant eye. It is not a pretty face, but there is a strength in it that almost defies a pen description, and yet it is as delicate and fine of line as a cameo, especially when seen in profile. It is a longish, oval face with a brow a little too massive for exact symmetry, yet softened and shadowed by a fringe of dark hair. The eyes are also dark and deeply thoughtful. The skin is perfectly clear and pale. Tall and slender to the point of fragility, there is yet about her a fine gracious reserve at once distinctive and individual. She dresses simply, with not the slightest effort for display, though everything she wears is costly. The whole woman carries out to the point the impression one might form in reading her exquisite poetry. It is Edith M. Thomas, whose verse the leading critics of the land have pronounced as coming closer to that of Keats than that of any other writer of the present day. Miss Thomas now lives permanently in New York.

The Industrial School Gem gives this as a boy's composition on girls: Girls are very stuck up and dignified in their manner and behave themselves. They think more of dress than anything, and like to play with dolls and rags. They cry if they see a cow in the far distance, and are afraid of guns. They stay at home all the time and go to church on Sunday. They are always making fun of boy's hands, and they say how "dirty." They can't play marbles. I pity them, poor things. They make fun of boys and then turn round and love them. I don't believe they ever killed a cat or anything. They look out every night and say, ain't the moon lovely? There is one thing I have not told, and that is they always know their lessons better than boys.

Practical emancipation of women is making great progress in the empire of the Czar. It is not only the higher courses of study for female students which help this

progress, but also a want of civil officers and physicians that stands in marked contrast with their excessive number in the western states. Women are, therefore, not looked upon as competitors but are welcomed as colleagues. Their efforts, lately, have been to be admitted as druggists. One great argument in their favor is that in France and Switzerland hospital pharmacies have been in charge of Sisters of Mercy for many years, and that Sisters and female nurses have been able assistants of surgeons in the field. It is said that sixteen young ladies who have absolved the female college have lately applied to St. Petersburg druggists to be admitted as apprentices. The decision, however, does not lie with the druggists, but with the minister of the interior.

A WONDERFUL EXPERIENCE.

The writer of the following strange narration of events is a lawyer, editor, author and politician of Grand Rapids, Mich., J. Mason Reynolds, popularly known as "Farmer Reynolds," and the owner and editor of the campaign sheet cycled the *Wolverine Cyclone*. Mr. Reynolds is a graduate of the Michigan University and has been a legal and newspaper light of Grand Rapids for a quarter of a century. He is also a Democratic orator of some reputation in Michigan and a writer of poetry, and he is called the "bard and sage of Belmont," this suburban village being his rural residence. He is six feet in height and weighs two hundred and fifty pounds, and is in the best of health.

THE NARRATIVE.

In May of the last year (1888) I went on a visit to the new gold mines on the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. On the train homeward I was astounded at hearing mysterious voices from invisible sources, but around and about me and in various intonations. These voices at times seemed to be in chorus, and repeated my name familiarly and at times boisterously but attracting nobody else's notice. This aroused my profound astonishment and, (why not confess?) no little alarm on my part, but being finally satisfied that none others heard and that something marvelous was transpiring, I apparently perused my paper and continued to wonder and listen. Finally a distinct but low voice said, apparently and directly in the vacant seat before me, that I must not be alarmed, but that several spiritual beings were in the car and that I had suddenly become mediumistic—so that we could temporarily, at least, talk together; and that their object and labor would be to make such a communicative condition permanent. This in substance; but many things were told (which I have before printed) but which I do not deem it the province of this article to mention in detail. Suffice it that all fear and anxiety for my own level-headedness at once vanished, and the unseen visitors and myself were soon engaged in the heartiest and liveliest *tête à tête* imaginable.

Of course you ask how this talk was carried on, for it looks absurd. Why should not spirits talk to everybody else as well as to me? but if to me, in the presence of others, why couldn't they also hear?

I state facts without explanation. I did and do hear the voices and others do not hear. My own thoughts (and so they informed me from the first) were all that were needed on my part, and I was understood and answered before my ideas really assumed the form of words. It was mind talking to mind, they said, and that in such conversation physical organs were wholly unnecessary, although my spirit was still in the body. And so on we chatted from Marquette to Mackinaw, across the Straits, and into the hotel, and during supper. I said but little—except to fellow passengers—but happily wondered and listened. I was requested to take a sleeper on the train northward to Grand Rapids, and that my spiritual friends would disclose marvels to me in my berth—all of which was fulfilled. Scarcely had I lain down when electrical shocks or waves seemed to permeate my whole being, and although wide-awake (my eyes were closed at the spirits' request) that berth was magnified into a magnificent apartment, and in the vision (for it must have been such) life-size personages appeared and conversed—fully a dozen in number—and the most astonishing and fascinating incidents transpired that would only challenge your credulity to relate. It must have all been picture-drawing, or photographic impressions upon my mind, for surely a seeming theater and such a concourse of full-grown people

could not have been crowded into my little berth.

Among other things which transpired and which I deem worthy of note, was a conventional explanation, (or call it a lecture), made by a distinguished looking person—well dressed, as they all were—setting forth that I was to be "electrified" into a permanent and remarkable medium; that it would take a long time, and that I would undoubtedly wish myself in Hades before the proceeding was consummated; that it would require colossal efforts on the part of the spirits not to lose their present control, which was rare and phenomenal through the ages; that I must be tormented, confused and half-murdered through a long and tedious process to the great end of establishing a mediumship; that the present method of doing this was a new discovery on the part of the Spirit-world, and in my case was wholly an experiment. And I was pledged, (willingly) to undertake the ordeal.

There were both gentlemen and ladies present. They seemed as natural as you and I talking together. They differed in dress, size and ages. They sang two songs and at my request, an old-fashioned r was danced amidst the greatest merriment. Neither the songs nor the music had I ever heard before. They pledged me not to use stimulating beverages, which was rather hard at the start, as I had been a hearty, convivial mortal for fully fifteen years; but I have wholly abstained from touching a drop since. They finally promised to make me the happiest man living, said that the success of their undertaking was about almost certain, that I must bear up against a long seige of torment—which was absolutely necessary. And it was thus the writer and his unseen friends arrived at his rural residence at Belmont.

Here my experience became but little short of terrible. For five long months, (during which time I remained in comparative retirement at home) I underwent the most trying experience. Although healthy as a bear, strong as a lion and full of ambition and pluck, I was driven to rebel against the whole arrangement. The everlasting machinations and invisible talkers about me night and day—shocking me at times and threatening or laughing at others—nearly drove me to distress. I wrote to many of the so-called mediums of the country and nearly all the insane asylums, but only contradiction of opinion and more confusion came from it. I finally accepted several invitations to speak at picnics around-a-bout, wrote when I could, through the infernal chatter and bother, (for no satisfactory knowledge was given me of the other world, nor was the identity of my harassing manipulators revealed), and ultimately, after these months of diabolical recreation, assumed editorial work at Grand Rapids.

During my worst days of discipline at Belmont I kept a diary and largely published the whole affair, allowing that the spirits must be devils, and asking the doctors and philosophers at large how to get rid of them. When "electrified" (or that is what they call it) as I frequently was to a half-unconscious extent, I was driven to take the bed, when the most miraculous visions would occur to me, full of bewilderingly charming angels and the most beautiful landscapes. At such times I was also told to go ahead with my law and newspaper proceedings, and that the undertaking had been so successful that I would not longer be bothered so as to at all interfere with my business. And I have been professionally engaged ever since, being electrified and talked to almost constantly, but seldom interfered with. The watch-word always is: "Just mind your own business forever, and push along. We are bossing this end of the business, and all we have promised shall anon be realized. I have grown to honor and delight in the proceedings and firmly believe that something remarkable (but God only knows what) will come out of it. I singly await developments and solid, rational information of the other world, which I have not only pledged but full ambition and hope will ultimately be given; but how and when is all a mystery."

Only another word. I want no correspondence, for I cannot attend to it. I am not in the lecturing field, nor would I be a paid, public or private medium. My law books and my pen give me all the revenue I want, and I write this article purely as a free contribution to metaphysical knowledge. Whatever happens hereafter shall be faithfully published. I am as hale and jovial a mortal as ever walked Michigan soil, and by my manhood and honor of a rough-and-tumble gentleman, I hereby sacredly swear to the truth and the whole truth of the above narrative.

A CARD PERSONAL.

TO THE EDITOR: Kindly allow me space for a private word which may reach many friends personally unknown to me—for it would be needless to say it to anyone who is cognizant of my daily life and work. It is this: I find many persons wondering why I do not write more about psychic research and allied topics, and some seem to think I have changed my mind—or lost it, perhaps—or have got wearied and wavering—or have been worsted by the "theosophic" knaves—or what not.

Nothing of the sort! The facts in the case are so simple that nobody seems to understand them. For six years—since 1884, I have been doing the hardest literary and scientific work of my life, absolutely without interruption sustaining a load of labor that few men could carry without staggering. I refer of course, to my share in the authorship of the "Century Dictionary of the English Language," now publishing. That work is, in my judgment—and the best critics will not seriously disagree with me here—the greatest ever undertaken by an American house, and likely to prove one of the greatest in the English language. It undertakes to resurvey the whole field of human knowledge, and set the standard of the English tongue for at least the contemporaneous generation of men. My share of the work is extensive, important and of weighty responsibility, covering the whole fields of general biology, zoology and anatomy. It has absorbed nine-tenths of my waking consciousness all these years, and held the lexicographic and encyclopedic pen to my fingers for an average of eight hours a day—Sundays included. All that I have been able to do in lines with which THE JOURNAL's readers are familiar, represents merely the overflow of thought-currents in the sluice-way of this great dictionary. No man ever had a more cruel taskmaster than I make myself: and sometimes it cuts me to the raw to hear persons wondering what I am about, and why I "dissipate my energies" and "fritter away my time!" Such know nothing of my work but spraying and dashing; the steady current is noiseless and unbroken. Enough: I am now making copy for the dictionary in the letter S, and this means I am well along in the last quarter of a long race. When this work is ended, we shall see what we will see. For the present my friends must be satisfied if I occasionally give them a helping hand or a suggestive thought, and my enemies ought to be satisfied with the lively lobstered tint at which I manage to keep them boiling, dictionary or no dictionary. Sincerely, yours,

ELLIOTT COUES.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

A SORT OF SPONTANEOUS SEPARATION.

TO THE EDITOR: A Baptist revivalist was once asked, how he could tell whether his conversions were genuine. His reply was, "We do as fishermen do, when they set eel pots; they haul in all that come, and then turn them loose. The snakes make for the bushes, but the eels put for the water. These they bag for genuine."

It seems to me your methods of procedure produce a similar result; a sort of spontaneous separation, each seeking the most congenial element. The touchstone which you so persistently apply, appears to act as both disintegrator and organizer. There are other affinities than chemical, or conjugal. The fact that like seeks like, which is sometimes as true as the law that like produces like—appears to be demonstrating itself in the line of psychic research, and the theories, and faiths built thereon.

All knowledge comes to us from our interrogations of nature, who never gives us a stone when we ask for bread, and who never insists upon bestowing bread when we are satisfied with a stone. "Ask, and ye shall receive," is nature's assurance; and as ye ask, so shall ye receive, is equally in the order of law. Is it matter for surprise then, that the apparent responses of nature are so varied, when the interrogations are so varied? Or, should the responses of nature be called in question, when some are left to sharpen appetite and tooth on the stone of their own asking, while their neighbors are feeding upon the nutritious bread? Patience friend!

"The world do move," "Truth crushed to earth," and all that. Comfort yourself with the reflection that the steady evolution of the spirit of man is as sure in the future as it has been in the past. It is a long time—measured by the life, even of a race—since we were saurians. It may be a long time yet, before we are perfectly developed humans. There is—as you know—corre-

lated with the law of development, the possibility of divergence, and of reversion to type, notwithstanding all things tend to equilibrium, which is peace, harmony, perfectness.

We can help—not nature—but ourselves, by obedience to law or we can hinder—not nature or her ultimate victories—but ourselves, by devious windings and divergencies. All the same we shall get there, because, as Mr. Powell says, "we are all on the road."

Patience therefore, courage, hope, for fruition is sure. The harvest will be plentiful for all who labor with nature and in obedience to her laws, which are truth, justice, righteousness. Let the truth, then, continue to come; let justice be done, and the righteousness will follow. There will be justification, not by faith, but by works and results. Please accept congratulations upon the improved JOURNAL, which stands to-day a marked example of progress and development.

BOSTON, MASS.

AMBER.

HYPNOTISM AT THE SALPETRIERE.

A Times correspondent has been taken round the Salpêtrière Hospital, Paris, by permission of Dr. Charcot, and shown the hypnotic patients. He says:—Hypnotism in operation is divided, like the Gaul of Caesar, into three parts, and the phenomena apparent in each of these stages are peculiar to that stage, and that stage alone. The first of these periods is lethargy, the second catalepsy, and the third somnambulism. To illustrate the three periods, a young woman of twenty-four, stoutly built, with a bright and intelligent face, was seated in a chair facing the window of the room in which the experiments were conducted. The girl was a highly hysterical subject, habitually insensible to pain on the left half of the body, but with sensation normal on the right. Evidence of insensibility was shown by the insertion of a probe in the flesh of the left forearm. The slightest prick or pinch on the right side excited remonstrances from the girl, with facial expression and gestures appropriate to sudden pain. Almost suddenly the girl was thrown into a lethargy by gazing intently on a point near and above her eyes, and by Dr. Guinon closing her eyelids by pressing his thumbs on the eyeball until the lids were in contact. So profound was her slumber that the probe was inserted again and again into the fleshy part of the girl's right arm without causing a tremor or a sign of sensation. In the next, or second hypnotic period, that of catalepsy—produced by simply raising the girl's eyelids until her large blue eyes stared with a painful absence of human expression—the patient was a lay figure, a mere automaton-clay in the hands of the medical potter. This is the earliest period at which suggestion is possible; but the automaton can receive but one idea at a time. The simulation of a church bell on a gong produced a smile, an ecstasy, an attitude of prayer, with eyes lowered and head and body meekly bowed. The bearing of the girl in this stage was quite pathetic, with such fidelity did she pursue the idea suggested to her by the demonstrator. A new series of experiments were now begun, which have not been hitherto described. These consisted in the suggestion of an idea to the patient by the insertion of a piece of red glass between her eyes and the light. When this was done the change of facial expression to one of horror and fear showed that she saw fire, incendiary, and leaping flames. Gazing through a piece of blue glass, she saw the azure heavens. One idea led to another. Her hands clasped; her eyes, which were streaming with tears, beamed with the tenderest affection and delight. She sank upon her knees, and raised her hands as though the beatific vision were in her sight, and nearly within her grasp. The introduction of yellow glass as a medium of suggestion produced an idea of tropical sunshine. The girl shades her eyes, breathes as though exposed to great heat, and gives further evidence of the pranks of a cataleptic idea at large in an empty head. The odor of sulphur and carbon gave rise to the idea of a filthy smell, and occasioned the gestures appropriate to the purgatory to which her nostrils were seemingly exposed. A very curious experiment followed. Ether is exhibited to hysterical patients in ordinary practice. The smell of ether not only suggested hysteria to the hypnotized girl, but her behavior was that of women suffering from acute hysteria. The doctor whistled a valse, and marked time by striking a large tuning-fork. The girl rose, began to valse, quickened her step as the whistler accelerated the time, and stopped in a clumsy manner, fumbling

with her feet, as the valse changed to a mazurka, a dance of which she was ignorant. The final demonstration of the second, or cataleptic, period was the successful establishment of a suggestion by touching first one cheek and then the other, while the sound of a kiss was made in the air by the operator's lips. The idea evidently suggested was the kiss of some dear and near relative, for her eyes beamed with pleasure, and a softened and friendly expression of countenance revealed her pleasant thought. When, however, her lips were touched with the finger, and the osculatory crack exploded in mid-air, the idea created was evidently that of a kiss snatched by some rude swain. Her brow corrugated with wrath. Her eye flashed. She shrank back in anger and disgust, and indicated in a manner that made very evident her sense of the outrage to which she had been subjected.

The third period, that of somnambulism, was now entered. It was produced by rubbing the hair on the top of the head. Sensibility on one side was at once re-established, and, but for her behaviour, there was nothing to convince the eye that she was not in her right senses. Strong sympathy and repugnance were established. Dr. Guinon was followed with watchful fidelity. From a friend accompanying me she shrank with uncomplimentary fervor. She became capable of retaining complex ideas. Speech was regained. Reason was laid aside. A file was bitten and pronounced to be good chocolate. On a suggestion from Dr. Guinon, a supposititious bird perched on her finger. She spoke of its coral beak, its bright eye. It was a parrot. It flew away, and its flight was followed by a mournful eye. My friend, an English member of Parliament, was converted into a Chinaman. His robes, his chaussure, his pigtail, his slit eyes, were all described with microscopic exactness. As for me, I was a large block of ice with flowers growing on the surface. The girl picked three Maréchal Niel roses from my pencil-case, and in touching me shuddered with the cold, and cried that her hand was drenched. She pointed to the glacial streams flowing from me. Then she is told to sleep, and she sleeps, a thrust from the blood-producing probe giving the required testimonial to the reality of her slumbers. She was told to sleep until the hat of one of us was removed. It was quietly removed, and as quietly the girl rubbed her eyes, yawned, and awoke. The experiments in this stage were too numerous to relate. She poisoned the Chinaman with arsenic, and wept bitterly at her crime. In giving him the phantom cup she gasped, "Drink it not; the cup is poisoned." A portrait of Dr. Charcot was seen on a blank sheet of paper. The sheet was privately marked at the back, inserted far up among other and similar blank sheets, which the girl inspected. When she arrived at the blank sheet supposed to be Dr. Charcot's portrait she at once stopped, and commented upon it.

NO UNION OF CHURCH AND STATE.

Independently of the lessons of history, teaching us the terrible consequence of a union of civil and ecclesiastical power, a complete separation of Church and State is demanded by the inalienable rights of the human mind. The right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness involves the right to profess and advocate our views. Whether they be true or false affects not the sacredness of the right of the believer. He has a right to belief in one God, or three, or three thousand, or none at all: to worship or not as he pleases, at any time and in any manner that he thinks proper, when he does not thereby interfere with the equal rights of others. No human power, no earthly tribunal can justly dictate to any individual what he shall believe in regard to religion, or how, or when, or where he shall worship. If his views are such that they require him to violate the rules of decency or the acknowledged principles of morality, let him be restrained—if necessary, punished for such violation; but let no one suppose that by an appeal to extreme cases, even involving the right of society to deal with dangerous monomaniacs, or disturbers of the peace, any justification can be found for interference by the State, with men's religious beliefs. No individual, no number of individuals, with direct or delegated authority, have the right to use coercive measures to prevent any person from promulgating any religion, or to induce him to subscribe to any creed, perform any worship, acknowledge any God, or support any religion on earth.

The Puritans have been eulogized for braving the dangers of the ocean and the privations of the wilderness, that they might worship God as conscience dictated,

It is not strange that with the imperfect views of religious freedom then prevailing, they or their immediate descendants soon re-established in the New World a religious despotism more intolerant than that in the Old World from which they had fled; but when we see men who lack language strong enough to denounce their persecutors, or to praise their sincerity and courage, earnestly advocating measures to-day to deprive of religious liberty such of their fellow citizens as cannot subscribe to their own views, we are most painfully impressed with the power of bigotry and superstition so to distort the mind as to make enemies of those who should be our friends, verifying the saying that "a man's foes shall be those of his own household."

There are millions in this country who cannot conscientiously support any kind of supernatural religion. Have they no rights the Church is bound to respect? We are told that the views of such are an offence to God. This is the teaching of the theologians. But many things which have been pronounced by them an offence to God, have in succeeding generations, by the same class, been discovered to be right; so we cannot resist the conviction that these men who talk so confidently about the will and wishes of God, as an argument against equal rights and religious freedom, simply give expression to the will and wishes of their own minds. When they declare that God is displeased with the omission of His name from the National Constitution, and that it is His requirement that this Government recognize Jesus Christ as "Ruler among nations," we accept these statements as evidence that those who utter them, however sincerely, see the spread of those liberal sentiments that are gradually undermining their spiritual authority, and that they feel the necessity of securing the aid of the civil power to guard against the innovations of skepticism and science.—B. F. UNDERWOOD.

A GOOD WORD FROM FLORIDA.

TO THE EDITOR: I very much like the heading of THE JOURNAL which is tasteful and will grow in favor with acquaintance. I did hope you could preserve the old familiar heading with its expressive and suggestive emblems. Of course it would have to be reduced in size. The motto you keep and will continue, as of old, to hew to that line, letting the chips fall where they may: "Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing."

And a hearing she is bound to have. I often wonder if the readers of THE JOURNAL realize how much such a banner hoisted at the masthead has influenced the course of the staunch old ship of truth during its twenty-five years' cruise on the troubled and treacherous sea of journalism, with the many reefs, rocks, shoals and sandbars, cyclones, tempests and whirlpools, which have proved fatal to so many frail craft during this eventful quarter of a century. Truly the course of THE JOURNAL has been phenomenal, and its work and influence far-reaching and far more effective and important than many, even of its friends, realize, or its envious and jealous enemies and rivals would be willing to admit; and now is certainly an opportune time for the real friends of truth and progress, of fair play and justice, to make a special and vigorous effort to advance the interests and extend the influence, and thus enlarge the field of usefulness of THE JOURNAL. There are many Spiritualists who have a kind of ill-defined prejudice against THE JOURNAL, and will not allow the mind to be disabused of the ancient relic, though they cannot give an intelligent reason for the prejudice, or sustain their foolish and flimsy charges by reference to its columns. I know of such among my personal friends whose friendship and good will I prize and whom I would not wish to offend, but "truth," with me, (as with its able advocate, THE JOURNAL) "wears no mask, bows at no human shrine," but does, in the person of a friend of THE JOURNAL, "ask a hearing" from all such as I have indicated. I know whereof I speak when I say that there is a considerable number of such Spiritualists in Ohio and Michigan, and also in Florida, and I presume the same is true of many other states. The miserable slang of "Mind and Matter" years ago contributed largely to this end, and I could name other spiritual papers (so called) that are still feeding and nursing such unjust prejudice to their own hurt and the lasting injury of the cause we all profess to love.

Now good friends (should Bro. Bundy think best to allow these homely sayings of mine to reach you) let me beseech you to

be just to yourselves and throw aside all prejudice and "old grudges" and false assumptions and consider well the needs of the time and your duty toward elevating our common cause to a plane of respectability; inform yourselves as to the real work THE JOURNAL is trying to do, and then, with a right good will come into the ranks and help to win a glorious victory and feel better for it. Fraternally,
LAKE MARY, Fla. S. BIGELOW.

Prof. Payton Spence, New York writes: Your paper is now in excellent shape for preservation in bound volumes with the valuable and carefully sifted facts that it always contains. Your enlargement of the avowed scope of subjects that it is open for the discussion of, is timely, especially in your reference to Spiritualism and psychics in their widest acceptance. In the scientific treatment of these matters you have the field, and it is an immense one to yourself, and I am confident that you will cover it well. Those subjects are daily growing rapidly in importance and interest to the public at large, outside the ranks of Spiritualists; and unless the daily and weekly papers and the magazines get between you and the thousands who are now seeking for more information about, and a more scientific treatment of those subjects than they get elsewhere, THE JOURNAL must be the acknowledged organ of all investigators and organizers of thought upon those matters. I see no reason, therefore, why its circulation should not reach fifty or a hundred thousand; and I hope it will.

Your account of your experiences with Slade is admirably written, and is overwhelming. It will carry conviction, especially with those who are most familiar with your exacting attitude to the manifestations, and especially towards materializations.

C. North, Elkhart, Ind., writes: Your new JOURNAL came to my hand yesterday via a friend whose subscription I forwarded a year ago, and while its make-up has always pleased, allow me to say that I think, its new dress and size a marked improvement. I, as well as many others, have watched its fearless combat with error, bigotry and ignorance for these twenty-five long years, and I gladly congratulate you on the high and noble position your paper has attained. That it is being read by thousands who through it have learned of continued spirit life and communion and, (yet do not openly acknowledge it), must be very encouraging to you.

NEWFIELD, N. J., June 3, 1890.

J. Clegg Wright, writes: Let me express my appreciation of the new appearance and convenient shape of THE JOURNAL. It looks odd to me yet, but new forms soon become familiar. There is a great work still to do. Psychic studies are a feature in the interests and activities of this age. You have worked hard and I hope that the future of THE JOURNAL will be brilliant and useful. I notice much new and characteristic thought in the paper lately.

J. S. Harris, Helena, Montana, writes: I wish I could send you one thousand tens to aid you in the great good work you are doing. Of course, I am pleased with THE JOURNAL, and we know all its readers should be more than pleased—should be very thankful for such a paper. I think the new form a very great inspiration—it being more convenient to handle; and now I wish you great success and when I get rich I will make a liberal donation to THE JOURNAL—but cannot now recommend you to be more liberal on this account.

Edward D. Hicks writes: THE JOURNAL's new form I think is a grand improvement over the old. I am also pleased to know you have received the services of Mr. B. F. Underwood on your editorial staff. Twenty-three years ago I was a boy twelve years old and heard Mr. Underwood lecture in the parlor of a hotel at Pittsfield Ill., to an audience of eight persons. I date the wane of my Catholicism from that lecture.

Mrs. Lizzie Jones writes: The typographical appearance of the new form is fine and clear—general effect pleasing; the contents full of inspiration in that THE JOURNAL belongs to, and stands at the head of a guild of papers which recognize a universe extant, as contradistinguished from a hemispheric world and speaks from all points of it, viewing all created things as constituting one complete system.

A. J. Fishback, Du Quoin, Ill., writes: Your paper in its new form and dress, filled with noble thoughts was duly received. Please send sample copies to, etc.

Wm. H. Holmes writes: The new form is a great improvement, and your constant effort to make an independent and interesting sheet, is worthy of commendation and deserves support.

Julia Grey Burnett, Washington, D. C. The changed form of THE JOURNAL is for the best and I hope your list of readers may be greatly increased.

J. N. Gridley writes: The new style is superior in form and appearance: hope you will find the new departure a success for you deserve it.

H. A. Buddington, Springfield, Mass. Your paper is a marvel of beauty in make-up.

Mr. B. C. Buck, President, writes: The Sturgis (Mich.) meeting will be held June 27th, 28th and 29th. Mrs. R. S. Lillie, Abraham Smith and Dr. Denston will be the speakers.

The author of "Equitable Values," in THE JOURNAL of June 14th, writes: "Please correct the *nom de plume* of the article. It should read J and not T. V. Beneficio."

Col. Gurley, of Waco, Texas, and one of the prominent liberal thinkers of the Lone Star State spent some days in Chicago last week. The Colonel gives a glowing account of the growth and prosperity of Texas, and speaks cheerfully of the progress of liberal ideas. Waco is a center of advanced thought and the home of the *Independent Pulpit*, so ably conducted by Mr. Shaw, formerly a popular Methodist preacher.

At the annual meeting in May, 1890, the first Spiritualist society of Haverhill, Mass., made choice of the following board of management for the ensuing year: Orin P. Hurd, B. A. Sargent, R. H. Tilton, Charles E. Sturgis, Hiram Nichols, N. C. Fernald, A. I. Pettengill, Mrs. Lydia Gage and Mrs. J. M. Palmer. At a subsequent meeting of the board the following officers were elected: President, Orin P. Hurd; Vice President, B. A. Sargent; Clerk, R. H. Tilton; Treasurer, C. E. Sturgis.

E. J. Huling, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., writes: In our times students of prophecy have been preaching the second coming of Christ and calculating the day and hour thereof, but in all things they held the materialistic view which had survived from ancient times. He was coming, they said, in his glory, to rule on earth for a specified period. It seems to me that Christ has come on earth since the great agitation began, but he has come in the spirit, not in the material form, and his great teachings have come to be recognized and pervade all the earth as they never did before. The evidence of this coming is to be seen in every direction, in the all pervading spirit of love which shows itself in so many ways, a few of which may be noted: Societies are organized for all kinds of benevolent and charitable purposes; for the prevention of cruelty to children and animals; to care for those wounded in battle or by disasters of all kinds; for the inculcation of social purity, and to prevent the debauchery of the young. Then the modifications of creeds founded on the Old Testament scriptures, going on in various denominations of so-called orthodox Christians is farther evidence to the same effect. In fact it would require more space than ordinary newspaper columns could afford to catalogue the changes brought about during the past fifty years by the adoption and following of Christ's teachings and the repudiation of the old dogmas regarding a partial and vengeful God.

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BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed, under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

The Pathway of the Spirit. A guide to Inspiration, Illumination and Divine Realization on Earth. By J. H. Dewey, M. D., author of "The Way the Truth and the Life," etc. F. F. Lovell & Co.: New York publishers: 328 pages, paper 75 cts., cloth \$1.50. A book full of interest, written by a man possessed by an idea. Not possessed in a way to warp or dwarf, but rather to uplift and enlarge his faculties, as an enthusiasm rational yet divine always does. As a noble plea for the dignity and worth and high possibilities of human nature ran, like a thread of gold, through the writings of Channing, the great apostle of Unitarianism, so a plea for man's capacity for spiritual illumination and divine wisdom on earth runs through this work, and can be read "between the lines" in all the works of this writer. "Man can find God," he says, "only through the gateway of the spirit in his own soul. In the ordinary conditions of the sensuous life men need be awakened to the recognition of their greatest possibilities," and for this awakening of spiritual impressibility, "earnest concentration of desire and faith—true prayer—is necessary" for "the permanent illumination" to be gained.

In trances, spontaneous or magnetic, the illumination is transient, yet of marked benefit when it passes into memory, but "the spiritual illumination and heavenly communion thus temporarily enjoyed under abnormal conditions may become, practically, a normal and permanent experience through the persistent cultivation of spiritual impressibility and inspirational power under proper conditions. He who would attain full and permanent, illumination, however, must make it the supreme object of life. . . . The activities of the mind and the pursuits of life must be conducted under the motives and inspirations of the spiritual life, if we would enjoy the blessing of divine communion and heavenly fellowship."

Open vision of heavenly things, and of supernal beings, spirit communion and communication, and seership and insight of fate and human affairs he would have us gain best by our own spiritual culture. He understands and believes Spiritualism, and treats of it with intelligent appreciation, but holds our own culture of our interior faculties as above the passive spirit-control of negative mediums, our "self-determining" power the safer way to reach the high end of spirit communion. We are told that: "Intercommunion with the Spirit-world and communion with the departed—who are often made the guardian angels of their loved ones here—is, under proper conditions, not only possible and legitimate but very comforting, but the ordinary phases of mediumship are not the normal and legitimate way of seeking the communion. The normal exercise of spiritual clairvoyance, clairaudience and the psychometric sense is the only reliable and legitimate method of seeking direct converse with departed or attendant spirits. . . . The trance of mediums, under the controlling influence of spirits is . . . fraught with great risk and danger to the subject thereof: . . . personality and will are precious trusts not to be safely yielded up." Yet marked benefits from the unconscious trance are granted in other parts of the book. If the statement as to mediumship be not fully accepted, the frank friendliness of its suggestions, and the high value of its thought may well be considered.

The idea and aim for illumination by self-effort in a normal way is the author's leading idea, and is worthy of all commendation. A rational acceptance of Spiritualism and of spirit-control will help to that end and this he would hardly deny.

Christ he holds as the highest example of the illuminated spiritual condition, as a permanent element in daily life, yet does not hold him as a supernatural being, but as an elder brother, his gifts such as we can all seek naturally to gain. "He was to save men by leading them up to the same spiritual baptism—permanent illumination and victory over the power of temptation and sin" which he had reached, but the Christ-ideal was lost by the dogmatism and speculations of the early Church Fathers, and only saved by the persecuted mystics, who rejected ecclesiastical authority and followed only the divine guide within, held the secret of the regenerate life lost to the church by pride and pomp."

Of intuition, spiritual heredity and like matters of high import valuable views are given. This, like all the author's books, is devoted to the earnest advocacy of his view of Christian Theosophy—much of

its range of thought such as Fénelon or Dean Stanley, or Channing or the best spiritual thinkers of whatever name would cordially accept. With Oriental Theosophy, as given by its Western advocates, there is little unity; as to Mahatmas and their like the extravagant claims are held at a large discount, and its philosophy, "ruling out all recognition of Deity as a being of intelligence and will" is not accepted.

A brief sentence finely gives a thought of the naturalness of inspiration: "Every legitimate desire is an innate or constitutional demand, which implies both the reality of the thing desired and the power of its attainment and appropriation. . . . Aspiration is innate longing for unattained good, which implies a normal demand, for which there is, therefore, the legitimate and certain supply. . . . Just as expiration, a breathing out from the lungs, is followed, in living bodies, by a fresh inspiration or inbreathing from the atmosphere, so inspiration, the breathing out of a vital want, a true prayer, opens the soul to an immediate influx or inbreathing, inspiration from spiritual centres of supply."

Whoever reads this book, "with the spirit and the understanding also," cannot fail to find light along the pathway of his own spirit.

G. B. S.

Helen: By Campbell Waldo Waite. Illustrated by Louis Bruynhold. Chicago: W. E. Dibble & Co. Cloth. Pp. 388. Here in verse somewhat above the average we are given at great length a love story, which deals with war, adventure, travel, literature and art in the course of its recital. Graphic pictures of life in the great West, its boundless prairies, woods, and streams, and realistic portrayal of differing types of western people appear and re-appear between the episodes of camp and hospital life during our Civil War, descriptions of foreign travel, and discussions on religious, scientific and literary matters. There is considerable originality of thought shown by the author, and the love romance is well told in spite of its unique form of telling. The book is handsomely bound, printed in clear, beautiful type, and has over forty fine illustrations, many of them full page.

Nature's Serial Story. Edward P. Roe. Boston: Dodd, Mead & Co. Price, paper cover, 50 cents. Since the transition of E. P. Roe, the sale of his books has increased immensely and his works are now classed with the most popular works of fiction in America. The editions in paper cover are extensively sold; but do not interfere with the sale of the more expensive library editions. The characters in this story are taken from real life. Mr. and Mrs. Clifford are shown to the readers as leading quiet, unobtrusive, but earnest and sincere lives, and the characters around them are pleasantly described.

"April's Lady" and "A Born Coquette" are the titles of Nos. 80 and 90 of Lovell's International Series. Both are by "The Duchess," and are written in the usual bright style of this vivacious story-writer, whose lovely, impulsive, warm-hearted Irish heroines are always charming even if they bear a wonderful family resemblance to one another.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, the following: Java the Pearl of the East, S. J. Higginson, 75 cents; Tales of New England, Sarah Orne Jewett, \$1.50; Liberal Living Upon Narrow Means, Christine Terhune Herrick; The Master of the Magicians, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Herbert Ward, 16 mo. \$1.25.

The Prophets of Palmyra Mormonism, Thos. Gregg, New York; John B. Alden, \$1.00; Theodore Parker, A Lecture, Samuel Johnson, Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co.; The Haunted Fountain and Hetty's Revenge, Katherine S. Macquoid, 30 cents; In God's Way, Bjornstjerne Bjornson, 50 cents; New York: John W. Lovell Company; A Daughter's Sacrifice, F. C. Phillips and Percival Fendall, 50 cents; New York: Frank F. Lovell & Co.; Mother's Help and Child's Friend, Carriac Le Favre, cloth, \$1.00, Leatherette, 75 cents; Speech of Hon. John P. Jones of Nevada, on the Free Coinage of Silver in the United States Senate, May, 1890.

"A City and a Soul" by Mrs. S. A. Underwood has been widely read and has called forth high praise from many. Extracts are given from a few of the references to the story:

Dr. Edward Montgomery, the distinguished biologist and philosopher, writes;

"This being Sunday I have been indulging myself in reading Chapters VII and VIII of 'A City and a Soul.' It made me completely lose consciousness of my surroundings, transporting me heart and soul to our friends in the park. And listening there to the thrilling utterance of their awakening sense of human solidarity, the mighty swell of humanitarian aspirations surged through my being, dimming my sight with its overflow of pitying sorrow and tender hope."

Sidney H. Morse, the sculptor and writer: "I have received the first eight chapters of 'A City and a Soul.' I read them all at once and with more interest than I have read anything of the kind for a long time. I know this must be so, for I find myself 'hankering' for the chapters to come. Mrs. Underwood has certainly succeeded in giving her characters a most home-like interest. One would like to go and see them."

Justin has fallen into good hands. Laura and Constance are good company—most helpful for a straying youth like him. Ferd is a victim of plenty and society, but he seems to have a vein of sense in his liking for Laura. . . . Then the dips into Anarchy and Socialism will give her a good opportunity for saying much to the point. The home Chicago interest the story is likely to have will insure it in book form a powerful reading. I am glad the author is doing this work."

Helen T. Clark, herself a story writer as well as a poet: "I enjoy the story very much, as it is so superior to the ordinary run of newspaper puerility."

Walter Crane, poet and writer of essays: "I am reading 'A City and a Soul' with much interest. Why has Mrs. Underwood mused away so much time with science and vain philosophy when she has such a pretty turn for story-telling?"

Hugh C. Robertson, of the Kareme Art Works, Chelsea: "We are delighted with the story as far as it has reached. I, and in fact all our family, are inveterate story readers. That is our mode of taking rest; and ever since we read a story by Mrs. Underwood, published years ago, we have wondered why she did not write more. She is evidently in her element, and it is too bad that the public should be deprived of the pleasure and profit gained from such a delightful source."

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The Chicago & Alton R. R. has established a new through line via Kansas City & Union R'y, and has placed in service five magnificent Pullman Vestibule Trains between Chicago and Denver. These new trains will be composed of Smoking Cars, Day Cars, Ladies' Palace Reclining Chair Cars, free of charge, Pullman Sleeping Cars and Dining Cars. The entire trains, including Dining Car, will run through from Chicago to Denver without change. This will positively be the fastest train run between Chicago and Denver, and the only line using the celebrated Hitchcock Reclining Chairs. For further information call at city ticket office, Chicago & Alton R. R., 195 Clark Street, Chicago.

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The demand for this book will in part be realized when we state that three of the largest printing houses in Chicago are running night and day on it; one house being under bonds to turn out twelve hundred copies every day for one year; and that the publisher of this edition expects to sell more than one million copies before next Christmas. It should however be distinctly understood that this and all other low-priced editions of Webster's Dictionary are not so complete as is the edition which sells for \$10.00. The latter contains a supplement, engravings, etc., still protected by copyright; but for all ordinary uses—even for the average printing office, the Loomis edition is sufficient, and is of course a marvel of cheapness and utility.

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JOHN C. BUNDY, Chicago, Ill.

"IF A MAN DIE, SHALL HE NOT LIVE AGAIN?"

BY MARY E. VAN HORN.

Pray tell us you savans who say "this life ends all,"
That when the heart has ceased to beat, kind nature throws a pall,
Does she not fold her treasures more closely to her breast—
When winter cold and stern, demands that they should rest?
And when the spring time comes, to quicken them once more,
Do they not come forth again in beauty as before?
Does not all nature teach, that after death comes life?
That after all the pain and turmoil, care and strife
Is o'er, comes victory: Ah, yes! we live again
In purer, brighter climes, or earth-life would be vain.
We lay us down to sleep, the spirit takes its flight,
Freed from the pulseless clay, to realms of living light;
For death is but new birth, and we shall ever be,
Clothed with unending life, with immortality.
MILWAUKEE, Wis.

Printer's Ink: There are but nine papers devoted to Woman's Suffrage now published in this country, and of these the only one accorded as much as 4,000 circulation is the *Woman's Journal*, of Boston. The *Woman's Exponent* is issued in Salt Lake City.

Mrs. Kendal, the actress, has been interviewed in London by a representative of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Our American women will be delighted to hear themselves spoken of in this happy vein by the merry actress: "Nobody can have the least idea of the real qualities of our American cousins unless they have crossed the Atlantic and seen for themselves. What astonished me most was the extraordinary cleverness of the women. You mention any remarkable book to them and you find that they have got every word of it in their heads. To call them 'well-read' is hardly doing them justice. All over the States, too, they did their best to kill me with kindness."

The Chinese, who are nothing if not practical, adopt the more wholesome method of appointing doctors as public servants at a fixed salary. With an assured income these great and good men—for they must be such, since they give up the chances of piling guinea upon guinea, and dedicate their lives exclusively to lessening pain—are at liberty to devote themselves entirely to their patients, and cure them as speedily as possible. Another method prevailing in other provinces of the Celestial Empire is for the doctor to draw a fee from his patient only so long as he keeps in good health; when he sickens payment stops, and if the patient dies on the doctor's hands, the authorities chop off the head of the luckless medico for the bungler that he proved himself to be in letting a valuable life slip through his hands. There is much humor as well as justice in this treatment, and a patient may fold his hands thankfully when settling down to his long nap in the blessed Nirvana with the sure and certain knowledge that his doctor's time is at hand, and that he is speedily to pay the forfeit of his professional stupidity. We are probably too prejudiced to copy from a Chinaman, and as an alternative scheme it might be suggested that the doctor's bill can be kept down if the reform outlined in the following authentic advertisement is adopted: "Wanted, for a family who have bad health, a sober, steady person in the capacity of a doctor, surgeon, apothecary, and man midwife. He must occasionally act as butler, and dress hair and wigs. He will be required sometimes to read prayers, and to preach a sermon every Sunday. A good salary will be given."

The earlier symptoms of dyspepsia, such as distress after eating, heartburn, and occasional headaches, should not be neglected. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla if you wish to be cured of dyspepsia.

BURLINGTON ROUTE.

BUT ONE NIGHT CHICAGO TO DENVER.

"The Burlington's Number One" daily vestibule express leaves Chicago at 1:00 p. m. and arrives at Denver at 6:30 p. m. next day. Quicker time than by any other route. Direct connection with this train from Peoria. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road, from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Denver, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston, and all points West, Northwest and Southwest.

"SUMMER TOURS, 1890."

of the new illustrated summer-tour—Michigan Central, "The Niagara" It is a practical guide and profusely illustrated to any address on receipt of six
O. W. RUGGLES, G. P. & T. Ag't,
CHICAGO, ILL.

March, April, May

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the Months
when the Blood
should be renovated
with

Ayer's Sarsaparilla
and
the System fortified
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The most generally useful medicine is Ayer's Pills. As a remedy for the various diseases of the stomach, liver, and bowels, these Pills have no equal. Their sugar-coating causes them not only to be easy and pleasant to take, but preserves their medicinal integrity in all climates and for any reasonable length of time. The best family medicine, Ayer's Pills are, also, unsurpassed for the use of travelers, soldiers, sailors, campers, and pioneers. In some of the most critical cases, when all other remedies have failed,

Ayer's Pills

prove effective.

"In the summer of 1864 I was sent to the Annapolis hospital, suffering with chronic diarrhea. While there, I became so reduced in strength that I could not speak and was compelled to write everything I wanted to say. I was then having some 25 or 30 stools per day. The doctors ordered a medicine that I was satisfied would be of no benefit to me. I did not take it, but persuaded my nurse to get me some of Dr. Ayer's Pills. About two o'clock in the afternoon I took six of these pills, and by midnight began to feel better. In the morning the doctors came again, and after deciding that my symptoms were more favorable, gave me a different medicine, which I did not use, but took four more of the pills instead. The next day the doctors came to see me, and thought I was doing nicely, (and so did I). I then took one pill a day for a week. At the end of that time, I considered myself cured and that Ayer's Pills had saved my life. I was then weak, but had no return of the disease, and gained in strength as fast as could be expected."—F. C. Luce, Late Lieut. 56th Regt. Mass. Vol. Infantry.

"Ayer's Pills are

The Best

I have ever used for headaches, and they act like a charm in relieving any disagreeable sensation in the stomach after eating."—Mrs. M. J. Ferguson, Pullens, Va.
"I was a sufferer for years from dyspepsia and liver troubles, and found no permanent relief until I commenced taking Ayer's Pills. They have effected a complete cure."—George W. Mooney, Walla Walla, W. T.

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PREPARED BY

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WE HAVE BEEN INSTRUCTED TO ADVANCE THE PRICE OF ALL LOTS IN MANHATTAN PARK ON JUNE 1, 1890, TO \$50 A LOT OR \$2,000 A BLOCK.

The present prices are \$40 a lot or \$1,500 a block.

The reason for this advance is because arrangements have been made to build thirty fine residences, all of pressed brick, on the additions adjoining. This contract includes the extension of the city water mains to the edge of Manhattan Park and brings it at once into active building demand.

All the street car lines of Pueblo are now being changed to the most approved form of RAPID TRANSIT (the overhead electric system), and the owners of the new electric lines being principal owners in Manhattan Park, it will get rapid transit as soon as the line can be constructed.

We desire every one who wants a profitable investment to get some of this property before the advance. The terms of sale are one-third cash, and the balance in one and two years, equal payments, at seven per cent. interest per annum; but in order to give every one an opportunity to purchase some of this property before the advance, we will make special terms of payments until June 1st, upon application in person or by mail. Write early, as the best selections are going fast. This property will double in value in less than two years.

Write for circulars and full particulars, stating if you want easier terms.

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We have placed \$1,000,000 of capital in Pueblo real estate, and every investment has been profitable.

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Government work now in progress to deepen the bar.

Situated on high bluffs overlooking the sea, in the midst of the most fertile land in America, and with the unequalled death rate from disease, among whites, of only eight per thousand.

Endorsed in writing by the entire State Medical Association of Texas.

Remarkable openings for manufacturing industries; tanneries, saddlery, boots and shoes, cotton and woolen mills and dressed beef. The Port Aransas Company, made up principally of New York and Denver gentlemen, owns a large body of land, and will offer attractive inducements to productive industries.

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WHEN ALL IS OVER.

BY JENNIE WILSON.

"We meet at one gate when all is over."

—OWEN MEREDITH.

Between two worlds, the spirit and the mortal,
When all is over, all the bitter-sweet
Of this existence past, at death's wide portal
At last all roads of earthly travellers meet.

There fairest ways that wind o'er sunny mountains,
Where seeks humanity for good supreme,
Join lowly paths, beside which sorrow's fountains
In lone vales flow unlit by glad some beam.

How will it seem there with the journey ended
The final draught from life's deep chalice
drained,
To gaze back where our varied ways were wended,
Recounting joys and goals we missed or gained?

When all is o'er will bright hopes we once cher-
ished,
Which faded unfulfilled like tints of dawn
Appear as naught but fleeting light that perished
Forever when its cheering glow was gone?

Methinks the carps and trials life infesting,
In those still moments vanish far away.
As softly cometh welcome, peace and resting
Like ev'ning calm at close of weary day.

Then sacred bonds by separation riven
May be renewed in covenant more sweet,
As friend greets friend in glad reunion given,
When all is over and all pathways meet.

When from our eyes the clinging mists have drifted,
Which veiled the Master's plans from human
sight.

Then we may learn that grief our souls uplifted,
And all the leadings of his hand were right.

Much now discerned as ill by our dim vision,
To be divinely good may then appear,
Seen from that gate where light from lands elysian
The gloom add mystery of time makes clear.

In his recently published "Trials of a Country Parson," Dr. Jessup tells some amusing anecdotes picked up in Arcady. As this: "It is very shocking to a sensitive person to hear the way in which the old people speak of their dead wives or husbands exactly as if they'd been horses or dogs. They are always proud of having been married more than once. 'You didn't think, miss, as I'd had five wives, now, did you? Ah, but I have, though—leastways I buried five on 'em in the churchyard, that I did—and tree on 'em bewties!' On another occasion I playfully suggested: 'Don't you mix up your husbands now and then, Mrs. Page, when you talk about them?' Well, to tell you the truth, sir, I really do! But my third husband, he was a man! I don't mix him up. He got killed fighting—you've heard tell o' that, I make no doubt? The others wasn't nothing to him. He'd ha' mixed them up quick enough if they'd interfered wi' him. Lawk ha! He'd a made nothing of them."

"Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething," softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

How well we remember grandmother's attic so fragrant with medicinal roots and herbs! Poor old soul, how precious they seemed to her! And yet, one bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla would do more good than her whole collection of "yarbs."

To strengthen the hair, thicken the growth, stop its blanching and falling out, and where it is gray to restore the youthful color, use Hall's Hair Renewer.

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The rate to the Annual Meeting to be held at St. Paul, July 4th to July 11th, 1890, inclusive, from all points on the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific R'y (both east and west of the Missouri river), and Albert Lea Route, will be One Lowest First-Class Fare the Round Trip, plus \$2 for membership fees—good for return passage (with stop-over privilege) after July 11th to Sept. 30th, 1890. Special vestibuled trains of elegant chair cars, Pullman Sleepers, and Dining cars. Low excursion rates beyond St. Paul to all points of interest to tourists and pleasure seekers. Teachers and others who travel via the Rock Island and Albert Lea routes, will enjoy a splendid trip at the least possible cost. For tickets or further information, apply to any Rock Island representative, or address John Sebastian, Gen. Tkt. and Pass. Agent, at Chicago, Ill.

THE WABASH MAKES HALF RATES.

For the Fourth of July the Wabash Line will sell tickets at one fare for the round trip to all stations on the system. These tickets will be on sale July 3 and 4 and good for return passage until Monday, July 7, inclusive, thus enabling the public to spend not only the Fourth, but Saturday and Sunday with friends. Ticket office, 201 Clark St., Chicago.

\$500 FOR \$100.

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Use the SMALL SIZE (40 little beans to the bottle). They are the most convenient; suit all ages. Price of either size, 25 cents per bottle.

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J. F. SMITH & CO.,
Makers of "Bile Beans," St. Louis, Mo.

MORAL EDUCATION.
ITS LAWS AND METHODS.

BY

JOSEPH RODES BUCHANAN, M. D.

Governments, Churches and Colleges for many thousand years have striven in vain to conquer Crime, Disease and Misery—A New Method must therefore be adopted—If that Method can be found in this volume, does it not indicate a better future for Humanity?

The Doctor says: "For more than a third of a century the doctrines illustrated in this volume have been cherished by the author, when there were few to sympathize with him. To-day there are thousands by whom many of these ideas are cherished, who are ready to welcome their expression, and whose enthusiastic approbation justifies the hope that these great truths may ere long pervade the educational system of the English-speaking race, and extend their beneficent power not only among European races, but among the Oriental nations, who are rising from the torpor of ages. May I not hope that every philanthropist who realizes the importance of the principles here presented will aid in their diffusion by circulating this volume?"

CONTENTS.

I.—The Essential Elements of a Liberal Education. II.—Moral Education. III.—Evolution of Genius. IV.—Ethical Culture. V.—Ethical Principles and Training. VI.—Relation of Ethical to Religious Education. VII.—Relation of Ethical to Intellectual Education. VIII.—Relation of Ethical to Practical Education. IX.—Sphere and Education of Woman. X.—Moral Education and Peace. XI.—The Educational Crisis. XII.—Ventilation and Health. The Pantological University. The Management of Children—by Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson.

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BY WILLIAM M. SALTER,

RESIDENT LECTURER OF THE CHICAGO SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE.

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Ethical Religion; The Ideal Element in Morality; What is a Moral Action? Is there a Higher Law? Is there anything Absolute about Morality? Darwinism in Ethics; The Social Ideal; The Rights of Labor; Personal Morality; On some Features of the Ethics of Jesus; Does the Ethics of Jesus satisfy the Needs of our Time? Good Friday from a Modern Standpoint; The Success and Failure of Protestantism; Why Unitarianism Fails to Satisfy; The Basis of the Ethical Movement; The Supremacy of Ethics; The True Basis of Religious Union.

OPINIONS.

W. D. HOWELL'S, in *Harper's Monthly*: "Where it deals with civic, social, personal duty, Mr. Salter's book is consoling and inspiring."

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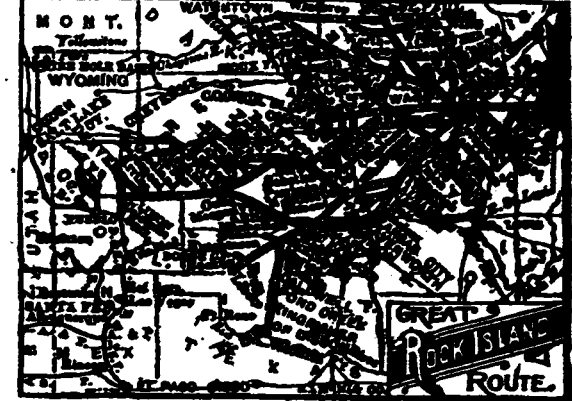
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THE PUBLISHER.

"IN THESE DAYS WE FIGHT FOR IDEAS, AND NEWSPAPERS ARE OUR FORTRESSES."

I take for a text this week an utterance of that brilliant and versatile German Jew, Heinrich Heine. Comparing the press of fifty years ago with that of to-day, one is at first blushed tempted to smile at the keen controversialist's words, and to ask what sort of fortresses the poorly equipped newspapers of his day could have been; forgetting that they then mirrored the intellectual, moral and material interests of the world and were in their time and fashion probably as true a reflection of the world's thought and progress as are the newspapers of to-day. That the American press with all its faults and short-comings is the most potent social solvent, the surest safeguard of intellectual and political freedom, the swiftest agent of justice, the ablest ally of religion, morals, philanthropy and enterprise, is indisputable. There are now in this country alone more than seventeen thousand newspapers and periodicals, representing almost every conceivable interest. Class papers have become a power; every trade, profession and business has its special organs. THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, the Methodist's multiplied *Advocate*, the Catholic *Mirror*, the Unitarian *Register* and *Unity*, the independent but evangelical *Christian Union*, and *The Independent* and many others mingle on the exchange editor's table with the *Hide and Leather Review*, the *Legal News*, the furniture maker's *Bulletin*, the *Ethical Record*, the *Western Rural*, the *Jewellers' Guide*, the *Farmer's Voice*, the *Iron Age*, the *Miner's Review* and a wide range of dailies, weeklies, monthlies, and quarterlies, representing with varying strength and ability all interests human and divine, physical and psychical. These class publications reveal the intellectual, business and religious status of the classes they represent. A careful inspection of the newspapers devoted to any special interest will enable one to portray the qualities and characteristics of the people who support them. Reader did you ever think of this? Did you ever make a careful and comprehensive test of this? If you never did, then try it once in a methodical manner and see how astonished you will be at what the result will disclose. The disclosure will not always be pleasant, but if the study has been properly made the picture will be true to life.

Truth is militant and he who declares his love for her must be ready to fight her battles; otherwise he is but a miserable poltroon to be relegated to the rear and ranked as a camp follower. THE JOURNAL tolerates differences of opinion as to what truth may be, but gives no quarter to subterfuge, chicanery and cowardice. THE JOURNAL declares with Atterbury: "He that talks deceitfully for truth must hurt it more by his example than he promotes it by his arguments." Furthermore, THE JOURNAL holds with Glanville, that "truths hang together in a chain of mutual dependency. You cannot draw one link without attracting others." I need not make more plain my meaning in all this, certainly not to continuous readers. I leave the esoteric significance to be interpreted by each reader.

THE JOURNAL stands an impregnable fortress; every attempt to storm it fails; every dark scheme to mine it ends in disaster to the conspirators. You who have utilized this fortress for years, you who have from its battlements successfully resisted all assaults of error, fraud and folly, and who have confidence in it as a bulwark of intellectual liberty and the rallying center for those engaged in forwarding the interests of psychical science, true spirituality and the brotherhood of man I speak to you as a brother soldier. I confidently ask you to do your whole duty, to secure new recruits,

to increase the supplies of the fortress, to give it additional strength, to so re-enforce its fighting numbers, ordnance, supplies and aggressive equipment, that it may send out its armies and agents to all parts of the world. I need not tell you how you can do all this; you know how as well as I can tell you.

Send me the addresses of all intelligent people you think would like to see specimen copies of the paper.

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Write out in plain straightforward terms your psychical experiences and send to THE JOURNAL, thus increasing the data necessary for the scientific generalizations.

If a knowledge of spirit phenomena and an acquaintance with the philosophy of Spiritualism has helped, comforted and benefited you, then is it your duty as it should be your pleasure to assist others to the same sources of happiness and knowledge. Secure them as subscribers to THE JOURNAL.

If you are a member of some church you pay from ten to one thousand or more dollars each year into its treasury; indeed I know of some of you who do more than this. How much do you give to Spiritualism? Alas! nothing, in most cases. Don't you think you will have to reckon with your conscience some day?

If you have no church associations and give nothing to advance religion and a knowledge of a future life, isn't it time you gave some token of the value Spiritualism is to you, and of your love for your less informed fellow-men? Send THE JOURNAL five, fifty, five hundred or one thousand dollars to be used in missionary work!

\$35 FOR THE MISSIONARY FUND.

DEAR BROTHER BUNDY: You know how much I appreciate THE JOURNAL without my saying so. In my younger days I was connected with the press; and have often gone through the "sweating" of "building" a newspaper. No one who has not had the experience can appreciate the nice, delicate taste required to make all the parts fit together in harmony. THE JOURNAL, as a work of art, is almost faultless. I congratulate you.

I commenced this letter with an entirely different object from that which appears in its preface. With all your gifts you need money—money not only to pay your workers but money to relieve you from the exacting burden which falls to your lot in doing missionary work. I am glad you have made the suggestion to create a "Missionary Fund;" and I hope the enclosed check of \$35 is not the first to head the list. Yours sincerely,

M. C. C. CHURCH.

PARKERSBURG, West Va.

DEAR COL. BUNDY: When a lad attending school I knew, and felt a profound contempt for a number of boys of about my own age who were constantly scheming to induce their school-fellows to engage in some devilment that they might stand by and enjoy the fun without fear of condign punishment. In later years I have noticed the same disposition on the part of many of my fellow-men in regard to reform movements. They put a brave leader on the back, when all is fair, surfeit him with honeyed phrases, and—that's all. Like the school boys, they want to be in out of the wet when dark clouds hover around the heads of devoted leaders, but when there is glory, reward, or renown to be gained they want to be on hand to help gather what they have not sown—and perhaps get the lion's share. If all the people who have said so many kind things about THE JOURNAL since it donned its new dress, and who commend its course, would as far as they are able, back up their fine words by supplying the publisher with the sinews of war, the cause of Spiritualism and all true reform would be the better for it.

Deeds, not words, count in the battle of life. Following up Mr. Lakey's suggestion in last week's JOURNAL, I enclose \$10. May the "ninety and nine" be increased a thousand fold. A. D. BOLENS. PORT WASHINGTON, Wis.

PRESS OPINIONS.

These opinions have intrinsic value, aside from that of showing the general estimate of THE JOURNAL, which alone would warrant their reproduction; they show to the observing reader the hopeful trend of public sentiment. They show that when spiritists and Spiritualists approach the public in the spirit of fairness, frankness and good will, free from sectarian presumption and arrogance, that the great heart of the world warms to them and their claims.

The *Twentieth Century*:

... THE JOURNAL has adopted a smaller form, and has increased its pages in number to sixteen. It is now a handsome sheet.

Alegone, Springfield, Mass., June 15:

Col. Bundy is making THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL with new form and dress, a very fine looking paper. He is filling it with matter that will instruct and construct. It is a real pleasure to read the neat columns.

From the *Detroit (Mich.) Commercial Advertiser*:

... Its editor has won many fraternal among comprehending, liberal-minded newspaper men who await with interest the outcome of scientific study of the alleged psychical that astonish both the wise and the simple. We have occasionally presented our readers with articles from the pages of THE JOURNAL and believe they have been duly appreciated.

Republican, Kasson, Minn., June 12:

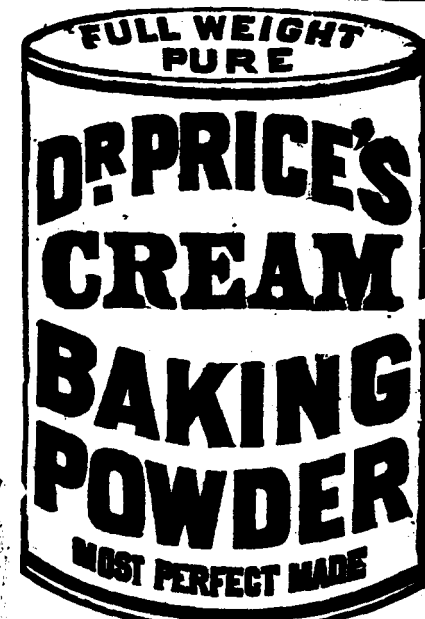
It carefully weighs facts bearing upon the philosophy of Spiritualism, sifts carefully all evidence, and is in all cases reliable. It is highly moral, clear, analytical, and no person, be he Christian or otherwise, can peruse it without being a better for so doing. Fraud charlatanism, and the large mass of superstition that has been promulgated in the name of Spiritualism, finds in this paper an implacable foe.

The *Press*, Louisiana, Mo., June 12:

THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of Chicago, came to us last week in a fine new dress and in an improved form. THE JOURNAL is one of the ablest exponents of phenomena, philosophy and ethics of modern Spiritualism in the country, and while we do not agree with its belief, it has earned the respect of its opponents by its sincerity and courage.

The *Kankakee, (Ills.) Gazette*, June 5:

THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of Chicago, appears in a new form and new typographical dress. This journal is the leading paper in the United States devoted to the advocacy of Spiritualism and a discussion of its phenomena. It has repeatedly exposed imposters, sometimes at the expense of a libel suit, and always to the anger and wrath of those it exposed. Major Bundy, the editor, is a man of more than usual journalistic ability, and carries into his work honesty of intention and thoroughness of conviction. Those who desire a paper of this character, either to learn the tenets of Spiritualism, or because they believe them, cannot do better than subscribe for it.



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